



Class E. 382

Book .C 72

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSITOR



21

763
138

LIFE AND TIMES
of
ANDREW JACKSON.





ANDREW JACKSON

AT THE HERMITAGE, 1830.

FROM A PAINTING BY EARL

LIFE AND TIMES

— OF —

ANDREW JACKSON

Soldier=Statesman=President

By A. S. COLYAR,
//
NASHVILLE, TENN.

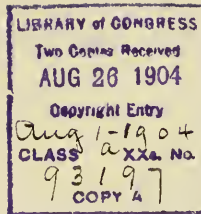
VOLUME I.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
PRESS OF MARSHALL & BRUCE COMPANY,
1904.

Colyar 521 1011

E382
.C72

4 B2-
copy 2



COPYRIGHT
BY A. S. COLYAR
1904



E. W. F. 1880

PREFACE

PREFACE.

THIS book was written under a sense of a double duty, which some American citizen should perform — that of giving a true life of Andrew Jackson, which would itself be a refutation and an exposure of the wrongs done this great American citizen.

With this simple statement, I refer the reader for a continuation of the subject, to “Why I Wrote the Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.”

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

Entrance into life sadly and painfully obscure—Never saw his father—Did not know in what State he was born—Many spiteful books written about him bring a feeling of resentment—Parton and Sumner as biographers have dishonored him—Shall the record made go to posterity without correction?

CHAPTER II.

His lineage shadowy; Irish or Scotch-Irish—Nothing behind his grandfather, killed at Carrickfergus—The mother started to walk to South Carolina, stopped on the way, and Andrew Jackson was born—Family buried in unknown graves—The mother as a nurse in hospitals.

CHAPTER III.

When Jackson came to Tennessee he found the heroes of the Alamance and King's Mountain there—The first battle of the Revolution was not Lexington and Concord, but the battle of the Alamance, in North Carolina—The first democratic government was formed on the Watauga, in what is now Tennessee.

CHAPTER IV.

Parton's gossip about Jackson's boyhood exposed—Made a Major General in the United States Army when he had not been a Lieutenant—His business habits—His fidelity in public office—His fight with bullies at Gallatin—His growth in education from observation, not at school—His power as a letter writer—His grace and dignity of manner.

CHAPTER V.

His record as a constitution maker—His record in the lower house of Congress—His first speech in full—Accomplished what he went to do and resigned—Then in the Senate and resigned—Judge in Supreme Court, but resigned.

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Benton draws his picture sketch—How he met difficulties and overcame them—The offices he resigned—How Jackson failed to be appointed by the Government when he was greatly needed—How he proved his worth—Jackson's promptness in raising an army—Colonel Carroll.

CHAPTER VII.

Jackson's friends and enemies reveal two classes—Next he Jacksonized the country—Colonel Benton's knowledge of Jackson through life—The one vote that did so much for Jackson—Cartwright and Blackburn, the great preachers, as friends of Jackson.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jackson ordered to raise an army and protect the frontier—British then claiming everything; victories had made them haughty—London papers on war—Ministers at Ghent alarmed—Napoleon's capitulation sent Wellington's forces to United States—Hence Jackson conquered the world's conquerors.

CHAPTER IX.

Jackson's close touch with his men—Issues most extraordinary orders to army—Correspondence with officers—Jackson's dispatch concerning situation in Indian stronghold—Kindness to the poor, famished Indians.

CHAPTER X.

The correspondence between Governor Blount and General Jackson—Jackson refuses to return to Tennessee, and raises a new army.

CHAPTER XI.

The excursion—Jackson's report to General Pinckney—Was a Major General and commanding Tennessee militia, reporting to United States officer—Battle of Emuckfau and Enotachopoc—General Coffee wounded—Jackson and his company of officers—Starvation and mutiny, but no retreat for Jackson.

CHAPTER XII.

The battle of the Horse Shoe—Sketch of the life of Sam Houston, including Governor Houston's letter resigning the office of Governor.

CHAPTER XIII.

Jackson reaches the holy ground—An exciting scene with Weatherford, the Indian chief—A sketch of Davy Crockett, with facts about the awful massacre at the Alamo.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ending of the Creek campaign—Jackson made a Major General in the United States Army—The results of this campaign—Alabama historian on the fighting quality of the Indians.

CHAPTER XV.

Persistent refusal of General Jackson to accept civic honors; his genius preëminently military—Tennesseans recognize this, but the United States Government remains long unconvinced—The Creek campaign and the beginning of the war of 1812 finally result in removing prejudice at Washington, and Jackson is made Major General in the regular army.

CHAPTER XVI.

Great diplomatic skill shown in drawing up the Creek treaty—Scholarly correspondence with Secretary of War Armstrong and the Spanish Governor of Louisiana—With skill, independence and judgment Jackson arranged for and conducted the battle of New Orleans pending delayed instructions from Washington.

CHAPTER XVII.

Jackson's indomitable will, invincible courage and power to inspire his men alone made possible a successful campaign in the South—For this alone he deserves a monument from the nation—The little-known battle of Mobile—Jackson's characteristic modesty gives credit to his officers and soldiers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The gallant defense of Fort Bowyer—The defeat of the British on land and water—Its effects far-reaching, even influencing the reasonable terms of the treaty of Ghent—The attack on Pensacola—Jackson's expressed willingness to personally bear the possible disapproval of his tardy government.

CHAPTER XIX.

The most complete, powerful and hitherto successful naval force that Great Britain could furnish prepared to attack New Orleans—The mixed population of the city offer no aid to Jackson until his powerful appeal reconciles the disaffected elements—The victory at New Orleans only made possible by the Tennessee troops.

CHAPTER XX.

Jackson reaches New Orleans—Carroll and Coffee coming with five thousand three hundred Tennesseans—Jackson's presence in

New Orleans inspires confidence—How he dealt with the delayed elements—Martial law.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lieutenant Jones with a small force fights so gallantly that, though defeated, the defense will live in history—Coffee and Carroll sent for—"Don't stop till you reach me," said Jackson—Coffee makes a phenomenal march of one hundred and fifty miles in two days—Major H. H. Overton given command of Fort Phillips—Unparalleled night battle of December 23.

CHAPTER XXII.

Jackson, touched with a genius of war, brought relief—How the night battles shocked the British army—Nolte's story about the cotton bales a falsehood; no cotton bales used—Jackson ready for the fight on the 27th of December—took some rest after four days and nights without rest—The battle of the 28th of December.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The "subaltern" a witness—Walker, author of "Jackson and New Orleans," becomes a witness—The battle of the first of January—The great battle contest from the 23d of December until the 8th of January—It was a continuous fight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The battle of the first of January—Still victory—A terrible wound makes lifetime friends—Jackson's two "back-downs"—The Kentucky troops—The enemy reinforced—January 7th all done that could be done; Jackson ready and composed—This Government has never laid a slab over his grave.

CHAPTER XXV.

The present generation knows but little of the war of 1812—Parton on the first thirty-seven days of 1815—The truth told and Parton has credit—The awful suspense at Washington—Jackson and the Hall of Fame.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Jackson's patriotic address to the people of New Orleans—Full of history—The honor paid Jackson by the people—The speech of the Rev. Dubourg and Jackson's reply.

CHAPTER XXVII.

At 1 o'clock Jackson said, "Rise; the enemy will be on us; I must go and see Coffee"—Carroll was given the center; the assault

was then made—Packenham was killed; Gibbs took his place and was killed; Lambert took Gibbs' place and was shot from his horse—The accounts given by the British officers—The attack on Carroll's lines much like Napoleon's attack on Wellington's right wing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Driving the British army to their ships—Jackson returned—Jackson's reward for having the Legislature guarded—General Coffee replies to a resolution honoring him and other officers—Major Overton in defending Fort Phillips—The enforcement of martial law—Newspaper attack by Louaillier—His arrest—The arrest of Judge Hall.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Hall arrests Jackson—Jackson in court—Jackson's fine paid, and remitted after twenty-seven years.

CHAPTER XXX.

The demurrer in the United States Senate over Judge Hall's fine—Judge Tappan, of Ohio, defends Jackson—Long continued persecution of Jackson for arresting Hall—Again Parton seeks to dishonor Gen. and Mrs. Jackson—The ball given in their honor—The students of the University of Nashville give Jackson a reception when he returns to Nashville.

CHAPTER XXXI.

English writers admit that the entire loss in killed, wounded and desertion in the army that came to the South was 4,000—Those not dead or missing, when they returned to England, were sent to Wellington and were in battle of Waterloo—Jackson at home, then ordered to Washington and again put to work—Correspondence between General Jackson and General Scott.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Continuation of the affair with General Scott—Jackson notifies Scott that he is ready to receive any communication sent.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Jackson's critics in ignorance of his real character—Bishop Potter's famed "Jeffersonian simplicity to Jacksonian vulgarity"—Other distinguished writers—Proof that Jackson wrote his own State papers.

**My Reasons for Writing the Life
of Andrew Jackson.**

MY REASONS FOR WRITING THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

TO tell you why I wrote the Life of Andrew Jackson would require more space than you can afford to give me in any publication you may desire to make. Like everything else that a man undertakes, of as much moment as this was to me, it must, before he can work well, grow into a passion. I had only what had been picked up in reading without any purpose, a very good idea of General Jackson's public life — that is, good in the estimation of the men who have lived in my time who knew General Jackson had fought a great battle, and had been a very energetic President. We knew his conflicts in life, public and private, had been extraordinary. We had just information enough about the man to attract a young man who was giving some attention to the history of his country, and some special attention to the history of his State. Such were the conflicts in the public mind about General Jackson, that I became, as many others, interested in knowing the truth, and especially what was the truth in reference to General Jackson's political life — whether it had been a life of patriotism, or a life of ambition; whether he had been a man of pure principle, or as many of the writers said, and as many of them thought, a man who lived upon his prejudices.

To me the battle of New Orleans, as it was generally told, was incredible, and like a large majority of the people of Tennessee in the second and third generation from the second war for freedom, no man could believe the story as it was told — that he had fought one of the finest of England's armies, destroying a very large part of it and driven

the balance from the country, losing six men killed and seven wounded. But there was the victory — the wonderful victory over one of England's finest generals and one of its finest armies, with the astounding fact on Jackson's side that he had organized his own army, that he had appointed his own generals, that his army was almost entirely made up from the citizens of his own State, and that they were absolutely without military experience. This state of facts which was in the public mind and generally told, in the enormity and extravagance of the story itself, prompted me to look into it, and after a good deal of investigation I found what I believed to be the most extraordinary set of facts in the annals of modern warfare. I became intensely interested. This interest increased as year by year I gathered up the facts. There were many striking features in it that amazed me, and they were of such deep interest to my native State, as well as to my whole country, that I said, "Surely somebody will write the truth of history and let the world know who General Jackson was, what he did; someone who will tell the story as it is due to coming generations."

There was confusion in my mind as to the cause of the disagreement in the public mind as to the true character of General Jackson. I found that two lives had been written — one a book of more than 2,000 pages, written evidently by a man to make money, without any just appreciation of a biography which was to form a part of American history; the other was written by a New England professor, and by a man who evidently, as he shows in his book from the very start, was not a friend of the War of 1812, and that he could not do justice to a general who had been an important factor in that war. He did not hesitate to express his preference for the principles of the Hartford Convention to the doctrines of Jefferson and Jackson. I saw nobody who was likely to undertake this work. I had but little time to

do it — was a pretty busy man in my profession, but I made up my mind that I would devote my spare time to writing articles for the press — “Memoirs of General Jackson,” and I feel now that the leading incentive to that resolution was to do justice to my own State, rather than to the country at large, for I had never before realized or appreciated Tennessee’s place in the history of the country.

It came to me with great force that General Jackson as a factor in the second American Revolution had immortalized Tennessee, and, perhaps, with more than ordinary feeling of State pride I commenced this work, with the hope that with such means and at such times as I could spare I would be able finally to prepare and submit a life of this distinguished Tennessean that would at least do justice to him and his soldiers. My early life had been without any particular predilection in favor of General Jackson. I was connected by family ties with the Sevier side of the controversy, that is so memorable in the history of the State, between Jackson and Sevier, and all my training and feeling and family influence had been on the side of Sevier instead of Jackson. But the astounding prejudice that had been brought against General Jackson by Parton, and other sectional partisan writers, excited in me a sense and a spirit that justice must be done and that the truth must be told. I realized that no man could read Sumner’s “Life of Jackson,” or Parton’s “Life of Jackson,” without laying down the book in doubt as to whether he was a good man or a bad man, and whether he was really a patriot, a friend to his country, or an enemy to his country.

In this full belief, after a somewhat extended examination which I made, I made up my mind, and it has never been changed — every day’s observation and every day of investigation for now five years in writing the book and collecting facts have impressed me that of all the men this country has produced, he was one of the truest, and not only one of

the truest, but one of the most lovable men in all his relations in private life — that in all he had to do with men, whether in public or private life, he was the truest of men. As I saw him, he never had an aspiration in the world that was not founded in the good of his country—and it was with this feeling that I commenced the work; but the most striking feature, and the one that sank deepest and most intensely interested me, were the conditions and circumstances under which and in which General Jackson entered into military life and took upon himself the great work of rescuing his country — his whole country, not simply Tennessee; not his friends, but the whole country — from its humiliation.

For instance, I found upon examination that the War of 1812 had in a great measure broken the martial spirit of the entire country, and, without now undertaking to give the reasons for it, it seemed to me that the spirit that had animated Washington's war — the War of the Revolution — and kept our soldiers in the field for nearly eight years, had totally disappeared. The victories over our armies had not only been complete, disastrous to us, but they had humiliated every American reader who loved his country — not one single victory had we had in the contest with the British. Not only were these victories of the British over our armies a source of mortification to the whole country, indeed, alarm, but the President of the United States, a true patriot and great citizen — Mr. Madison — had been driven from post to post. They had entered the Capitol and burned it; they had murdered American citizens in the streets; they had driven the President of the United States out of the White House. Not only was this going on at home, but England was in a state of glorification over its victories. The *London Times* and the *London Sun*, perhaps, came nearer being two great blackguards than was ever known in papers of their high character, in our vilification, in their denunciation of us. They proclaimed from day to day that we had

turned out to be a nation of cowards; that we had by trickery gained our independence, and that we had brought on this war without any just cause — made a great to-do about it — and that after we had brought on the war we had turned out to be a nation of cowards unwilling to fight, and fleeing before their armies. The theaters and playhouses in London in the winter of 1813 and 1814 were packed to witness sham battles of soldiers with cowards. While this was going on, Mr. Madison had sent commissioners to England to make peace, and without any suggestion from the British Government of a desire for peace, or any intimation that they were willing to make peace. The President had appointed five commissioners — five of the most distinguished men: Mr. Adams, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. Crawford — to go to England and see what could be done. At the time Jackson came to the front they had been in England about twelve months. They had met the British Commissioners, and in view of their victories over us — what they had done, what their success had been — they were unwilling to make any terms that did not include a large cession of our territory to England as a basis of settlement. They demanded that we should surrender to them all of what is now Wisconsin, Michigan, and a large part of what is Illinois and Indiana.

Mr. Gallatin's letters to the President of the United States, afterwards made public, show that our condition as our commissioners saw it was indeed most critical. Mr. Gallatin pointed out in his letters to the President of the United States that his greatest difficulties, or one of his greatest difficulties, was, that the most extensively populated portion of our country — New England — was all against the war and not in sympathy with him, all of which the President of the United States had fully realized.

This being our condition in the second War of the Revolution, at the time Jackson raised his own army and brought

relief to the country, it came to me as a revelation that General Jackson's true history had been obscured by prejudiced writers, and I suppose this more than anything else prompted me to the work which I have done. What General Jackson had to contend with in the Creek War, and what he accomplished, and how he turned the tide, can only be known by such careful investigation as I have made in writing this book. The truth is, General Jackson's Creek Campaign, his victory at Fort Bowyer in the destruction of a naval force of considerable importance, and capture of Pensacola, have all been obscured by the light of his great victory at New Orleans afterwards.

General Wellington said at a dinner table in London — talking to Andrew J. Donelson, when Donelson was on his way as Minister to Berlin, as I was informed by Mrs. Wilcox at Washington, who was a daughter of Donelson and with him in London — that he had carefully examined the Creek Campaign, and that if Jackson had done nothing else, it made him one of the great generals of the world.

In these researches I made what seemed to me to be a discovery, but it was simply obscured history which I dug up by piecemeal and established the following facts: That up to the time of these victories of General Jackson, the news of which reached England, with the fact that the President had made him a Major General in the United States Army, our commissioners were utterly hopeless, and that when the British Commissioners got this news they notified our commissioners that they would withdraw the offensive demands that they had made, and two days thereafter the treaty of Ghent was signed, showing that General Jackson made the treaty of Ghent just as much as he fought the battle of New Orleans. At this juncture the mystery of the battle of New Orleans was solved, because I found that instead of one battle fought on the 8th of January with 6,000 raw troops, fighting more than double their number of trained soldiers, he had

only completed a battle that had lasted almost continuously day and night from the 23d of December, 1814, to the 8th of January, 1815, and the British authorities which I have collected say, that in attacking the British Army at night during that period of more than two weeks he had utterly demoralized the army, and that it was in no condition to fight when the final struggle came.

When I came to look into General Jackson's civil life, and what he did as President of the United States, I am more struck with it than I am with his extraordinary military life — in his successes as President in the conflicts he had with a hostile Senate during nearly the whole period, headed by Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, he did, perhaps, what no other man could have done — that is, he retained the confidence of the people; and while it would look that both Houses of Congress were against him at one period, as he was compelled to veto very important bills, the people never elected and sent to Washington a Congress during the whole eight years that wasn't for Jackson and Jackson's policy. When Mr. Bell was elected Speaker of the House he was a strong Jackson man, but turned over to the Bank side. Two years later the people sent up a Congress that refused to re-elect Mr. Bell, and elected James K. Polk Speaker of the House.

Jackson's political life — that is, his public career as President — was probably more pleasing to the whole people than had been the public life of any previous President.

When he became President in 1829, we had many unsettled matters with foreign nations, including the spoliation claims with half a dozen nations, all of which he settled up and collected the money. They were old and complicated, and had fought their way through all the administrations from Washington down — indeed, they were old barnacles, that it was frightful to consider.

Jackson not only cleared them all up, but when he went

out of office, in 1837, every matter of controversy with every nation had been cleared up, and he turned over to his successor an absolutely clean sheet.

I am not inclined to close this review of my reasons for writing the Life of Jackson without expressing what has been the greatest wrong to Jackson's character by those who assailed him, and what to me has been the greatest pleasure of the entire work. Commencing the work at an age when I needed repose and not toil, I found an unceasing pleasure in General Jackson's private life, even more than in all of his public service. More than a hundred publications about Jackson have been written in the form of books, pamphlets, and vicious diatribes, sometimes in one form and sometimes in another. They have ranged from the literature of Parton, in which he sums up, as I now remember, in his last chapter what he says is Jackson's true character, especially making him not only illiterate, but a man incapable of being anything else than a social anomaly down to even a much lower class, whose names and vicious, vulgar diatribes must never go again into a book. Instead of the character thus given, I found General Jackson to be a man of refinement and of the finest sensibilities, perhaps the most lovable man in all his family relations of all our public men; the most elegant man in society, the most lordly in his manner, with an amount of cultivation coming from an education which he had acquired along the walks of life, which I am sure will surprise every reader of the book who hasn't given the subject the same attention I have. I have read more than a hundred and twenty of his original letters; they are not the letters of a literary man, but they are the letters of an educated man, a man who knew the world and all classes of people; his letters to the public men, to members of his family, to women and children, are among the finest specimens of common life literature to be found among the men of distinction in this or any other country — in fact, he is the finest letter writer

(take his letters in all their aspects) that this country has produced.

I note in reading his letters from 1788, when he first came to Tennessee, down to 1845, the time of his death, that in culture as well as information there was a continuous growth. His early letters show a man of great power, but lacking in words; but he came to be, in his power of expression, in his use of language, in his well-chosen sentences, indeed a model letter writer.

In nothing will the true life of Andrew Jackson be more surprising to cultured people than in his marvelous acquirements which evidently came from reading and observation. In some respects General Jackson excels all men, especially in his courteous and gentlemanly bearing in society, and particularly among women. I have in my possession, in printed pamphlet form, the letter of Judge McNairy, who brought him from North Carolina to Tennessee. This letter was written and printed in 1827, when General Jackson was bitterly assailed by his political enemies about his marriage, and Judge McNairy says that he and Jackson roomed together at Salisbury, North Carolina. They traveled together, when one was judge and the other attorney general, as United States officers. Jackson was then a very young man. He says they boarded together in Nashville and roomed together, and of all the men he had ever known in his life, General Jackson was the most nearly perfect in all his relations with women. This letter is a short biography of the private and social life of General Jackson, and as a chapter of refutation of what ignorant and vicious writers have said, it should be truly a feature in the life and character of this wonderful man.

In General Jackson's military career, he was blessed as a commander of armies, was blessed with two lieutenants — Carroll and Coffee — who were invaluable to him. They were selected by him, not as Napoleon selected his marshals

— out of the ranks; Jackson had no ranks when he chose them for lieutenants, and they will live in history along with his own name.

And, fortunately, in his career as President of the United States, he had for his Prime Minister, Col. Thomas H. Benton, and as a parliamentarian this country has not had his superior. General Jackson was a firm believer in an overruling Providence, and always believed that he might rely on a just Providence in taking his side.

In one respect a favorite aspiration in the work has not been encouraged — while the conviction of its merit has been increased. From the time I got well into the work I became deeply interested that our young men should have a just and true estimate of General Jackson's character as well as of his powers, and it has been a labor of love, if such a work can be called labor, to prepare a connected and truthful story of a public and private life, so high and so worthy as Andrew Jackson's.

If it be true that the men who are lingering with us, in their younger days became more interested in the men who had made our history than the young men of the present day, it is not a pleasing thought to those who are lingering. With this apprehension in writing the work now coming from the press, I have fully appreciated the importance of giving out a life — a character — whose deeds make undying history for our young men in a service that will stay with the records through the ages, but at the same time entice them into the domain of patriotism by a romance that for the time puts fiction on the shelf. A romance that is as pathetic as true, commencing with the burial of his father, an Irish peasant, in a lonely grave, and his own birth in the cabin of a stranger on the side of the road leading away from the grave, on the same day, and in quick succession the mother dying in a hospital nursing the sick, and his own first collision in jail when he refused to polish

a British officer's boots, and his last collision when he sent England's greatest army — all he did not kill — back on the way to a funeral service over the bodies of Pakenham and Gibbs, with a doctor dressing the wounds of Keane, and then by the very majesty of his manner making an order on old England to keep the peace in the presence of Uncle Sam.

But I trust with the romance of facts unequaled in fiction, and passing over several personal collisions which came from a high sense of personal honor, all of which passed away without malice, I may take the young men who may be inclined to get on a higher plane of life than that of strife in war's ways or in facts that take the place of fiction.

As President of the United States, Andrew Jackson, by an intellectual foresight and a courage in duty, made eight years in American history to be known as "The Jacksonian Period," and in many respects, without unduly praising it, it will occupy the most conspicuous place in our first hundred years — indeed, in the first hundred and fourteen years.

Andrew Jackson's history, from the time he was first talked of for President, in 1816, to the retirement from the office of President (and well might be included the great life of the private citizen after he retired until his death), should be studied with care by every young man who is at all interested, or can be made so, in American history. As time goes on, and men without prejudice or local preferences, who study American history, who come to make up the record, will give Jackson not only the first place as a soldier, judging by sagacity to see and genius to accomplish results, but they will write him the greatest of all the men who have filled that highest office to which men in modern times have aspired.

I do not and cannot afford to put this statement in this book without a consciousness of verification by the record:

indeed, the man who has given the state papers of our statesmen the most careful study because it came to be his highest duty — the Hon. James D. Richardson — is of the same opinion.

As a Senator in 1824, when the election was thrown into the House, Mr. Webster, who was with him in the Senate, gives him the preference in dignity over all the other candidates — Adams, Clay and Crawford — and says he was the favorite of Mrs. Webster.

But the young men of our country who want to know the history of it by its men — the men who have made our history — should at least read the Jacksonian period. No period in our history has had in the Senate for so long a period such an assemblage of great men—Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Crawford and Benton, besides others nearly or quite equal in debate. Benton alone was standing by Jackson in his war with the Bank of the United States. It was more than a fight over the bank — it was through a large part of the eight years a war on Jackson.

The decision has long since been made that Jackson's victory and final triumph over the Senate was the greatest intellectual victory of modern times.

CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE SADLY AND PAINFULLY OBSCURE —
NEVER SAW HIS FATHER — DID NOT KNOW WHAT STATE
HE WAS BORN IN — MANY SPITEFUL BOOKS WRITTEN
ABOUT HIM BRING A FEELING OF RESENTMENT — PARTON
AND SUMNER AS BIOGRAPHERS HAVE DISHONORED HIM —
SHALL THE RECORD MADE GO TO POSTERITY WITHOUT
CORRECTION.

IT may be said, with a confidence which reaches a conviction, that the world never produced any other man who rose to the distinction, in either military or civil life, that Andrew Jackson did — and he reached the summit in both — whose origin, entrance into life, and early steps were so sadly and painfully obscure as his. If it were not that in the goodness of our natures we love self-made men who come to be benefactors to their race, and take pleasure in tracing their early days, to tell the story of his family, his birth, his boyhood, would be as painful as it is weird.

Behind his father and mother there is not a trace of his family, except that Andrew's mother told him when a small boy that his grandfather was murdered in a massacre at Carrickfergus by the British, supposed to have been about 1765. General Jackson did not know what State he was born in; he never saw his father; he was born of an Irish peasant woman, who, after burying her husband at the old Waxaw graveyard in North Carolina, started, and walking with two little boys — Irish boys, born in Ireland — aiming to reach a distant relative she had in South Carolina; and getting permission to stay all night in a road-side house, Andrew Jackson was born. This house was in North Carolina, though near the South Carolina line.

It is left in doubt whether, after burying the husband and father of the future (then unborn) President of the United States, the family ever returned to the cabin they had left.

This is the entire story, as far as history makes record, of the family of Andrew Jackson, and of himself down to the time when his mother took him in her arms — leaving the cabin on the roadside — and started to walk into South Carolina.) There is only enough evidence, and none to spare, about the place of his birth to meet the requirement of the Constitution about nativity as a qualification for the office of President of the United States. If he had been born in Ireland, as some writers have supposed, or if, as one determined writer asserts, he had been born in the ship on the ocean when the family were fleeing from British oppression, he would have been barred from the office of President of the United States.

Now, as there is nothing else of the ancestry of Andrew Jackson — for the lack of which I am not inclined, as Mr. Parton was, to substitute a history of the Irish race—I will be excused, I am sure, if I give here in this first chapter some outline in a general way of the incentives and purposes in writing the book — including in a general way his true character and masterly powers, as well as his true place in American history.

Whether this is biographical literature for a first chapter, or not, is not considered, and though it may not inspire many boys who feel that they lack money and friends to hope for success, it will at once give them a just conception of the blessings that inhere in our government, so wisely formed for the masses, with no recognized sovereignty in birth or fortune.

It did not require critical research to find that from some cause the two books — lives of General Jackson — written after his death, one by Parton and one by Sumner, were in many respects so palpably unjust as to be offensive to Ameri-

can history, and in other respects to be so spiteful and vicious in characterization, that a feeling of resentment, perhaps, had something to do in suggesting the work. Instead of the illiteracy, I found culture sufficient to make Andrew Jackson the best letter writer of all our Presidents. Instead of ignorance and impotency in the preparation of state papers, in the office of President, I found a man marvelously familiar with public affairs, both foreign and home, and well versed in international law, and I found the conclusive evidence that his greatest state papers were written by himself without help from any source. Instead of a backwoodsman, coarse in manners, I found a man in social life most accomplished — lordly among men, elegant and gracious among women, and with a helping hand in the discharge of official duties when the strong oppressed the weak, all of which seemed to be parts of his nature.

But, above all, I found a man whose place in American history had been obscured and not given.

As a soldier, as well as in his career in the high trusts committed to him in civil affairs, including his services when a young man as one of the framers of our first Tennessee Constitution, then as a member of the Lower House of Congress, twice in the United States Senate, then as Governor of Florida, and finally as President of the United States, the two biographers not only fail to do justice to General Jackson, but they becloud every service, impugn his motives, falsify his intelligence, and become partisan critics with spiteful defamation.

Professor Sumner in one of his early chapters discusses Mr. Jefferson's theory of government as compared with that of the Hartford Convention, giving his preference to the latter. And Mr. Parton, at the end of his 4,200 pages, says, "Of all human beings Jackson was least fit to be President of the United States."

When this book is read, no reader will be surprised that a feeling of resentment came, and an inclination to write the truth of history about a man who was so truly national in his patriotism, and so wise in the conduct of civil affairs, and so capable and courageous as a Major General in the United States Army; indeed, who had wrested the flag from the military forces of old England and put it back on the Capitol at Washington, where it will stay as long as we have a republic, and that at a time when in the second war of the Revolution the martial spirit of our people and the soldier quality of our armies had been put to the severest test. That this great American, long after he is in the grave, shall become the victim of passion, prejudice, party spirit, or unfriendly sectional feeling, and books be written about him accredited with the evidence of truth, which common sense implies in a biographer, but which when read show almost numberless passages on which the descendants of the subject maligned, if he had any, could maintain actions for defamation against the guilty authors, if living, shall be allowed to go to posterity without correction, would be a reflection on the race of men who lived when the evidences of the truth had not been lost or destroyed, and when the very winds from the graves of compatriot soldiers and statesmen come pleading the cause of justice and truth, is a reflection which came to me when research disclosed the truth.

Although I was at an age that needed rest and not work—seeing no man still actively at work who had been an interested spectator of the men and times and issues which came out of the Jacksonian period who was likely to undertake it—I commenced the work, and it has been a continuous source of pleasure.

This first chapter covers the need of a preface.

CHAPTER II.

HIS LINEAGE SHADOWY; IRISH OR SCOTCH-IRISH—NOTHING BEHIND HIS GRANDFATHER, KILLED AT CARRICKFERGUS—THE MOTHER STARTED TO WALK TO SOUTH CAROLINA, STOPPED ON THE WAY, AND ANDREW JACKSON WAS BORN—FAMILY BURIED IN UNKNOWN GRAVES—THE MOTHER AS A NURSE IN HOSPITALS.

THE character and condition of the people on the west side of the mountain when Andrew Jackson left North Carolina and came into a country, whose most eminent citizen he became, is important as a starting point in the life of a man who figured as General Jackson did.

Having been born and raised in Washington County, near Jonesboro, where the fireside talk in my home was Jackson and Sevier, and Sevier and Jackson, and where every phase of their boyhood, as well as their entrance into public life and their deeds, were discussed, I am prepared to approve in the main the sketch in Colonel Allison's "Dropped Stitches."

General Jackson came to Jonesboro in 1788, and reached Nashville in October of the same year—not, as Colonel Allison says, in the fall of 1789, or in the spring of 1790. He did not stop in Jonesboro, except temporarily; he came from Jonesboro to Greeneville with Judge McNairy, where they both got license to practice law. There is much circumstantial evidence tending to show that Jackson and McNairy remained in East Tennessee two years, but I have in my possession the letter of Judge McNairy, written in 1827, showing that he and General Jackson reached Nashville in October, 1788. This is the extract from the letter:

"NASHVILLE, 7th May, 1827.

"*Dear Sir:*—You desired me to state my knowledge of the private character of General Jackson, as it respects his conduct in connection and intermarriage with Mrs. Jackson.

"General Jackson and myself have been acquainted for more than forty-five years; part of the time we lived together, and the balance in the immediate neighborhood of each other. We moved together from North Carolina to this State, and arrived at Nashville in October, 1788."

When Jackson came to Jonesboro, and on to Nashville, he found a class of men who had recently crossed the mountain settling on the Watauga and Nolachucky rivers, and at Nashville, who seemed to be born soldiers.

The great victory at King's Mountain; the destruction of the left wing of Cornwallis' army, moving, as it was, from the Southern seacoast up through the Carolinas to unite with the Northern victorious army somewhere in Virginia, at the very darkest hour of the Revolution, thereby causing Cornwallis to abandon his campaign and go back to the coast, and this mainly done by the backwoodsmen in what is now Tennessee; men who belonged to no army, collected and organized in less than ten days, which, considered in connection with the great victory at New Orleans, settles the character and quality of Tennessee volunteers. The claim of these people to a place in history does not rest alone on the great victory at King's Mountain, nor in the world-renowned victory over the British at New Orleans. The men that crossed the mountain and settled on the Watauga and Nolachucky rivers were mainly from North Carolina, and they are the men that opened the ball in the great play of independence in the famous battle at the Alamance, in North Carolina, on the 16th of May, 1771.

Speaking of the Regulators in North Carolina, which brought on the battle of the Alamance, Mr. Ramsey says: "While it is well known that the leaders of this oppressed

party now expressed a desire to be free from law or equitable taxation, the Governor's palace, double and treble fees and taxes without law or reason, drove the sober to resistance and the passionate and unprincipled to outrage. The Regulators continued their resistance to illegal taxes two or three years." Then he shows how the British Governor, Trion, raised an army and fought the battle on the 16th of May, 1771—the battle of the Alamance; the Regulators had an army of between two and three thousand, but they were poorly armed and were defeated by the Governor's forces, and thirty-six of them were killed in this battle, and a great number wounded on both sides. He shows that they did not flee until their ammunition was exhausted; he calls this the first battle—the first blood shed for the engagement of liberty. When defeated, they crossed the mountain and settled on the Watauga.

But the main fact that I want is one that is conclusive as to this battle being the first of the Revolution. Our Minister to the Court of St. James, Mr. Bancroft, under Mr. Polk, got permission to look into the Blue Book, and in speaking of the British state papers which he found in the files—all the papers pertaining to the Regulators—he says in a letter to Mr. D. L. Swain, speaking of these state papers and the Regulators, they show "that their complaints were well founded and were so acknowledged, though their oppressors were only nominally punished. They form the connecting link between resistance to the Stamp Act, and the movement of 1775, and they also played a glorious part of the Mississippi Valley, towards which they were irresistibly carried by their love of independence. It is a mistake if any have supposed the Regulators were cowed down by their defeat at the Alamance. Like the Mammoth, they shook the bolt from their brow and crossed the mountains."

Mr. Ramsey says, "Watauga gave its cordial welcome

to these honest-hearted patriots, and here was the cradle of the infant Hercules—Tennessee.”

The opening ball of the Revolution was not Concord nor Lexington. It was the uprising of the people against the tyrant, Trion, at the Alamance, about forty miles west of Raleigh. It has been claimed that the first attempt at an independent government was at Mecklenburg, North Carolina, in May, 1775; others claim it at Boonsboro, Kentucky, in May, 1775. Haywood, in his “History of Tennessee,” page 41, says:

“In 1772 (May), the settlement on the Watauga, being without government, formed a written association and articles for their conduct. They appointed five commissioners, a majority of whom were to decide all matters of controversy, and to govern and direct for the common good in other respects”; and again, page 46: “This committee settled all private controversies, and had a clerk, Felix Walker, now or lately a member of Congress from North Carolina. They also had a sheriff. This committee had stated and regular times for holding their sessions, and took the laws of Virginia for their standard of decision.”

Haywood further says that they were living under this government in November, 1775.

Some four years after this local, self-independent government had been entered into by the settlers of Watauga, John Sevier, in a memorial to the North Carolina Legislature explaining it, says:

“Finding ourselves on the frontiers and being apprehensive that, for want of a proper legislature, we might become a shelter for such as endeavor to defraud their creditors; considering also the necessity of recording deeds, wills, and doing other public business, we, by consent of the people, formed a court for the purposes above mentioned, taking, by desire of our constituents, the Virginia laws for our guide, so near as the situation of affairs would permit.

This was intended for ourselves, and was done by consent of every individual."

These people then laid the foundation for a judicial system. The original paper is in the county clerk's office at Jonesboro, and is as follows (this is a literal copy) :

"I do solemnly swear that as Justice of the Peace, and a Justice of the County Court of Pleas, and Quarter Sessions in the County of Washington, in all matters in the commission to me directed, I will do equal right to the poor and the rich to the best of my judgment and according to the law of the State. I will not privately or openly, by myself or any other person, be of counsel in any quarrel, or suit, depending before me, and I will hold the County Court and Quarterly Sessions of my county, as the statute in that case shall and may direct :

"The fines and amercements that shall happen to be made, and the forfeitures that shall be incurred, I shall cause to be duly entered without concealment. I will not wittingly or willingly take by myself, or any other person for me any fee, gift, gratuity or reward whatsoever for any matter or thing by me to be done, by virtue of my office, except such fees as are or may be directed or limited by statute, but well and truly I will do my office as a Justice of the Peace as well within the County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions as without. I will not delay any person of common right, by reason of any letter or order from person or persons in authority to me directed, or for any other cause whatever, and if any letter or order come to me contrary I will proceed to enforce the law, such letter or order notwithstanding. I will not cause to be directed any warrant by me to be made to the parties. But will direct all such warrants to the sheriff or constable of the county, or other officers of the State, or other indifferent person to do execution thereof, and finally, in all things belonging to my office, during continuation therein will faithfully, truly and justly, according to the best of my (judicial) skill and judgment do equal and impartial justice to the public and to the individual, so help me God."

This paper is signed by James Robertson, John Sevier, and twenty-five others.

A more thoroughly independent, self-acting, and wrong-righting government was never formed. As regulators, this independent court regulated social and family matters, generally on motion. Here are some specimens:

"On motion that Josiah Baulding should be admitted to come in and remain henceforth peaceably in this county, on proviso, that he comply with the laws provided for persons, being inimical to the State, and have rendered service that will expiate any crime that he has been guilty of, inimical to this State or to the United States. The Court on considering the same grant the said leave."

This court also exercised jurisdiction in military matters. It made orders on motion. Here is a specimen: One George Lewis was tried, on motion, for treason in 1779, and here is the order:

"On hearing the facts and considering the testimony of the witnesses, it is the opinion of the Court that the defendants be sent to the district goal. It appearing to the Court that the said Lewis is a spie or an officer from Florida out of the English Army."

Again, *State vs. Mose Crawford*, for high treason:

"It is the opinion of the Court, that the defendant be imprisoned during the present war with Great Britain, and the sheriff take the whole of his property into custody, which must be valued by a jury at the next Court. And that one-half of the said estate be kept by the said sheriff for the use of the State, and the other remitted to the family of defendant."

The jurisdiction of the court in criminal matters is well exemplified in the following order:

“On motion it appears that Joshua Williams, and a certain James Lindly, did feloniously steal a certain bay gelding horse from Samuel Sherill, Sr. Ordered that if the said Samuel Sherill can find any property of the said Joshua Williams, Jonathan Helms and said Lindly, that he take the same into his possession.”

This Samuel Sherill was the father of Catherine Sherill, known as “Bonnie Kate,” who, flying from the Indians, jumped over the wall of the Watauga Fort, and was caught in the arms of John Sevier, and who afterwards became his wife; and he was the great-grandfather of the author.

The reader can now see the character of men out of which Sevier and Shelby made up the army to fight the battle of King’s Mountain. Ramsey says about the organization of this army :

“Among the refugees, soon after, came Samuel Phillips, the parole prisoner, by whom Ferguson sent his threatening message, as already mentioned. It reached Shelby by the last of August. He immediately rode fifty or sixty miles to see Sevier, for the purpose of concerting with him measures suited to the approaching crisis. He remained with him two days. They came to a determination to raise all the riflemen that they could, march hastily through the mountains, and endeavor to surprise Ferguson in his camp. They hoped to be able, at least, to cripple him, so as to prevent him crossing the mountain in the execution of his threat. The day and place were appointed for the rendezvous of the men. The time was the 25th day of September, and Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, selected as being the most central point and abounding most in the necessary supplies.

“Col. Sevier, with that intense earnestness and persuasive address for which he was so remarkable, began at once to arouse the border men for the projected enterprise. In this he encountered no difficulty. A spirit of heroism brought to his standard in a few days more men than was thought prudent or safe to withdraw from the settlement,

the whole military force of which was estimated at considerably less than a thousand men. Something less than one-half of that number was necessary to man the forts and stations, and keep up scouting parties on the extreme frontier. The remainder were immediately enrolled for this distant service. A difficulty arose from another source. Many of the volunteers were unable to furnish suitable horses and equipments. The iron hand of poverty checked the rising ambition of many a valorous youth who had heard of battle, and who longed to follow to the fields some warlike chief.

"'Here,' said Mrs. Sevier, pointing to her son, not yet sixteen years old; 'here, Mr. Sevier, is another of our boys who wants to go with his father and brother to war, but we have no horse for him, and, poor fellow, it is a great distance to walk.' Col. Sevier tried to borrow money on his own responsibility to fit out and furnish the expedition. But every inhabitant had expended his last dollar in taking up his land, and all the money of the country was thus in the hands of the entry-taker. Sevier waited upon that officer and represented to him that the want of means was likely to retard and, in some measure, to frustrate his exertions to carry out the expedition, and suggested to him the use of the public money in his hand. John Adair, Esq., late of Knox County, was the entry-taker, and his reply was that worthy of the times and worthy of the man: 'Col. Sevier, I have no authority by law to make that disposition of this money. It belongs to the impoverished treasury of North Carolina, and I dare not appropriate a cent of it to any purpose; but, if the country is overrun by the British, liberty is gone. Let the money go, too. Take it. If the enemy by its use is driven from the country, I can trust that country to justify and vindicate my conduct. Take it.'

"The money was taken and expended in the purchase of ammunition and the necessary equipments. Shelby and Sevier pledged themselves to see it refunded, or the act of the entry-taker legalized by the North Carolina Legislature. That was scrupulously attended to at the earliest practicable moment. The evidence of it is before the writer in the original receipt now in his possession:

"'Received, Jan. 31, 1782, of Mr. John Adair, entry-

taker in the County of Sullivan, twelve thousand and seven hundred and thirty-five dollars, which is placed to his credit on the treasury books, \$12,735.00.

“ ‘Per ROBERT LANIER, *Treas.*

“ ‘*Salisbury District.*’ ”

The material for making just such an army as Jackson had at New Orleans was the best; they were just the men to appreciate, and at once accept and fall in under such a born leader as Andrew Jackson. But at the time Jackson came these men had a beloved and trusted leader in the great Indian fighter, the hero of King's Mountain. Sevier was then in middle age, a Huguenot (in France the name was Xavia). He had seen some service in Virginia as an Indian fighter in the regular line, and was known to General Washington. He came to the Watauga settlement at the same time that Evan and Isaac Shelby came, but afterwards settled on the Nolachucky.

Up to the time Jackson came, Sevier had been the wall of defense for the frontier settlements, and had protected the women and children in the Watauga Fort against the Indian's tomahawk; he had literally stood guard for eighteen years before Jackson came, fighting more than thirty battles with the Indians, and always victorious. He was the beloved “Nolachucky Jack.”

The great victory at King's Mountain, so unique in its conception and so far-reaching in its results, is as much a part of Tennessee history as the battle of New Orleans. General Washington declared it was the turning point of the Revolution, and Mr. Jefferson said: “It was the joyful emancipation of that time in the tide of success that terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of our independence.” This is literally true; the British Army had been victorious on the Northern line, and Washington was taking care of his brave little army as best he could. Cornwallis had landed a large army at Charleston, and was moving it

up through the Carolinas in three divisions, devastating the country, driving the Whig families into the mountains, taking the Tory men into the army, and protecting their families.

General Ferguson, a distinguished soldier, who was commanding the left wing, had sent word to the Tennessee frontiersmen on the Watauga and Nolachucky that if their war on the Indians did not stop, he would cross the mountain and destroy the country. Sevier and Shelby immediately put rough riders on horses, and in four days every man that could carry a gun was notified, and a few days later they were all at King's Meadows, where Bristol now is, with guns in hand, and a vote was taken whether they would stay in the mountain passes and defend the settlements, or go in pursuit of Ferguson. The vote was unanimous to go and hunt him. Colonels Campbell and Cleveland, with about 300 Virginia troops, united with them here, making in all 1,200 men with squirrel rifles.

All on horses they rode through the mountains about 130 miles, and found Ferguson on King's Mountain, in good position for attack or defense. General Berhard, an officer under Napoleon, and afterwards an engineer in the United States Army, in examining the battleground of King's Mountain, says :

"The Americans by their victory in that engagement erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of the brave men who had fallen there; and the shape of the hill itself would be an eternal monument of the military genius and skill of Colonel Ferguson in selecting a position so well adapted for defense, and that no other plan of assault but that pursued by the mountain men could have succeeded against him."

Sevier immediately after the battle of King's Mountain took a hundred men and rode night and day till he reached

home, having been in a state of alarm about the frontiers from the time he left home on the campaign. Reaching home, Sevier was met by citizens to make an appeal for protection against advancing Indians. They asked him how soon he would be ready to go, saying the Indians were at the river and would soon be across and in the settlements, which meant the tomahawk and the scalping knife for their wives and children. The reply was, "As soon as Kate can get us some dinner." This great Indian fighter was married to his "Bonnie Kate" three weeks before starting on the King's Mountain campaign.

This is an insight to the hero who for twenty-six years literally stood guard over the women and children on the frontiers, and then was their beloved Governor for twelve years, then their honored Congressman, then out in the Indian country under an order from President Monroe, surveying a line of the Jackson treaty with the Indians, where he died; he was buried, and slept until the State he had immortalized took up his sleeping dust and brought it back to its native heath, where, over this dust a third generation has erected a monument of granite to remind all coming generations that patriotism has its enduring reward.

When Kate got the dinner for him and his one hundred men he had brought back with him, he moved on the Indians and met them at the river, fought one of his surprise battles, then pursued them as far as the place where Rome, Georgia, now is, so crippling them by killing the warriors and burning their towns that it gave relief to the people of the Watauga and Nolachucky for a whole year.

Sevier did not get back to the Watauga Fort for three months. Campbell and Shelby, with Colonel Cleveland, who joined them with a small force, after making a full report to General Gates of the campaign, turned and followed and fought on the flank of Cornwallis' army as it retreated all the way back to Charleston.

The report made by Shelby and Campbell to General Gates of their most extraordinary campaign is copied in full in "Ramsey's Annals." It shows that in the campaign there were Colonel Sevier, Colonel Shelby, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Cleveland, all commanding small bodies of volunteers. They moved from King's Meadows on the 26th of September, 1780. No one officer having a right to command, they dispatched an express to General Gates, at Hillsboro, North Carolina, informing him of the situation, and asking him to send a general officer to take command.

Colonel Campbell was put in command till such officer should arrive. They moved rapidly through the mountains and found that General Ferguson was encamped in the neighborhood of Broad River. Without awaiting the return of the messenger, they took 900 of their men, with the best horses; leaving the weak horses and footmen, they moved in the night and came on Ferguson on King's Mountain, where he felt secure.

No such battle, so unique in its character, has been fought. Campbell, Sevier, Shelby, and Cleveland were regarded as of equal rank—that is, each had command of his own troops, with no superior officer, but each having his place in the advance up the mountain. The battle lasted one hour and fifteen minutes, and General Ferguson was dead, with 180 of his officers and soldiers, and the balance were prisoners. And that is all there is of King's Mountain. I have given these historic facts from a reliable, and in a sense official, source, and mainly for the reason that, as far as it may be consistent with the purpose of this work, I shall uphold the volunteer service for the defense of American rights, as against the policy of a large standing army.

The militia, or volunteer service—for practically they are the same—as against a great standing army, is a question likely to be revived and much discussed in coming years. Without prejudice to any other section of the

country, Tennessee has a history so full of facts that her record must play an important part in the discussion.

General Jackson, with Tennessee soldiers, in the Creek War, rendered the Government such efficient service—so relieving the situation after the British had burned Washington and gained great victories over our army on the Canada line, and up to which time despondency prevailed—that the Government in its exuberance of gratitude made him a Major General in the United States Army. This single act by the Government had much to do in producing the spirit and prejudice from which his great deeds may never rescue his name.

All great soldiers have had their critics—unkind critics—but neither Cromwell nor Charles XII of Sweden, nor any other great soldier whose history I have read, has been cursed by enemy biographers. Parton's "Life of Jackson" and Sumner's "Life of Jackson" give to the world a new and cowardly mode of destroying a great man by stealing into biographical work under the cloak of friendship, universally accorded by the public to biographers. It is true Bourienne, who had long been a private secretary of Napoleon's, and had been embittered against the great captain for personal unkind treatment, allowed this to crop out in the book, but he did not become the spiteful defamer of Napoleon. On the contrary, he wrote probably the best and most truthful biography of the great Frenchman ever written.

There is no country in the world where citizen soldiers as contradistinguished from the army have displayed the soldier quality as in the United States. This country has been peculiar and exceptional in the absence of a standing army and the readiness of the citizens to make a *casus belli* a call to arms.

It is not surprising, with the infirmity of big men as well as little ones, that when history records that Colonel Shelby,

Colonel Campbell, Colonel Cleveland, and Colonel Sevier, with citizen soldiers, in one hour and fifteen minutes killed and captured an entire army of superior numbers, leaving every single officer or soldier dead or wounded on the field that was not taken prisoner or brought away, and that Jackson, with citizen soldiers, 6,000 against 12,000, in twenty-five minutes had the British Army on the retreat, and 1,500 dead on the field—I say it is not surprising, with our infirmities, that the regulars should have a jealous smile for the citizen soldier. On the subject of fighting for freedom, or in defense of the flag when it is assaulted, Tennessee has a record, and Jackson, for his citizen soldier quality, though made a Major General in the United States Army, is the crowned king of citizen soldier service. The regular army, small as it always has been, has done its duty, and if its indiscreet friends would suppress their indiscretions, with its help the citizen soldiers of this great country would take care of the flag and the country's honor.

It will be the delight of the writer of these memoirs, as far as possible, to do justice not only to the great soldier, but the private soldier generally, who has argued the question better than any pen can do it, by going to the front with his gun — simply on notice every time the notice came — from King's Mountain to Manila.

In addition to Mr. Parton, a Mr. William Graham Sumner, Professor of Practical and Social Science in Yale College, has tried his hand in what is known as "The American Statesmen Series." As a beginning he sets Mr. Jefferson and his democracy aside in the following style:

"Jefferson cannot be said to have had any plan. The statesmen of his party tried to act on the belligerents by destructive measures against domestic commerce and industry, chastising ourselves, as Plummer said, 'with scorpions,' in order to beat the enemy with whips. And Jefferson has remained a popular idol and has never been held to the

responsibility which belongs to him for his measures. The alien and sedition laws were not nearly so unjust and tyrannical as the laws for enforcing the embargo, and they did not touch one man where the embargo laws touched hundreds. New England was denounced for want of patriotism because it resisted the use of its interest for national purposes, but as soon as the secondary effect of embargo on agriculture began to be felt, the agricultural States raised a cry which overthrew the device. Yet criticisms which are justified by the most conclusive testimony of history, fall harmlessly from Jefferson's armor of popular platitudes and democratic statements. He showed the trait which we call 'womanish.' His diplomacy, besides being open to the charge that it was irregular and unusual, was transparent and easily turned to ridicule. It was diplomacy without lines of reserve or alternatives, so that in a certain very possible contingency it had no course open to it."

This Hartford Convention apologist is put forward by some concerted action to write for the "American Statesmen Series," which goes in all the libraries, the life of democracy's greatest hero. Surely democracy is unfortunate in the selection of men to take care of the fame of its great idols, Jefferson and Jackson.

This is about the way this copyist after Parton introduces the great general and statesman, whose biography he is going to write:

"Up to the time of the Creek War little was known of Jackson at Washington, save that he was a friend of Burr, an enemy of Jefferson, and that he had acted in a subordinate manner at Natchez, reflecting on the Administration, and winning popularity for himself. Jackson had made the acquaintance of Burr when in Congress. In 1805 Burr visited Jackson, and made a contract with him for boats for the expedition down the Mississippi."

Here is the way this biographer introduces the people that Jackson came amongst:

"The pioneers, so much lauded in song and story, were the men who first broke the path into the wilderness, but who degenerated the status of their class to do it. They became incapacitated for the steady labor of civilized industry, and when the country became so filled up that game was scarce, agriculture a necessity, and law began to be recognized and employed, the pioneers moved on into the wilderness. In their habits they were idle and shiftless, and almost always too fond of strong drink. The class of settlers who succeeded them were little better in their habits, although they began to clear the forests and till the soil."

It would be difficult to put more ignorance into the same space.

No sympathy is or will be asked for the pioneers in the Southwest, "so much lauded in song and story," on account of the uprising of Mr. William Graham Sumner, Professor of Practical and Social Science in Yale. The assault has the palliation of passion. It is true the blood had time to cool in a legal sense, but the offense was grievous and of a twofold nature. If the Professor will accept it, I will, as the biographical scribe of General Jackson, apologize for the threat to hang the Professor's friends in the Hartford Convention. The other offense is more complicated. The war of 1812 should not have been brought on by that daring pioneer, Clay, without giving New England time to get her fishing smacks in before the shooting commenced; and General Jackson, the fighting pioneer, was just a little rough on his friends at New Orleans.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN JACKSON CAME TO TENNESSEE HE FOUND THE HEROES OF THE ALAMANCE AND KING'S MOUNTAIN THERE — THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION WAS NOT LEXINGTON NOR CONCORD, BUT THE BATTLE OF THE ALAMANCE IN NORTH CAROLINA — THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT WAS FORMED ON THE WATAUGA, WHAT IS NOW TENNESSEE.

ANDREW JACKSON'S lineage is so shadowy and the evidence so uncertain, that he can be made a Scotch-Irish, or Irish, as his biographer may choose. His name, his personal appearance, his high estimate of life's obligations, and, finally, his religion, would strongly indicate "Scotch-Irish."

While the murder of his grandfather in the massacre of Carrickfergus — the father and mother fleeing from British oppression and coming to America — the intense feeling of the mother against the British when the American Revolution came, and the impress she made on her sons, stimulating them to go into the army and fight the British when they were mere boys, all tend to make him an Irishman, instead of Scotch-Irish.

The home of the Jackson family, it seems to be conceded, was Carrickfergus, an old town on the coast of Ireland (northern coast), and in the shadowy line that separates the north from the south of Ireland. It is only twelve miles from Belfast; it was for centuries known as the "Crag of Fergus," where, out on a jutting crag, in the olden time, the people had drowned one King Fergus. The information about Carrickfergus being the home of the Jackson family comes from the fireside stories of Mrs. Jackson

given to her son, and which she was fond of relating, and this tradition carries along the historic fact, usually accepted by all General Jackson's biographers, of the murder of the grandfather, Hugh Jackson, in what they term a great massacre. After a very careful reading of the history of that ancient town, I am inclined to believe there is confusion in the report. It is true a castle was built on the commanding height, and it had been the scene of many a bloody struggle from sea and land. It had several times been stormed, razed, and rebuilt, but in comparatively modern times the story of its history is not clear. But along with this uncertainty there comes one from the mouth of Mrs. Jackson, and about which she did know — that she and her husband fled from Ireland on account of British oppression. This was in 1765.

The early biographers of General Jackson—Reid, Eaton, Kendall, and Waldo — made no effort to trace the family history. But when Parton, in 1859, was making investigations, he went to Ireland, visited Carrickfergus, but could find no record, trace, or tradition of the family. There was not even a tradition of any family corresponding to the Jackson family, as his mother had given it. The place of General Jackson's birth, his nativity, has been a matter of contention ever since his death, though it is generally believed he was born in South Carolina. The several biographies written in General Jackson's lifetime all give South Carolina as his native State. But one vigorous writer and determined historian will have it that he was born on the sea when the family was crossing.

The writer of these sketches delivered an address in Washington, on the 8th of January, 1898, to the oldest Jackson club in the United States, whose president is James L. Norris, and whose father organized the club in 1829. At the tables were four hundred members, many of them old men, and all taking the deepest interest in the

events discussed. One man, Mr. Lewis, of West Virginia, claimed that Jackson was born in North Carolina, but he was answered by making the old hero himself a witness, when he said in commencing his speech to the nullifiers of South Carolina: "Fellow citizens of my native State." There is no doubt but that General Jackson lived and died in the belief that he was born in South Carolina.

While Parton's "Life of Jackson" is a book that ought not to have been written, yet, in some respects, it is valuable. The author did collect facts about the great soldier which other biographers had neglected; and among other things he collected a great volume of proof on this subject, which, though second-hand, or in a sense hearsay, is nevertheless legal proof — family traditions, some of which I here give. When General Jackson's father died, he was taken to Waxaw graveyard and buried. He had lived from the time he came to this country on Twelve-Mile Creek, in North Carolina. Curiosity with some, and State pride with others, forbid indifference as to the birthplace of a man so widely known as a soldier and statesman, and, to settle the dispute between North and South Carolina, I shall give the facts as gathered up, showing that although General Jackson always believed he was born in South Carolina, yet he was undoubtedly born in North Carolina. There is doubt from the evidence whether the family left the Waxaw graveyard when the father was buried, on Twelve-Mile Creek, in North Carolina, to return to the humble home where they had lived over two years in North Carolina, or started immediately to South Carolina; but either the night after the burial, or in a day or two, the mother and her two little boys—Robert and Hugh — started afoot to South Carolina, where Mrs. Jackson had a brother-in-law named Crawford, and was kindly taken in for the night by a man named McKamy, and Andrew Jackson was born there that night. Some papers written out after Jackson became famous, by a man called

Gen. S. E. Walkup, said to be a most estimable citizen, fell into the hands of Mr. Parton, which he says he verified by going over the ground, which established conclusively that General Jackson was born in North Carolina.

He also took the statements of James Massy, John Carnes, James Faulkner, Samuel Wharton, Jane Wilson, and James D. Craig. These statements were taken in 1859. The witnesses were all old persons, and all had seen and known persons who were at the house when he was born, or had talked with people who lived in the neighborhood where he was born, and knew the facts. The following is a sample, some having heard one person talk and some another.

James Faulkner, second cousin of General Jackson, states that :

“Old Mr. Jackson died before the birth of his son, General Jackson, and that his widow, Mrs. Jackson, was quite poor, and moved from her residence on Twelve-Mile Creek, North Carolina, to live with her relations on Waxaw Creek, and while on her way there she stopped with her sister, Mrs. McKamy, in North Carolina, and was there delivered of Andrew, afterwards President of the United States; that he learned this from various old persons, and particularly heard his aunt, Sarah Lathen, often speak of it and assert she was present at his (Jackson’s) birth; that she said her mother, Mrs. Leslie, was sent for on that occasion, and took her (Mrs. Lathen), then a small girl about seven years of age, with her, and that she recollected well of going the near way through the fields to get there; and that afterwards, when Mrs. Jackson became able to travel, she continued her trip to Mrs. Crawford’s, and took her son Andrew with her, and there remained.”

It was at this old Waxaw Church, filled with wounded and dying men — the dread spectacle of war, where America’s greatest warrior took his first lesson in the art that sends one man to the King’s Castle and another to the for-

gotten graveyard of forgotten soldiers. From the time that Colonel Tarlton and Lord Rawdon came into the country, war with all its horror came to the people of that section. If not Tories they were driven from home — the women and children; the men being in the army on one side or the other. It was a section of the country where the Tories — those who favored the King — were more numerous than in any other part of the South, which intensified the war feeling to such an extent that it might be called a war under the black flag. Nothing in American war exceeds the terrible ordeal through which the poor people of that section passed.

The facts which I have collected from the early biographies, gathered up at a time when the evidence could be had, mark the Jackson family, in view of its future history, as passing through a series of tragedies which has no parallel. The mother and her two boys were driven from place to place, not knowing where to go. Andrew, with another boy, was pursued at one time by British troops, until to make their escape they rushed into a swollen stream. Andrew crossed and made his escape, but his comrade was caught and carried off. When Robert was fifteen and Andrew thirteen, they gave their names to a Whig recruiting officer, which caused their arrest as soldiers. They were sent off to Camden and there imprisoned for months in a most loathsome jail—starved until they were so emaciated that they could not stand alone, when their mother was allowed to go and see them, which she did, traveling a distance of forty miles, probably on foot.

Through her exertions an exchange was effected, she getting her sons and seven neighbors released. When they were released, Robert and Andrew were still suffering from that dreadful malady, smallpox. They had both been treated with great indignity; they had both received wounds at the hands of cruel British officers—Andrew for refusing

to black a British officer's boots. They were taken home—Andrew barefooted—walking all the way, while Robert was riding and held on his horse by the soldiers, whose release the mother had procured. On the way home they were caught in a great storm, which brought a relapse on both. Soon after getting home, Robert died from the disease and the wound which the officer gave him on the head. Andrew, after hanging between life and death for several weeks, recovered.

He often showed the scar on his head inflicted by the British officer.

During this long suffering of the people reduced literally to starvation, Tarleton displayed his genius for cruelty in war. It was during this time that Gates suffered his defeat on the Plains of Camden, and it was while Robert and Andrew were in jail that Rawdon attacked General Green's forces in sight of Camden, and which Andrew Jackson could see from the window. The fatal want of vigilance, by which, while his soldiers were playing games, Rawdon surprised him and gained a signal victory, it was often said had much to do in making Jackson the most vigilant of officers. He was never surprised. Relief only came to this suffering people when Sevier and Shelby and Campbell destroyed the left wing of Cornwallis' army at King's Mountain, and sent the whole army back to the coast.

The true character of Mrs. Jackson is best illustrated by an incident near the close of the war. After Robert had died and Andrew had sufficiently recovered to be left, hearing of the suffering and neglect of the soldiers at Charleston, she went—it is believed she walked—to nurse the wounded and sick. The account is, that after remaining many months, Mrs. Jackson was taken sick with one of the maladies prevailing in the hospital, and died. The only evidence of her death, and the cause of it, is that a small bundle of clothing which she had left was packed up and sent back by

returning soldiers after the war, with some meager account of her death.

At the present time, with the means of traveling and carrying news, it is hardly possible to imagine the difficulties of getting information in such a country as North and South Carolina at that time. In after life General Jackson made an earnest effort to find where his mother was buried, but failed. When President, he sent a man to Charleston, with such scraps of information as he had about her service in the hospital and her death, to find, if possible, the place of her burial, but not a trace could be found. So the whole family are buried in unknown graves. The father was buried at the old Waxaw Church graveyard, but there is no stone or board to mark the place. General Jackson remembered the farm on which Robert was buried, but being near death at the time, as was supposed, he had no knowledge of the spot, and never was able to find it. All that is known of Hugh is that he was buried in a soldier's grave.

Fleeing from British oppression, the father, the mother, and the two boys left Ireland in 1765, and after landing at Charleston, they found their way up into the poor piney woods in North Carolina, where they stopped and made two crops. In 1767 the father died. The humble and destitute character of the home can be well imagined when it is stated that, after the burial of the husband and father, the mother and two boys probably never again returned to the home. Turning away from the saddest and the sorest trial that comes in this life, of the many trials that come to poverty, the separation by death of the family's protector and provider, the mother and her two boys started to go to the home of a sister in South Carolina. Stopping at the home of Mr. McKamy to stay over night, the mother was taken sick, and that night or the next, Andrew Jackson was born. A few weeks later the mother took the future President of the United States in her arms, with the other two little bare-

footed boys, and found their way to the home of their kinspeople in South Carolina, where they remained until the speech that Patrick Henry sent ringing around the world, "Give me liberty or give me death," culminated in the great struggle for the freedom of mankind. The mother at the home of the brother-in-law in South Carolina was accepted as a poor relation, but was indeed a servant, while the two little boys, Hugh and Robert, and Andrew when he got large enough, worked on a farm. It is pretty well established by the early biographers, who had the opportunity of collecting the facts, that Andrew, while they were living with the Crawford family, did for a time go to what was then known as an old field school.

The early biographers seem to think the mother of the great soldier was a more important woman than did Mr. Parton. They describe Mrs. Jackson as a woman of fine character — that is, though a dependent woman, a strong woman; and in her humble position she gave much attention to her boys, and especially taught them in their duties as citizens. She was, from all accounts, as much a hater of the British as a good woman could be. Her family had been literally exterminated or driven out of Ireland. ✓ In addition to her own immediate household, three of her sisters had left the land of British oppression, and, poor as were the family, they had all seen something of the blessings of the new country where the people, though under British rule, were so far away as to have substantial freedom. From 1767 to 1776, however, there were constant signs of a conflict with England, and no three boys, perhaps, were more fully indoctrinated in their duty if the conflict came; so much so, that when the war came the oldest, Hugh, though a mere boy, took his gun, went to the front with the consent of his mother, and was killed in the Battle of Stono, in South Carolina. During the early years of the war, the out-of-the-way country — the piney woods along the line

between North and South Carolina — was not overrun or even disturbed by the armies, but in 1780 that devil incarnate, Tarleton, with a large force of cavalry, came into the country and rushed upon a detachment of militia and literally massacred them, killing 113 and wounding 150 more. The wounded were carried to the neighborhood of Waxaw Church, many of them severely wounded, and there Mrs. Jackson, taking her two boys, Robert and Andrew, took charge of the force of women nurses, and showed the noblest traits that belong to a woman's nature.

General Andrew Jackson was the central figure and Tennessee the theater of a play, which is a drama nowhere else seen on the continent of America. To write this play would be to write the life of Andrew Jackson, and to write the life of Andrew Jackson would be to write the play.

The people who were in the territory—afterwards formed into the State of Tennessee — at the time Jackson, twenty-one years old, came, in which he at once became the leader, belonged to a race of men worthy of just such a leader as Jackson. They had fought the battle of the Alamance in North Carolina, an uprising against a tyrant British Governor of the colony, one Trion, in 1772, and which, as the British Blue Book, as well as the history of North Carolina, shows, was the opening gun of the Revolution, after which they crossed the mountain and settled in what is now East Tennessee; afterwards, under the leadership of Sevier and Shelby, they fought the Battle of King's Mountain, then formed a government of their own, as shown in the next chapter, and in 1815, such of them as were able to go to war with their sons were under Jackson at New Orleans.

Before Jackson came, this rear guard had not only shown its prowess in war in a series of battles with the Indians, the powerful Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, and Shawnee tribes, armed and sent by the British to burn, pillage, and murder them, but they had crossed the mountain and had destroyed

the left wing of Cornwallis' army, which, under General Ferguson, was moving up through the Carolinas, driving helpless people before it. At the time Jackson came into the territory, this rear guard had a leader, John Sevier, courageous, beloved, and a great soldier. But Jackson, the born commander of men, as if by common consent, took command, was elected major general of the militia over the great Indian fighter, Sevier, after having practically organized the State of Tennessee. He had taken a hand on the race course, at one time with pistol in hand, sternly upholding the honor of the race course against his own friends, who played jockey on a Kentucky horse. Being major general of the militia, he was in position to be tried when the Indian and British War of 1812 came.

Judging by success wherever he drew his sword, his military career is the most remarkable on the page of history.

The genius that could raise an army by bidding it — untrained militia — destroy England's greatest ally, the Creek warriors, defy Spain by deposing a Governor that permitted the British to make his province a depot of supplies, and then chastise England's great army, sending what was left of it back to old England under orders never to put foot on American soil with guns in their hands, which they obeyed, and this all with Tennessee volunteers, with squirrel rifles in their hands, and coonskin caps on their heads, is the second act in a drama that has nothing like it.

The third great act in this drama is the hero of New Orleans as President of the United States vetoing a National Bank bill because it was corrupting Congress and politicians generally. The bank had Wall Street behind it. It warned Jackson of the panic it would bring and his own ruin, but he persisted and deposited the public money in the State banks. This daring act of the great Tennessean caused an uprising in his home among the men who had known no leader except Jackson, men who had rallied under him in

war and worshipped him in peace. The outcome was the organization of the Whig party, the nomination of a Tennessean, Hugh L. White, for President, in 1836, against Jackson's candidate, Mr. VanBuren, which caused the State to fairly crackle with fiery outbursts. To oppose Jackson was treason; not to support his candidate was little less. There came on the stage, born of a new issue, Jackson, and the removal of the deposits, a great lot of stump speakers, great orators, and from 1836 to 1860, a period of twenty-four years, Tennessee was the battleground. It developed James K. Polk, who became President of the United States; Andrew Johnson, who became President of the United States. It developed John Bell, who was made the candidate of the Whigs in 1860, but was lost and left with only four States in the great struggle over secession and war.

In addition, there was brought to the front as Tennessee orators and statesmen, Ephraim H. Foster, Aaron V. Brown, Isham G. Harris, Landon C. Haynes, Thomas A. R. Nelson, Milton Brown, John Netherland, Bailey Peyton, James C. Jones, William T. Heiskell, Gustavus A. Henry, Meredith P. Gentry, William G. Brownlow, Horace Maynard, Nat Taylor, Neil S. Brown, Spencer Jernegan, William B. Campbell, William Trousdale, Hopkins L. Turney, A. O. P. Nicholson, John M. Bright, Emerson Etheridge — the last two only living at this writing.

Taking this list of men, all men of rare gifts and great power, some of them great orators, and, considering Jackson's unequaled popularity in the State, the break in the ranks over his bank veto, and his taking up Mr. VanBuren, is an unparalleled revolution in politics. Jackson, the idol of Tennessee, had eight of the twenty-four, and the opposition to Jackson — the Whig party — had sixteen. The Whigs carried the State in 1836, 1840, 1844, 1848, 1852, and in 1860. The Democrats carried it in 1856, but now Jackson dead fifty-four years is the idol of the State.

From start to finish, lasting twenty-four years, there were on the political boards of Tennessee twenty to twenty-five men of rarest gifts, all favorites, many of them party idols, possessing every shade of oratory. Among the whole there was not a demagogue leading people by his wits and ways, but men possessing every phase of oratorical genius known to masters of the art. In the gifts and graces of oratory, as a rule, they were on a high plane, nearly all great lawyers, many of them educated, with graceful manners and commanding presence. Felix Grundy, John Bell, Ephraim H. Foster, Aaron V. Brown, and James K. Polk, all university men, had set the pace, and their example was followed, and public speaking kept at a high standard.

Jackson, living or dead, in every scene was the star, the great king of the drama. This Jackson play went down in war in 1861.

In writing these memoirs I shall at least gratify a passion for reviving memories of the great actor, and the immortal "stump speakers," who in fiercest battle array assaulted and defended a man who impounded a Louisiana Legislature while he whipped a British army. It is said a hive of bees will not work without a king, but that it will work under a dead king tied up in the top of the gum. Jackson died in 1845, just after the Clay-Polk scene, in which the men, women, and children, from the great mountains to the great waters, were moving as if the fire-bells in every city and town in the State were ringing. Clay carried the State by 113 votes. For the Whigs this was enough. With the Democrats it was more than they could stand — that the man who made Adams President over Jackson should come into Tennessee and carry the State over Jackson's candidate, Tennessee's most distinguished son, was an offense committed by the Whigs never to be forgotten by Democrats. Having witnessed the great play, I shall in these memoirs give some sketches of the men who took part in it.

CHAPTER IV.

PARTON'S GOSSIP ABOUT JACKSON'S BOYHOOD EXPOSED —
MADE A MAJOR GENERAL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY
WHEN HE HAD NOT BEEN A LIEUTENANT — HIS BUSI-
NESS HABITS — HIS FIDELITY IN PUBLIC OFFICE — HIS
FIGHT WITH BULLIES AT GALLATIN — HIS GROWTH IN
EDUCATION FROM OBSERVATION, NOT AT SCHOOL — HIS
POWER AS A LETTER WRITER — HIS DIGNITY AND GRACE
OF MANNER.

ANDREW JACKSON studied law at Salisbury, North Carolina, in 1785-86, in the law office of Spruce McKay. Parton says he visited Salisbury in 1859 to gather up the facts for the book he was writing, and that the first old resident he met said, in answer to a question about Jackson, "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cock, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." Parton gives a conversation with an old colored woman who remembered Jackson as a boy, but the aged woman is too shady in her recollections for the story to be of any value.

He then gives a Salisbury tradition about McNairy (the Judge McNairy who brought Jackson to Tennessee), Jackson, and Crawford, the three law students who, in a most disgraceful manner, broke up a ball and caused the ladies to leave the ball-room. This is Parton's version. While Parton professes not to believe much that was said about the waywardness, bad manners, and idle habits of young Jackson, he dresses it up in sensational style. It must be remembered that seventy-five years had passed when Parton went to Salisbury to pick up sensations about the boy whose great fame, in manhood, had in forty years built mountains

out of mole hills, until a boyish frolic or prank — keeping pace with the boy's growth — was as much bigger than when it started as Jackson was bigger when President than when he led the dance at the ball.

This growth of great men's foibles as their greatness loosens the tongue of the gossip, is aptly illustrated in the case of Mr. Jefferson and Patrick Henry.

When Wirt wrote the "Life of Patrick Henry," he got the facts about Henry's idle habits — ignorance of law, sleeping away his days and dancing away his nights, making nothing by his profession, and incapable of drawing the simplest court paper — from Mr. Jefferson, and he says:

"Mr. Jefferson was eight or ten years younger than Henry, and when on his way to college he spent a few days in the town where Henry lived — a man with a wife and two or three children, and boarding with his father-in-law, who kept a tavern — and while there he gathered up what the gossips had to say about the fun and frolic, the happy-go-merry life of a married young lawyer who went to the balls and danced with the girls."

What Mr. Jefferson learned there stayed with him, and without knowing the other side he gave it to Mr. Wirt, saying that but for his father-in-law his family would have suffered. These stories did not grow any less with time, and affected the entire character of Patrick Henry, and do to this day. This was always a surprise to every man who found by reading what a profound thinker and great lawyer Patrick Henry was. His speech in the Virginia Convention opposing the ratification of the Constitution, is regarded as among the most profound and powerful logical speeches ever made by any man.

Whoever makes a study of Patrick Henry will find that the impression made by Mr. Wirt — based mainly upon information given him by Mr. Jefferson — that he was an

orator simply, will wake up to the surprise that Henry was a great student, a profound thinker, and one of the greatest lawyers that Virginia ever produced.

The account book of Patrick Henry has been found—dug up from the waste of time; a book nicely kept in his own handwriting, showing every lawsuit he had the first four years of his practice, every fee he collected from all the work he did. During these four years he had 1,100 and odd cases; he made money rapidly and lent his father-in-law a considerable amount of money, and his briefs show that he argued his cases with great ability. All these facts are shown by Mr. Tyler, who has written the life of Patrick Henry; and he further shows by Mr. Jefferson's account book that, while Henry had 1,100 and odd cases in court the first four years of his practice, Mr. Jefferson in the first four years of his practice had something over 400 cases.

This conflict I do not undertake to reconcile, but give it from the two lives of the same man. In a legal sense, the day-book kept by Henry in his own handwriting would have the preference, but readers who are curious about reconciling conflicts must decide for themselves as to the truth of history.

As major general of the militia from 1801 to 1814, when he was made a Major General in the United States Army, General Jackson was most efficient, and out of the militia he made a splendid army. While he remained in Congress, first in the House and then in the Senate, he was faithful. In the convention that made our Constitution in 1796, he was the most efficient worker. As a lawyer, his attention to business secured him the collecting business of the merchants generally, and by which he made the start that grew to be a fortune for that time. Parton, himself, shows his character as a business man when a merchant, by showing that the best men in the city could not borrow money in Philadelphia until they got Jackson to sign the paper; that

they were told if they would get Jackson's name, they could get what they wanted, and they did get it.

In the army there was never an idle day; he looked into the details of everything, and was the most reliable correspondent and voluminous letter-writer of all our public men. It is impossible that he could have been the young man that Parton describes. Besides, Parton shows that he taught school before he went to Salisbury. Jackson himself, while President, when reminded by a friend from Salisbury that he had once lived there, said, "Yes, I was but a raw lad then, but I did the best I could."

Nothing is more marked in the life of this man of mark than his business habits. At one time, early in life, he became the surety of a friend at Jonesboro, a man supposed to be rich, but who failed shortly before the notes became due; it was a Philadelphia house, and for \$6,000. It was the time of a panic, when it seemed impossible to raise money. None of Jackson's friends believed, nor did the Philadelphia house believe, he could pay it; but when the day came he had every dollar of the money — gold and silver — in the city of Philadelphia, and paid the debt. This did much to establish a credit, which was as steady all through life as his nerve. He quit merchandizing — sold out to his partner, John Coffee, taking Coffee's notes for a large amount, and when Coffee afterwards married the niece of his wife, the night of the wedding he made a present of all the notes to the bride.

When he disobeyed the orders of the Secretary of War at Natchez and refused to disband his army, and the Government ordered all the supplies and transportation turned over to General Wilkinson at New Orleans, and as Jackson believed for the purpose of forcing his volunteers into the regular army, he ordered the recruiting officers sent up by General Wilkinson, out of the camp, called a council of war simply to notify his officers that he was not going to obey

the orders of the Secretary of War, and when warned of the lack of means to march his army back to Nashville, he said: "We can live on our horses back to the Tennessee line, and the home people will then take care of us." But with his own individual credit he supplied transportation, bought shoes for the army, and fed his soldiers back to Nashville; he used his credit far beyond his estate, though he was then a rich man for a new country. When he died he was the owner of several cotton plantations in the South, and had 150 negro slaves. This is the man that Parton says lacked business ability.

The three young men that studied law in the same office at Salisbury — McNairy, Crawford, and Jackson — came to Tennessee about the same time. McNairy and Jackson traveled together, stopping at Jonesboro for a short time; they then went down to Greeneville, and were sworn in as lawyers. They reached Nashville, as shown, in October, 1788. McNairy came with the assurance of friends, who had the confidence of the Government at Philadelphia, that as soon as the bill, then pending before Congress, creating a judicial district for this territory passed, he would be appointed judge, and it was well understood between McNairy and Jackson that the latter would be district attorney. The bill did not pass until the next year, when McNairy was made judge and Jackson was made prosecuting attorney, signing his indictments as "attorney general." The judicial system was crude, and cases were tried in what corresponded to the county court, after the State government was formed. Criminal cases, and perhaps others, were tried by juries. Jackson had two courts in what was then called West Tennessee, one at Nashville and one at Gallatin, besides one at Jonesboro, one at Greeneville, and one at Knoxville.

There is a well-established incident in the life of Jackson during the first years of his term as attorney general which

his several biographers failed to pick up. The facts were first given me by Judge Jo C. Guild, who said that when he came to the bar at Gallatin—which must have been as early as 1825—there was an old court record in the county court clerk's office, an entry, the date being shortly after Jackson entered upon the duties of his office, in about these words: "The Court thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct." Curious to know something more about the entry, he heard of two old men who were still living who had been members of the county court at the time Jackson was attorney general; that he hunted them up and asked them what the entry meant, when they gave him this account:

"That there was a gang of bullies in the county, who on public days got up fights and committed other offenses and then bullied the court and refused to be tried; that up to the time Jackson went there as attorney general, the justices holding the court had been dominated by these bullies; that Jackson had full information before he came of the condition; that he came on horseback, hitched his horse and came into court, which had already been opened, and getting his docket looked over the cases, and the first thing he did was to call one of the cases in which the defendants had refused to be tried; that the defendant came up and said he was not going to be tried."

Judge Guild's remembrance was that the old men who had been on the bench at the time said that Jackson in a mild way remonstrated with the man about his case, and told him that the case had to be tried; that as an officer he was obliged to try it; that the defendant used offensive language and said no court could try him; that thereupon Jackson pulled his saddlebags out from under the table and took out two large pistols — such as travelers carried — and laid them on the table. The bully grabbed at the pistols, and the struggle between him and Jackson led to a general fight. The good citizens, being inspired by the courage of

young Jackson, fell in and whipped out the whole crowd. Jackson and his man having fallen out the door, Jackson held to him and brought him back and tried him, and when it was all over the Court ordered the clerk to put on the minutes what Judge Guild assured me he had seen: "The Court thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct."

I now have before me Judge Guild's "Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson," and on the margin of pages 136-37 of the first volume, in Judge Guild's handwriting, is a pencil memorandum showing the facts in brief — in substance as I have here stated them — and especially giving the words of the order of the minutes.

Judge Guild always maintained that in the early days a fighting lawyer was highly appreciated by his clients, and that this exhibition at Gallatin had much to do in giving Jackson the large collecting business which he had.

From all the evidence that can be gathered up, and from reports that came down to the old men of the present generation, Jackson was a most vigilant prosecuting officer. A good many of his indictments have been gathered up, and they are good common-law indictments.

The two historians, Ramsey and Putnam, disagree as to whether Jackson was in General Robertson's expedition against the Indians, known as the Nickajack Campaign, 1794. Ramsey says he was in the expedition, but Putnam in his history of Middle Tennessee says he was not. Parton follows Putnam, and makes the following statement, which I copy for a double purpose:

"His absence from the expedition is easily accounted for. Besides being in the full tide of a most extensive and laborious practice, he held an important office under the very administration which forbade such expeditions. It was his official duty to suppress such expeditions — not join in them. When Tennessee became a territory of the United States, the circuit solicitor, naturally enough, became the

district attorney. Hence, doubtless, the absence on such an occasion of the most warlike personage in the Western country."

"The full tide of a most extensive and laborious practice," is difficult to reconcile with the other statement, that "he was a failure in everything until he was forty-five years of age, and knew no law."

9 In 1776 General Jackson was in the convention that formed the first Constitution for Tennessee. The two delegates from each county were, under a resolution, to name two members to draft the Constitution. Judge McNairy and Andrew Jackson were put on the committee for Davidson County. Jackson was a most efficient member, and has the reputation of having suggested the name for the State, which was adopted. Mr. Jefferson paid a high compliment to this convention by saying, "the Constitution was the most thoroughly republican of all the State Constitutions." The delegates from Davidson County were James Robertson, Judge McNairy, Andrew Jackson, Joel Lewis, and Thomas Hardeman.

The Legislature that directed the Governor to call the convention had fixed the compensation at \$2.50 per day, but the convention itself made a change and took each \$1.50 per day. The Convention sat twenty-seven days. The building was fitted up for the reception of the members at a cost of \$12—\$10 for seats, the balance for a piece of oil cloth to cover the table.

Shortly before the State was admitted into the Union great expense had been incurred by Sevier in fighting the Indians, and in disregard of the orders at Philadelphia to keep out of a war with the Indians, for the Government was impatiently anxious to avoid collisions with them. The knowledge that the Government was refusing to pay the soldiers who had protected the frontiers was producing much feeling, which was intensified by a dispute with the

Cherokee Indians on a question of boundary, in which it was understood the Government at Philadelphia was taking sides with the Indians.

Jackson had by this time made such an impression on the 70,000 people in the State, that by common consent he was elected to the Lower House of Congress. In the fall he left, going horseback, and reached Philadelphia in December, 1796. In the House at the time were Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts; Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania; James Madison, of Virginia; and Edward Livingston, of New York. In after years, and when Jackson became famous as a soldier, Albert Gallatin describes him, when he first saw him as the member from "the new State of Tennessee," as a "tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face, and a queue down his back tied with an eel skin; his dress irregular; his manners and deportment those of a backwoodsman."

In this narrative I may be allowed to stop and point out one of the many phases of character in the life of this strange man—rather the growth of character. His education was a lifetime business; how he acquired sufficient culture to start life in one of the learned professions will forever remain a mystery. But, entering upon his profession at Nashville, he certainly did take rank as a man capable of accomplishing results which no other member of the bar had reached. Nothing marks his growth more than his correspondence; always a voluminous letter-writer, his tracks can be seen at almost every step he took. I have before me now one of his letters, written four months after he came to Nashville; and another written two years before he died—a period of fifty-five years; and I have read his letters scattered over that period—letters on public affairs, on private matters, written from the camp and the White House, letters written to enemies seeking his overthrow, and letters written in the loving friendship with a remem-

brance of ties formed in scenes never to be forgotten. His early letters are crude, showing an awkward strength, inapt words, and upon the whole a want of language. Out of this he grew rapidly—astonishingly. His letter to the Governor of Tennessee in 1813, written on a box for a table in the Indian Nation, differing with the Governor in the mode of conducting the war against the Creek Indians, and which I shall publish in full in its proper place, and which, if it did not make new maps, made nearly all the history of this country since it was written, is apt in expression, masterly in argument, smooth in style, and that it is his own production is verified by thousands of other letters afterwards written, making, in all, a style that no man of his day could imitate.

Much has been written by his biographer enemies to discredit his powers, and especially to deny him the credit of his own state papers, as well as his almost unequalled claim as a letter-writer. These biographers proved too much. If this theory be true, then he was blessed through a long life, and almost every day, with amanuenses, as was never man before. In maturity he was not only a companionable man of easy manners, but graceful and elegant. His life abounds with surprises. Whether he lacked the graces of the gentleman in early manhood, it is true he was put before the world as Albert Gallatin put him—an awkward specimen of manhood. One of the pleasing incidents of his life, noted by his early biographers, is his visit to the family of Edward Livingstone when he reached New Orleans, at the head of his army in the early days of December, 1814. He was then just turned the meridian of life; he had ridden horseback from Mobile, and was still suffering from his gunshot wounds inflicted in the fight with the Bentons. His wardrobe was somewhat scant, and he was tired. He was met on his arrival by the accomplished Edward Livingstone, who had served with him in Congress

at the time Albert Gallatin saw him. Mr. Livingstone had left New York and gone to New Orleans to practice law, and was the leading citizen of the then aristocratic city. General Jackson knew what was before him; that the preparation of the city was a herculean task.

Mr. Livingstone, who was until the end of the campaign his closest and most valuable aid, tendered his services and took a place on the General's staff. But the first thing was to invite him to dinner, and at once sent a note to Mrs. Livingstone that General Jackson would be out to dinner with him. It was the most elegant home in New Orleans, and Mrs. Livingstone was the leader in society. She afterwards told the story herself. She said that when the word came that they were to have the backwoods, chicken-fighting, horse-racing General to dinner, she had with her a number of young ladies—Creoles—the most elegant and handsome young ladies of the city, and they were all in a flurry about entertaining the rough specimen they knew him to be. But when the backwoods General came with Mr. Livingstone, the wife met him at the door; she introduced him to the young ladies; then he led her to a seat, engaged her in pleasing conversation, and at the table and for a couple of hours he made himself most agreeable, and when he left the ladies, in a general confab, decided that he was the most elegant and graceful man they had ever seen.

A little fairy story got into the papers, at a later period, coming from the home of Mr. Livingstone—his beautiful home—and the nymph-like Creole girls that Mrs. Livingstone made her companions.

In one of the battles which General Jackson fought before the 8th of January to keep Packinham's army back till he was ready to fight—it was the battle of the 23d of December, fought in the night and a hand-to-hand fight—there were many British wounded and left on the field.

Among others picked up by Jackson's soldiers next morn-

ing was an officer who had been terribly wounded, and from the wound and exposure was delirious. When brought into the city his rank and general appearance impressed Mrs. Livingstone that he was a gentleman, and she had him taken to her home, where by the closest attention he recovered after months of careful watching. The war was over, but a grateful man he returned to his own country. Years afterwards, and when Mr. Livingstone was in the United States Senate, and Mrs. Livingstone was a leader in society at Washington, this British officer came back to America, went to Washington, and of course called to see Mrs. Livingstone. On the happy occasion of meeting again the woman who had saved his life, he said to her what at first surprised her — that in all that kindness there was one surprise that came to him that was not a pleasure. He said that as consciousness was gradually restored he could only remember the battle, the shock and the fall from his horse, and then the full realization came to him that he died on the battlefield; and his eyes falling on the beautiful paintings hung on the walls, white as snow, and with beautiful women standing about his bed ministering to him, he fully realized, as much as he will when the last day comes, that he had crossed over the River — had come into the beautiful mansions in the skies, and that the angels were there to bid him welcome; and that when the illusion vanished, and this old world took the place of this beautiful vision, and life with all its sorrows came back to him instead of a mansion with the angels, there came a deep, regretful sense of mortality, instead of immortality.

Asking pardon for this digression, I will return and take up Jackson as Albert Gallatin saw him in the House of Representatives in 1796.

CHAPTER V.

HIS RECORD AS A CONSTITUTION MAKER — HIS RECORD IN LOWER HOUSE OF CONGRESS — HIS FIRST SPEECH IN FULL—ACCOMPLISHED WHAT HE WENT TO DO AND RESIGNED — THEN IN THE SENATE AND RESIGNED — JUDGE IN SUPREME COURT, BUT RESIGNED.

GENERAL JACKSON'S record in the House of Representatives is characteristic. Nothing could be more so. All his life his habit was, if he went at a thing, to do it, and go at something else. He had been elected to Congress because there was a unanimous voice that he was the man to put before Congress and have settled the claim which the Government had refused to pay for more than three years—a claim which meant to pay soldiers who had served under Sevier in the Indian wars of 1793. This refusal was irritating because of the feeling among the people of the new State growing out of the conduct of the Government in refusing to protect the frontier settlements against continued attacks by the Indians, and especially for refusing to give consent to the people of the territory on the Watauga, Nolachucky, and Cumberland, to raise an army among themselves, and make war on the Indians. So frequent, so stealthy, and so cruel were these invasions, that perhaps no other frontier settlement would have remained and submitted to the sacrifices these people did. Sixty-three people in all had been killed in settling Nashville, by Indians running in on them at night, besides those killed in East Tennessee. An earnest effort was made to get the Government, as it did not protect the frontiers, to let the people on the frontiers raise an army and defend the helpless, but such was the fear of a general uprising of the

Indians that the Government refused to give any permission to these people to raise an army and defend themselves. This was a deplorable condition and keenly felt by the citizens — the new comers, who had to submit to it. General Robertson did, in violation of Government orders, raise an army at Nashville and fight the battle at Nickajack, on the Tennessee River, near where Chattanooga now is. This was in 1794.

Sevier, in 1793, had raised armies and had been in several campaigns against the Indians.

It was a great compliment to Jackson—then only twenty-nine years old — to be unanimously chosen by the people of the State to Congress, and secure what they felt had been a great wrong to refuse — that is, payment for soldiers in the campaigns under Sevier.

To test the question, it had been arranged that Hugh L. White, who had been under Sevier in his campaigns (this was he who ran against Mr. VanBuren for President in 1836, breaking away from Jackson and leading the host that formed the Whig party), should make a claim for compensation. There was no reason why the test should be made on young White, who had been a private under Sevier, except he had shown marked courage in killing a noted Indian chief, King Fisher, in battle. His petition for compensation was forwarded to the Secretary of War, who sent it to the House of Representatives, and it was referred to a committee, who reported all the facts and left it to the House, and it came before the Committee of the Whole, and was passed.

The record shows that Mr. A. Jackson rose and said :

“Mr. Chairman, I do not doubt that by a recurrence to the papers presented, it will appear evident that the measures pursued on the occasion were both just and necessary. When it was seen that war was forced upon the State, that the knife and the tomahawk were held over the heads of

women and children, and that peaceable citizens were murdered, it was time to make resistance. Some of the assertions of the Secretary of War were not founded in fact, particularly with respect to the expedition having been undertaken for the avowed purpose of carrying the war into the Cherokee country. Indeed, those assertions are contradicted by a reference to General Sevier's letter to the Secretary of War. I trust it will not be presuming too much when I say, that from being an inhabitant of the country, I have some knowledge of this business. From June to the end of October, the militia acted entirely on the defensive, when 1,200 Indians came upon them and carried their station, and threatened to carry the seat of government. In such a state of things would the Secretary, upon whom the executive power rested in the absence of the Governor, have been justified had he not adopted the measure he did of pursuing the enemy? I believe he would not. I believe the expedition was just and necessary, and that the claim of Mr. White ought to be granted. I, therefore, propose a resolution to the following effect."

This is the resolution :

"Resolved, That General Sevier's expedition into the Cherokee Nation, in the year 1793, was a just and necessary measure, and that provision ought to be made by law for paying the expenses thereof."

It was proposed to refer the matter to the Committee on Claims, to which Mr. Jackson objected, and said :

"I own that I am not very well acquainted with the rules of the House, but from the best idea I can form this would be a very circuitous mode of doing business. Why now refer it to the Committee on Claims, when all the facts are stated in this report, I know not. If this is the usual mode of doing business, I hope it will not be referred."

On the day following he presented a petition from George Colbut, a Cherokee chief, who asked compensation for supplies furnished by his tribe to a detachment of Tennessee

volunteers. This petition was referred to the Committee on Claims.

Afterwards the petition of Mr. White again came up. The resolution which Mr. Jackson had offered the previous day came up, when Mr. Jackson again addressed the House, and said :

“The rations found for the troops of this expedition have been paid for by the Secretary of War, and I can see no reasonable objection to the payment of the whole expense. As the troops were called out by a superior officer, they had no right to doubt his authority. Admit a contrary doctrine, and it will strike at the very root of subordination. It would be saying to soldiers, ‘Before you obey the command of your superior officer, you have a right to inquire into the legality of the service upon which you are about to be employed, and until you are satisfied you may refuse to take the field.’ This, I believe, is a principle which cannot be acted upon. General Sevier was bound to obey the orders which he had received, to undertake the expedition. The officers under him were obliged to obey him. They went with full confidence that the United States would pay them, believing that the United States had appointed such officers as would not call them into the field without proper authority. If even the expedition had been unconstitutional—which I am far from believing—it ought not to affect the soldier, since he had no choice in the business, being obliged to obey his superior. Indeed, as the provisions have been paid for, and as the ration and pay-rolls are always considered as a check upon each other, I hope no objection will be made to the resolution which I have moved.

“By referring to the report, it will be seen that the Secretary of War has stated that to allow the prayer of this petition would be to establish a principle that will apply to the whole of the militia in that expedition; if this petitioner’s claim is a just one, therefore, the present petition ought to go to the whole, as it is unnecessary for every soldier employed on that expedition to apply personally to this House for compensation.”

Mr. Madison then made a speech urging the payment, and the whole matter was referred to a special committee, Mr. Jackson being chairman. The report was favorable, and the committee recommended the payment of \$22,816, and the report was adopted.

This proceeding is taken from the House Journal. The speeches here used are a part of the record, simply copied; they are appropriate, short, concise in the statement of facts, clear and sound in law — a principle of law clearly stated, which has often since been the subject of contention in the courts, and is now well established.

This was a fine beginning, and is noted as the first appearance in the House of a member from the territory west of the Alleghany Mountains.

During the entire session, this is all he seems to have said; he accomplished what he went to do, and did not return to the second session. This proceeding, taken from the record, will be read with interest by critics whose ideas of Jackson's gross ignorance in law and as a speaker taken from Parton and Sumner.

In all the canvasses which General Jackson made for President — in 1824, 1828, and 1832 — a great clamor was raised against him, as was then said, by his vote to dishonor Washington. In these contests it was put in every conceivable shape to excite feeling among the masses, who adored the name of Washington, and nothing in Jackson's career gave his friends more trouble than the negative vote — one of twelve — on endorsing Washington's administration.

A committee of the House had prepared an extravagant (at least extravagant in language) eulogy on Washington's administration. In the debate the criticism was mainly on superlative adjectives. To some there was a feeling of opposition on account of Jay's treaty, and because Washington was supposed to sympathize with England in oppo-

sition to France, and because the Administration had not been pronounced in the struggle the frontiers were having with the Indians; but undoubtedly Jackson's vote, as was the vote of eleven others, meant Jefferson over Washington.

A vacancy occurring in the Senate of the United States in 1797, the Governor appointed Jackson to fill the vacancy. He was sworn in, never voted on any question, resigned, and came home. Various causes interfered to postpone the business of the Senate, which Jackson did not enjoy.

This record in Congress will be a surprise to many people. Jackson was in the House alone, sent for a special purpose, as is shown. I can submit this record with confidence that it will dispel the illusion, and do away with much of the unkind criticism attempting to show that Jackson was incapable of making a speech. His short history in the convention in Tennessee had satisfied his own people that he had great power, and hence he was unanimously chosen by the State at large to represent the State in the Congress. What I have copied was neither intended to embellish or detract from what General Jackson said and did, but I invite thoughtful men to look at the record — seeing what he meant to do, with what clearness and in how few words he prepared his papers, made his speeches, and accomplished the purpose for which he went. There is nothing showy about what he did, but he did it in a manner, and said what he had to say with a perspicuity that may be a lesson even to members of Congress of this day. His name never appears in the “yeas and nays in the Senate.” No record is made by Mr. Benton, in the abridgment of any proceeding in the Senate for four months after the opening, indicating that it was a slow-going concern. Jackson was in the House when the vote for President was counted on February 8, 1797—Adams, 71; Jefferson, 68; Pinckney, 59; Burr, 30; hence, when Jackson came back to the Senate, Adams being President, Mr. Jefferson was Vice President.

In General Jackson's several races for the presidency, there was much said about, and much acrimonious discussion over, a statement of Mr. Webster, as coming from Thomas Jefferson, to the following effect:

"I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President; he is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has very little respect for law or Constitution. He is an able military man. His passions are terrible. When I was President of the Senate he was Senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage. His passions are no doubt cooler now; he has been much tried since I knew him, but he is a dangerous man."

This is Mr. Webster's report of a conversation, in 1824, two years before Mr. Jefferson's death.

Nothing gave the politicians more trouble in 1828 and in 1832, when Jackson was a candidate. The Jackson folks attacked Webster for enlarging, and the opposition made the most of Jefferson as a witness giving evidence against a leader of his own party.

Mr. Randall, in his "Life of Jefferson," publishes a letter from Mr. Jefferson's grandson, who had a better opportunity of knowing the facts than any other person, in which he says:

"You ask me if Mr. Webster has not too strongly colored the Jackson portrait. I cannot pretend to know what my grandfather said to Mr. Webster, nor can I believe Mr. Webster capable of a misstatement. Still, I think the copy of the portrait incorrect — as throwing out all the lights and giving only the shadows. I have heard my grandfather speak with great admiration of General Jackson's military talent. If he called him a 'dangerous man — unfit for the place' to which the nation eventually called him, I think it must have been entirely with reference to his general idea that a military chieftain was no proper head for a

peaceful republic, as ours was in those days. I do not myself remember to have heard him say anything about General Jackson in connection with the subject, except that he had thought his nomination a bad precedent for the future, and that a successful soldier was not the sort of a candidate for the presidential chair. He did not like to see the people run away with the ideas of military glory."

General Jackson, through a whole lifetime, was a surprise, and the surprises occurred at every turn of his life. Coming into the State, knowing nobody, having no money, no friends to boost him, with defective education, he at once took the lead as lawyer; then merchant of unbounded credit; then United States District Attorney, who discharged his duty with fidelity and courage; then a Constitution maker, organizing a State that he named and made immortal; then a member of the Lower House of Congress — but when the work was finished which he went to do, he quit and went home; then twice in the Senate — once sworn in and resigned, but afterwards returned by the appointment of the Governor; then Judge of the Supreme Court six years — never wrote a line in the way of an opinion, and resigned; and also all the time he was judge he was major general of the militia, beating the most popular man the State ever had — John Sevier; holding all these offices before he was thirty-three years old, except the last term in the Senate. ✓

This wonderful career seems to have been a training for the great work before him. As major general of the militia, as attorney general, as judge, as a commonwealth builder, as member of the House and Senate, as merchant, he came to know men as no other man in the country did. When the time came for war, he knew the material he had, out of which his army was made.

One of Napoleon's greatest powers — his knowledge of men — is shown by his capacity to take his great marshals from the ranks. Jackson did more; he took his great gen-

erals from the citizens — men who had never carried a gun or worn a sword. Coffee and Carroll were his standbys in every emergency; they were both taken from the ordinary avocations of life, and their swords handed them by Jackson.

Did he know his men? Let their records speak as I shall unfold their lives. They were as true and steady to the great leader as the satellites are that move about the great planet. These two men, General William Carroll and General John Coffee, in more ways than one help to make up and fill in the true life of General Jackson; indeed, General Jackson's life would be wholly incomplete without them. They were selected by Jackson at the very outset of his military career — not as Napoleon selected his marshals, from the ranks, because he had no ranks; he was only forming an army. A mere outline of the service of Carroll and Coffee cannot be given here; it will be shown in detail through the work. It was General Carroll and General Coffee who, in every crisis—when other friends failed, when trusted military leaders doubted, when risks were to be taken, when daring deeds were to be performed, when men thirsting for his blood assailed him — stood by him and said, "Here we are."

The careful reader of General Jackson's campaigns, when he gets through, will find the ejaculatory inquiry, speaking to himself and asking, How could Jackson have done without Carroll and Coffee?

One of the many writers soon after Jackson's military career closed, Mr. Waldo, in 1818, wrote "Memoirs of Jackson," and in describing the trying and critical period in his life, says of Coffee:

"It would be a task highly grateful to the author, would prescribed limits of this work permit, to give a brief sketch of this patriotic and accomplished officer. It is enough to say that he carried his active military life with Andrew Jackson, and that in the most disastrous period of the Creek

war, when by jealousy of some, the intrigue of others, the General was left almost alone in a wilderness of blood-seeking barbarians, Coffee remained faithful among the faithless till the first conquering stroke was given. He followed the no less desperate fortunes of General Jackson to New Orleans, when he, with his general and his gallant army, acquired laurels which will never fade until men cease to appreciate exalted patriotism."

Whoever shall go along with me through the coming history of this great soldier and see what General Coffee, his cavalry commander, was to him, will not be surprised to know that one day when the great warrior had come to be President of the United States and in the White House, he sat down to his table, pulled his hat over his eyes, and wrote:

"Sacred to the Memory of
GENERAL JOHN COFFEE,
Who departed this Life
7th day of July, 1833,
Aged 61 Years.

"As a husband, parent, and friend, he was affectionate, tender, and sincere. He was a brave, prompt, and skillful general; a distinguished and sagacious patriot; an unpretending, just, and honest man. To complete his character, religion mingled with these virtues her serene and gentle influence, and gave him that solid distinction among men which detraction cannot sully, nor the grave conceal. Death could do no more than to remove so excellent a being from the theater he so much adorned in this world, to the bosom of God who created him, and who alone has the power to reward the immortal spirit with exhaustless bliss."

This strong, beautiful epitaph, every word of which is typical of the great spirit whose love of a friend outlived the grave, is on the tombstone of General Coffee in the family graveyard near Florence, Alabama.

Alabama and Tennessee ought to erect a monument to him. With Tennessee troops, by a dash that neither Murat

nor Forrest ever excelled, when Alabama was a territory, he crossed the river, met the Indians in the wilderness, and saved the women and children on the frontiers of the two States from a most horrible massacre.

The Indians had just massacred 400 people, mostly women and children, at Fort Mimms; and under the teachings of Tecumseh to regain their country by killing all as they came to them, and to die themselves rather than surrender, were moving on the settlements, when Coffee, in advance of the infantry, met the first advance at the Ten Islands on the Coosa River, and engaged them. Every man of them stood his ground; not one of them asked for quarter, and it is the only battle in American history, or perhaps in any pitched battle, where every man on one side died fighting. Coffee's motto was: "If every woman and child must die, then it is a war to the death."

Mrs. Royal, in letters from Alabama (written from Huntsville, Alabama, in 1818), gives perhaps the best description of his personal appearance which we have:

"Last evening I had the pleasure of seeing the renowned soldier and companion of General Jackson. This hero, of whom you have heard so much, is upward of six feet in height, and proportionately made. Nor did I ever see so fine a figure. He is thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. His face is round and full, and features handsome. His complexion is ruddy, though sunburned; his hair and eyes black, and a soft serenity suffuses his countenance. His hair is carelessly thrown one side in front, and displays one of the finest brows. His countenance has much animation while speaking, and eyes sparkle, but the moment he ceases to speak it resumes its wonted placidness, which is a characteristic of Tennesseans. In General Coffee I expected to see a stern, haughty, fierce warrior. You look in vain for that rapidity with which he marched and defeated the Indians at Tallesee hatchie, nor could I trace in his countenance the swiftness of pursuit and sudden defeat of the Indians again at Umuckfaw, much less his severe conflicts

at the head of his men at New Orleans. He is as mild as the dewdrop, but deep in his soul you may see very plain that deliberate, firm, cool, and manly courage which have crowned him with glory. He must be a host when he is aroused. All these Tennesseans are mild and gentle, except when they are excited, which it is hard to do; but when they are once raised, it is victory or death."

An interesting sketch of this great cavalry officer has been furnished me by his accomplished granddaughter, Miss Eliza Coffee, of Florence, Alabama, which will serve me a good part in the letters to come.

General Coffee left a large family of children, one of whom, Alexander Donelson Coffee, who lives in the country near Florence, Alabama, is one of the best farmers and most highly respected citizens of Alabama. Mrs. Rachel Diaz, who died in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, a few years ago, was a daughter. She was the wife of our venerable and esteemed citizen, A. D. Diaz.

When it is remembered that the thirty-three years of Jackson's life were the child-like steps, the just-beginning-to-walk of a man who made bigger strides than any man before him, or since, has done on the continent, the reader will not be surprised when I say that it has taken more material, ink, and paper, to supply the demand for information about him than for any other man in our history. When Parton, in 1859, set about to write the great American's life, simply as a money-making business, he procured the most extensive book-house in New York to get up a list of books, pamphlets, and papers which had been printed and published for circulation, wholly or in large part devoted to General Jackson, and the list has been preserved, and it now lies before me. There had been at that time 396 such publications, a very large part of them devoted in whole or in part, like Parton's and Sumner's works, to making unfriendly criticisms.

A persistent and wicked effort, by stealthy means, has been made to impress the students of biography with a sense of withdrawal from association with the great hero, on account of vices which becloud a man that might have been great in history. This thinly veiled, but plainly malicious, purpose has, like a thief in the night, stolen into our schools, both public and private, until right here in Tennessee the boys now growing up are in doubt about placing the hero of New Orleans.

The great State of Tennessee (I had almost said) had better have no public schools than have the rising generation poisoned against the heroes who drove the Indians with scalping-knives from the cabins of our ancestors, and the British back across the waters, with orders not to come back again with guns.

Book-makers and school teachers, who have smiling faces with malicious intent to depreciate the name of Jackson — either because he has immortalized the service, or because he is a Southern idol — should be dealt with like Jackson dealt with the Spanish Governor at Pensacola, who made a supply depot of his city for the British — that is, deposed. To the men who have intelligence and patriotism, it is gratifying to know that Jackson is one of the two or three men who are getting bigger as time goes on. His namesakes, all in one line of battle, could whip any army that any one country could send against us. New Jackson clubs are constantly being formed, and it now looks like every city in the Union will have a Jackson club.

“Jackson County,” in Tennessee, was the first recognition of the name “Jackson” in a county or town as a mode of honoring the great Tennessean. The name now occurs on the map 181 times, more by far than any other name except Washington, whose name appears on the map 198 times, and, in addition to the 181 Jacksons, the name of “Hickory” appears 40 times. Franklin is honored on the map 136

times; Jefferson, 91; Monroe, 76; Madison, 64, and Adams, 41.

The life which I am writing is being prepared with the feeling that some one, some Tennessean, should at least with a friendly pen give those who want to know the truth a correct statement of the man whose name — even without friends, and in spite of enemies — will go down through all the coming generations. A writer or biographer in one of the large magazines has suggested that there ought to be three biographies written of a man — one by a friend, one by an enemy, and one by a historian. Jackson has certainly had more than one enemy to write; and surely Reid, Eaton, Waldo, and Kendall were friends. But the wrongs done the then lifeless soldier and statesman by his post-mortem writers could not then be dealt with, and their several biographies, while truthful in facts, were in a sense eulogies. The injury done the great Tennessean has been done like most cowardly acts are — after the maligned had disappeared; in this case, after death. Jackson was not without his infirmities. These infirmities, mostly of temper, together with a confidence and courage in his own convictions, are so rare and so extraordinary, that small men have thought them vices. Parton, however, after magnifying these traits of character into vices, not satisfied, turns and says:

“One or two friends by flattery could lead him anywhere,” and stigmatizes in coarse language his conduct in his personal difficulties.

The exalted patriotism of the man — his confidence and courage in obeying a conscience which had not been touched by dishonor, and the utter abandonment of self when country or helplessness was involved, and the amendment which he made to the treaty of Ghent — more enduring than the treaty itself, settling for all time that neither England nor France nor any other country could impress our seamen on American ships — together with a courage at the head of

the nation which has no precedent and no imitators, will outlive all the books that a Parton or a Sumner can write.

But the object of these sketches is to give the truth to the unwary and careless reader, and to children in the schools whose minds are being poisoned.

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL BENTON DRAWS HIS PICTURE SKETCH — HOW HE MET DIFFICULTIES AND OVERCAME THEM — THE OFFICES HE RESIGNED — HOW JACKSON FAILED TO BE APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT WHEN HE WAS GREATLY NEEDED — HOW HE PROVED HIS WORTH — JACKSON'S PROMPTNESS IN RAISING AN ARMY — COLONEL CARROLL.

RESERVING for future chapters the private and family life of General Jackson, and of consequence the man in his nature—what he was to his neighbors and his friends — in short, what the great soldier and President was as a citizen, and which no writer on Jackson's life would dare pass without special attention, I shall now commence on a series of chapters including his military exploits. If in long continued military service, with many battles and great sacrifice of life, he falls below Napoleon and Wellington, in action far-reaching in its effect—working out the destiny of his country—he surpassed both; and in a short period, with limited means, brought results with less sacrifice of life, which surpassed any general of modern times.

As a civilian, he made so much history that Mr. Benton's "Thirty Years in the Senate" is in a large measure taken up with Andrew Jackson and his deeds. In the career of the great soldier and President there is no name, no man whose life from the beginning to the end is so interwoven with that of Andrew Jackson as that of Thomas H. Benton. Mr. Benton commenced practicing law at Columbia and Franklin when Jackson was in full practice at Nashville, and the presumption is that they often met before their long public intercourse commenced. Some years ago Judge Fleming, of Columbia, wrote a sketch of Mr. Benton, who had kept

a ferry and studied law in Williamson or Maury County (I do not remember which), and Judge Fleming says there was one entry on the docket at Columbia showing that Benton attended the court there. That entry was in 1808, and was that "Thomas H. Benton is fined one dollar for swearing in open court."

Mr. Benton and Mr. Parton entirely disagree in reference to Jackson's entrance into military life, as to how it was brought about. But Mr. Benton speaks from personal knowledge, and his statement should be accepted.

In 1855, on the presentation of General Jackson's sword to Congress, Mr. Benton spoke at length, and, among other things, said:

"He had difficulties to surmount, and surmounted them. He conquered savage tribes and the conquerors of the conquerors of Europe; but he had to conquer his own government first, and did it, and that was for him the most difficult of the two; for, while his military victories were the result of a genius for war and brave troops to execute his plans, enabling him to command success, his civil victory over his own government was the result of chance and accidents, and the contrivances of others, in which he could have but little hand and no control. I proceed to give some views of the inside and preliminary history, and have some qualifications for the task, having taken some part, though not great, in all that I relate.

"Retired from the United States Senate, of which he had been a member, and from the supreme judicial bench of his State, on which he sat as judge, this future warrior and President — and alike illustrious in both characters — was living upon his farm, on the banks of the Cumberland, when the war of 1812 broke out. He was major general in the Tennessee militia, the only place he would continue to hold, and to which he had been elected by the contingency of one vote — so close was the chance for a miss in this first step. His friends believed that he had military genius, and proposed him for the brigadier's appointment, which was allotted to the West. That appointment was given to

another, and Jackson remained unnoticed on his farm. Soon another appointment of general was allotted to the West. Jackson was proposed again, and again was left to attend his farm. Then a batch of generals, as they were called, was authorized by law — six at a time — and from all parts of the Union; and then his friends believed that surely his time had come. Not so in fact. The six appointments went elsewhere, and the hero patriot, who was born to lead armies to victory, was still left to the care of his friends, while incompetent men were leading our troops to defeat, to captivity, to slaughter; for that is the way the war opened. The door to military service seemed to be closed and barred against him; and was so, so far as the Government was concerned.

“It may be wondered why this repugnance to the appointment of Jackson, who, though not yet greatly distinguished, was still a man of mark, had been a Senator and a Supreme Judge, and was still a major general, and a man of tried and heroic courage. I can tell the reason. He had a great many enemies, for he was a man of decided temper, had a great many contests, no compromises, always went for a clean victory or a clean defeat; though placable after the contest was over. That was one reason, but not the main one. The Administration had a prejudice against him on account of Colonel Burr, with whom he had been associated in the American Senate and to whom he gave a hospitable reception in his house at the time of his western expedition, relying upon his assurance that his designs were against the Spanish dominion in Mexico, and not against the integrity of this Union. These were some of the causes — not all — of Jackson’s rejection from Federal military employment.

“I was young then, and one of his aides, and believed in his military talents and patriotism; greatly attached to him, and was grieved and vexed to see him passed by when so much incompetence was preferred. Besides, I was to go with him, and his appointment would be partly my own. I was vexed, as were all of his friends, but I did not despair, as most of them did. I turned from the Government to ourselves, to our own resources, and looked for the chapter of accidents to turn up a chance for incidental employment, confident that he could do the rest for himself if he could

only get a start. I was in this mood in my office, a young lawyer, with more books than briefs, when the tardy mail of that time, 'one raw and gusty day,' in February, 1812, brought an Act of Congress authorizing the President to accept organized bodies of volunteers, to the extent of fifty thousand, to serve for one year, and to be called into service when some emergency should require it."

Mr. Benton then shows how he, on a cold day, went out to see General Jackson, and laid the plan before him; that he was struck with it, and adopted it. Then he says:

"While this was going on an order arrived from the War Department to the Governor (Willie Blount) to dispatch fifteen hundred militia to the Lower Mississippi, the object to meet the British, then expected to make an attempt on New Orleans. The Governor was a friend to Jackson and his country. He agreed to accept his three thousand volunteers instead of the fifteen hundred drafted militia. He issued an address to his division. I galloped to the muster-ground and harangued the young men. The success was ample. Three regiments were completed—Coffee, William Hall, Benton, the colonels."

From the beginning of General Jackson's military career to the end his promptness in action is little less than marvelous. The war was declared on the 12th of June, 1812; the news is supposed to have reached Nashville on the 20th of the same month. On the 25th of June, General Jackson offered to the Secretary of War his service and 2,500 men. The Secretary of War replied on the 11th of July, and said the President received the tender of General Jackson's services, with 2,500 men, with peculiar satisfaction, and further said the President cannot withhold an expression of his admiration of the zeal and ardor by which they are animated. But it was the first of November before General Jackson was ordered into service. Hull's great failure on the Canadian line caused the Government to apprehend the

landing of troops at New Orleans, where General Wilkinson was in command without an army, and Jackson was ordered to go down the river and reinforce General Wilkinson.

On the 14th of November, General Jackson issued the following address to the soldiers, the volunteers :

“In publishing the letters of General Blount, the major general makes known to the valiant volunteers who have tendered their services everything which is necessary for them at this time to know. In requesting the officers of the respective companies to meet in Nashville on the 21st instant, the Governor expects to have the benefit of their advice in recommending the field officers, who are to be selected from among the officers who have already volunteered. Also to fix upon the time when the expedition shall move, to deliver the definite instructions, and to commission the officers in the name of the President of the United States. Companies which do not contain sixty-six, rank and file, are required to complete their complement to that number. A second lieutenant should be added where the company contains but one.

“The major general has now arrived at a crisis when he can address the volunteers with the feelings of a soldier. The State to which he belongs is now to act a part in the honorable contest of securing the rights and liberties of a great and rising republic. In placing before the volunteers the illustrious actions of their fathers in the War of the Revolution, he presumes to hope that they will not prove themselves a degenerate race, nor suffer it to be said that they are unworthy of the blessing which the blood of so many thousand heroes has purchased for them. The theater on which they are required to act is interesting to them in every point of view. Every man of the Western country turns his eyes intuitively upon the mouth of the Mississippi. He there beholds the only outlet by which his produce can reach the markets of foreign nations or the Atlantic States. Blocked up, all the fruits of his industry rot upon his hands; open, he carries on a commerce with all the nations of the earth. To the people of the Western country is then peculiarly committed, by nature herself, the city of New Orleans.

At the approach of an enemy in that quarter, the whole Western world should pour forth its sons to meet the invader and drive him back into the sea. Brave volunteers, it is to the defense of this place, so interesting to you, that you are now ordered to repair. Let us show ourselves conscious of the honor and importance of the charge which has been committed to us. By the alacrity with which we obey the orders of the President let us demonstrate to our brothers in all parts of the Union that the people of Tennessee are worthy of being called to the defense of the Republic.

"The generals of brigades attached to the Second Division will communicate these orders to the officers commanding volunteer companies with all possible dispatch, using expresses, and forwarding a statement of the expense to the major general.

ANDREW JACKSON,

"Major General Second Division T."

"November 14, 1812."

The assembling of the troops on the day named — the 10th of December — is notable in the fact that, although the weather was extremely cold — one of two or three occasions when the Cumberland River was frozen over — 2,000 men, obeying the Governor's call and Jackson's address, appeared to be mustered into service. As the weather began to get cold the quartermaster, Maj. William B. Lewis, provided a large supply of wood. Nashville being a mere village, there was no means of sheltering the troops, and to save the men from freezing immense fires had to be made on the ground set apart as a camping ground. With all that could be done the suffering was great, for scarcely any tents had been provided. But the occasion was one of a thousand, afterward occurring, for Jackson to prove to his soldiers what he was. He did not leave the matter of taking care of the soldiers to his efficient quartermaster, but, with the thermometer below zero, he spent the whole night with his men, encouraging them, and collecting from every source possible wood for fires, even taking down fences and burning the rails to keep his men from freezing. So that

in one night his men found out what sort of general they were under.

The occasion furnished General Jackson an opportunity of showing what his enemy biographers call his infirmities. After tramping in the snow, said to be several inches deep, tearing down fences and helping the soldiers to build fires, at about six o'clock in the morning he came into the hotel to hear a man, who had slept in a warm bed, abusing the authorities for not providing for the soldiers before they came, ready to shed tears over the hard fate of the privates. He said it was a shame that men should have been out all night freezing, when the officers were snugly laid away in warm beds.

This was more than the soldier could stand, who had not had time to examine and see if his toes were frost bitten; and a bystander, who was present and lived to be an old man, handed the scene that ensued down to posterity with a good deal more detail than I can afford to write down, but he said the hotel smelt of brimstone, and the room was lighted up with blue blazes—and that fellow, who was so sorry for the poor soldier out in the cold was himself soon out in the cold, and that he kept going.

The building of the boats for the trip down the river required some time, perhaps twenty or thirty days. In the meantime an incident occurred, related to me by General Moore, of Lincoln County, which is worth perpetuating. I think it was at this time, but the facts I remember distinctly. General Moore was a young captain in Jackson's army. He had a company from Fayetteville, in which was Davy Crockett, a private, an awkward, boy-like soldier. General Moore said his company became somewhat insubordinate in idleness, and he made known to his men that he would not remain captain of a company that would not obey his orders. And he was going to put the facts before the General and ask him what to do. And when he started

to the General's headquarters, Davy Crockett blabbed out that he was going along and see what the old General said. So he and his private called on the General; he made known his trouble, when the General said to him:

"Captain, I have but little to say to you. It is this: Don't you make any orders on your men without maturing them, and then you execute them, no matter what it costs; and that is all I have to say." But when they got back to the company the men were anxious to know what the General said, and Crockett thus spoke: "The old General told the captain to be sure he was right, and then go ahead."

He said afterwards, during the campaign, the phrase was used on all occasions, and it spread through the army. The phrase is now used among all English-speaking people, and perhaps among others. It has always been attributed to Davy Crockett, and I am sure from the circumstantial detail with which it was given to me by General Moore, who was always much esteemed by General Jackson, that these are the facts of its origin.

In this army was a young man who had but recently come to Tennessee from Pennsylvania, William Carroll, who, though he had never seen service, had some knowledge of military tactics; and being the only man in the army who did, Jackson made him brigade inspector, and by hard work and close application under the direction of the commanding general, who knew as well what discipline was to an army as any man that ever commanded an army without experience in actual service, he soon had an army ready for service. Waiting at Nashville, and the long delay at Natchez, and not a day lost, Col. Carroll had a well-equipped army. As will be shown, Jackson's appreciation of this young Pennsylvanian brought upon him one of the most serious of all his personal difficulties, but it only tied him closer to the young man, who proved to be in the war more than even Jackson could hope for. His life and history

are indelibly associated with Tennessee, and the service he rendered Jackson in Indian wars and at New Orleans will go along with the great soldier as long as men love to read of patriotism and heroic deeds. He was not only renowned as a great soldier, but he made one of the best Governors the State ever had, and held the office twelve years.

Before the infantry, under Col. Benton and Col. Hall—fourteen hundred men in all—embarked on the boats, Jackson put Col. Coffee in command of the cavalry—six hundred and seventy men—ordering him to go through the Indian Nation and meet the river expedition at Natchez.

The voyage down the river, under the General himself, was one of great exposure and hardship. The winter was a severe one. The boats being hurriedly built, were scarcely sufficient to contend with the ice. Several accidents occurred, and one boat was lost, but at the end of thirty-nine days the army reached Natchez with every man that had left Nashville, and all well and strong. Jackson, reaching Natchez, found Coffee with his command all safe, after a hard trip through the wilderness without roads.

On leaving Nashville, Colonel Coffee wrote his father-in-law, Capt. John Donelson, a letter, from which I make an extract. This letter shows how a great soldier can be bound to the home he leaves behind with its dear ties:

“A sense of duty and justice have compelled me to address this line, together with its enclosure. I did not see the propriety of such an act until very late, and even now it may seem to you unnecessary. Yet when I reflect on the uncertainty of the life of man, and the time I am about to leave my native country for a more unhealthy climate, independent of any dangers I may be thrown in by a state of war, I should be remiss from my duty were I not in the most equitable manner to make provision for my family were it to be my lot not to return again. I have drawn up

an instrument expressive of my wishes, and which I enclose to you. This, if it please the Almighty that I never return to my beloved wife and infant daughter, is my last will and testament, which, I shall rest assured from your parental goodness, you will have executed without deviation as far as practicable."

When Jackson started on his campaign from Nashville, he wrote the Secretary of War as follows:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I am now at the head of 2,070 volunteers, the choicest of our citizens, who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the Government; who have no constitutional scruples, and, if the Government orders, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola, and Fort St. Augustine, effectually banishing from the Southern coasts all British influence."

From the time Jackson reached Natchez, early in January, to the last days of March, the General in command, all the officers and private soldiers were not only in a state of suspense, but in a state of deepest anxiety to know what the suspense meant. Not a word of explanation came from the War Department or from General Wilkinson as to what caused the halt, what was to be done with them, or whether there had been a change in the war policy of the Government. The letters of General Coffee to his family manifested the greatest anxiety as to what it all meant. Andrew Jackson wrote letters to General Wilkinson and to the Secretary of War, suggesting that he be allowed to go with his army to the Canada line, where disasters were coming thick and fast. He could easily increase his force from Tennessee to 5,000 men, and with his Tennesseans he would undertake to wipe off the stain occasioned by the recent disasters. This state of things continued until about the last days of March. The following order from the Secretary of War reached General Jackson:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, February 6, 1813.

"*Sirs:* The causes of embodying and marching to New Orleans the corps under your command have ceased to exist; you will, on the receipt of this letter, consider it as dismissed from public service, and take measures to have delivered over to Major General Wilkinson all the articles of public property which may not have been put into its possession.

"You will accept for yourself and corps the thanks of the President of the United States.

"I have the honor, etc.,

"J. ARMSTRONG."

"*Major General Jackson.*"

"I well remember the day," said Col. Benton in the speech already quoted, "the order came. The first I knew of it was a message from the General to come to him at his tent; for, though as colonel of a regiment I had ceased to be aide, yet my place had not been filled, and I was sent for as much as ever. He showed me the order, and also his character in his instant determination not to obey it, but to lead the volunteers home."

I had it from the lips of General Moore, who was present, that General Jackson called a council of war and the officers assembled; the General walked in and said: "I have called you together to tell you that I am not going to obey this order of the Secretary of War."

Colonel Benton in the same speech says:

"We have all heard of his responsibilities—his readiness to assume political responsibilities when the public service required it. He was now equally ready to take responsibility of another kind—moneyed responsibility, and that beyond the whole of his fortune. He had no military chest, not a dollar of public money, and three thousand men were to be conducted five hundred miles through a wilderness country and Indian tribes without a great outlay

of money. Wagons were wanted, and many of them for transport of provisions, baggage and the sick, so numerous among the new troops. He had no money to hire teams; he impressed; and at the end of the service gave drafts upon the Quartermaster General of the Southern Department for the amount.

"The wagons were ten dollars a day, coming and going. They were numerous. It was a service of two months; the amount incurred was great; he incurred it, and, as will be seen, at imminent risk of his own ruin. This assumption on the General's part met the first great difficulty, but there were lesser difficulties, still serious, to be surmounted. The troops received no pay; clothing and shoes were worn out; men were in no condition for a march so long and so exposed. The officers had received no pay, did not expect to need money, had made no provision for the unexpected contingency of large demands upon their own pockets to enable them to do justice to their own men. But there was a patriotism without the camp as well as within."

General Jackson wrote caustic letters to the Secretary of War, which, however, Col. Benton says, he (Benton) softened in some sense. But General Jackson always believed he saw the sly hand of Wilkinson in the whole thing, and produced a letter from Wilkinson, saying: "You still have it in your power to render an effective service by urging your men to enlist in the regular army," and he asked Jackson to do this in a general order.

Jackson gave Wilkinson to understand that he was under a pledge to the mothers and wives of his soldiers to look after them with a fatherly care until he brought them back safely, if alive, and that he was going to march them back home. He drove Wilkinson's recruiting officers out of the camp, telling them if they appeared in camp again they would be drummed out.

General Jackson said: "As between an open defiance of the orders of my superior, the Secretary of War, and my duty to the private soldier who put himself under me, I

shall risk all the consequences of being dishonored and losing my entire estate and much more. I shall take care of my men and carry them back home."

He had the credit to raise the money to do it; the Government was sullen and refused to reimburse him for many months. He was without transportation, which, out of his own pocket, he improvised. He had 150 sick men, a large part of them extremely ill. He had three horses which he gave to the sick, and himself walked with his men. A soldier said in moving along, "The old man is tough." "Yes," said another, "as tough as hickory." "Yes," said a third, "an old hickory at that," and this is the way he got the name of "Old Hickory."

He made the march in good time, and when he reached Nashville the army was received with great ceremony. The soldiers went away to their several homes, and from one end of the State to the other, in every cabin, around every fireside, Jackson was simply an idol.

This is an exhibition of courage in duty coupled with a money responsibility; in fact, a risk that men in public life rarely take. General Jackson manifestly believed the purpose was—and he had a strong suspicion that General Wilkinson had manipulated the scheme for delay, making conditions which would coerce the enlistment in the army under him. The subsequent facts pretty conclusively show that Jackson was right. Keeping his promise and standing firmly by the private soldiers, in disobedience of the order from the Secretary of War, was what made it possible for him afterwards to raise armies when needed.

The fight with Col. Thomas H. and Jesse Benton, about which so much has been said, is intimately connected with General Jackson's disobeying orders of the Secretary of War. It has been generally said and believed that General Jackson sent Col. Benton on horseback to Washington, to reconcile the Government to his conduct. But Col. Benton

himself distinctly states that he went to Washington on his own business, but undertook and did finally come to an understanding with the Government, and got a settlement that relieved General Jackson of the embarrassment occasioned by his disobedience. The public mind has rested on the belief that Jackson, being in great trouble with the Government, sent Benton on to restore friendly relations with the Government, and that he did it, and while he was gone Jackson became the second of Carroll in a duel between Jesse Benton, Colonel Benton's brother, and Colonel Carroll, which on its face was a bad showing for Jackson. The facts are that Carroll had become a great favorite with Jackson, creating much jealousy with a set of men who did not propose to divide up the capital they had in Jackson's favors, and in those fighting times they got two fellows, one right after the other, to challenge Carroll, both of whom he refused to fight because they were not gentlemen. But finally they worked on Jesse Benton until he challenged Carroll. This Carroll accepted, but such was the vindictiveness and jealousy that it was difficult for Carroll to get a second. When this became manifest he went to the Hermitage, waking Jackson up in the night, and asked him to be his second. To this General Jackson objected, giving the reasons, among others the difference in their ages, and his relations with Col. Benton, but finally said he would go with him to the city and see if he could not settle it. Going to the city promptly he saw Jesse Benton and urged him to withdraw the challenge, explaining to Benton, as he understood it, that there was really nothing between them to fight about. Jackson left understanding the challenge would be withdrawn, but influences were brought to bear on Benton that made him recede from his agreement with Jackson and press the fight.

Then again Carroll called on Jackson, who again protested, but he was now fully satisfied that there was a com-

mon purpose to get clear of Carroll; and when Carroll told him that his enemies were saying that they would run him out of the country, Jackson said, "Well, I can tell you one thing, they will not run you out of the country while Andrew Jackson stays in it." So Jackson became his second and the duel was fought.

Col. Thomas H. Benton was still at Washington, and received letters from his brother and friends strongly condemning Jackson, and putting the blame on him for the duel. Of course Col. Benton was much exasperated, and on all occasions denounced Jackson in most violent language, threatening to chastise him. This he continued on the road home, all of which reached Jackson's ears.

Benton was shot in the hip and Carroll was hit, a ball striking one of his thumbs.

Mr. Parton came to Nashville in 1859, forty-six years after the fight between Jackson and the Bentons, which took place on the north side of the Square, at the lower end of the City Hotel, and got the facts about the fight from the old men who witnessed it. His account of the difficulty covers many pages in his book. I give the following extract:

"Benton wrote to Jackson, denouncing his conduct in offensive terms. Jackson replied, in effect, that before addressing him in that manner Col. Benton should have inquired of him what his conduct really had been, and not listened to the tales of designing and interested parties. Benton wrote still more angrily; he said that General Jackson had conducted the duel in a 'savage, unequal, unfair and base manner.' On his way home through Tennessee, especially at Knoxville, he inveighed bitterly and loudly, in public places, against General Jackson. Jackson had liked Thomas Benton, and remembered with gratitude his parents, particularly his mother, who had been gracious and good to him when he was a 'raw lad' in North Carolina. Jackson was, therefore, sincerely unwilling to break

with him and manifested a degree of forbearance, which it is a pity he could not have maintained to the end.

"He took fire at last, threw old friendship to the winds, and swore by the eternal that he would horsewhip Tom Benton the first time he met him.

"There were two taverns on the Public Square of Nashville, both situated near the same angle, their front doors being not more than a hundred yards apart. One was the old Nashville Inn, at which General Jackson was accustomed to put up for more than forty years. There, too, the Bentons, Col. Coffee, and all of the General's particular friends were wont to take lodgings whenever they visited the town, and to hold pleasant converse over a glass of wine. The other tavern was the City Hotel. On reaching Nashville, Col. Benton and his brother Jesse did not go to their accustomed inn, but stopped at the City Hotel to avoid General Jackson, unless he chose to go out of his way to seek them. This was on the 3d of September. In the evening of the same day it came to pass that General Jackson and Col. Coffee rode into town, and put up their horses, as usual, at the Nashville Inn. Capt. Carroll called in the course of the evening, and told the General that an affair of the most delicate and tender nature compelled him to leave Nashville at dawn of day.

"'Go, by all means,' said the General. 'I want no man to fight my battles.'

"The next morning, about 9, Col. Coffee proposed to General Jackson that they should stroll over to the post-office. They continued to walk to the postoffice, got their letters, and set out on their return. This time, however, they did not take the short way across the square, but kept down the sidewalk which led past the front door at which Col. Benton was posted. As they drew near they observed that Jesse Benton was standing before the hotel, near his brother. On coming up to where Col. Benton stood, General Jackson suddenly turned toward him, with his whip in his hand, and, stepping up to him, said:

"'Now, you d—d rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself.'

"Benton put his hand into his breast pocket and seemed to be fumbling for his pistol. As quick as lightning, Jack-

son drew a pistol from a pocket behind him, and presented it full at his antagonist, who recoiled a pace or two. Jackson advanced upon him. Benton continued to step slowly backward. Jackson closed upon him with a pistol at his heart, until they had reached the back door of the hotel, and were in the act of turning down the back piazza. At that moment, just as Jackson was beginning to turn, Jesse Benton entered the passage behind the belligerents, and, seeing his brother's danger, raised his pistol and fired at Jackson. The pistol was loaded with two balls and a large slug. The slug took effect in Jackson's left shoulder, shattering it horribly. One of the balls struck the thick part of his left arm and buried itself near the bone. The other ball splintered the board partition at his side. The shock of the wounds was such that Jackson fell across the entry and remained prostrate, bleeding profusely.

"Coffee had remained just outside meanwhile. Hearing the report of the pistol, he sprang into the entry, and seeing his chief prostrate at the feet of Col. Benton, concluded that it was his ball that had laid him low. He rushed upon Benton, drew his pistol, fired, and missed. Then he 'clubbed' his pistol, and was about to strike, when Benton, in stepping backward, came to some stairs of which he was not aware, and fell headlong to the bottom. Coffee, thinking him *hors de combat*, hastened to the assistance of his wounded General.

"The report of Jesse Benton's pistol brought another actor on the bloody scene, Stokely Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, and a devoted friend to the General. He was standing near the Nashville Inn when he heard the pistol. He knew well what was going forward, and ran with all speed to the spot. He, too, saw the General lying on the floor weltering in his blood. But, unlike Coffee, he perceived who it was that had fired the deadly charge. Hays was a man of giant size and giant's strength. He snatched from his sword-cane its long and glittering blade, and made a lunge at Jesse with such frantic force that it would have pinned him to the wall had it taken effect. Luckily the point struck a button, and the slender weapon was broken to pieces. He then drew a dirk, threw himself in a paroxysm of fury upon Jesse, and got him down upon the floor.

Holding him down with one hand, he raised the dirk to plunge it into his breast. The prostrate man seized the coat cuff of the descending arm and diverted the blow, so that the weapon only pierced the fleshy part of his left arm. Hays strove madly to disengage his arm, and in doing so gave poor Jesse several flesh wounds. At length, with a mighty wrench, he tore his cuff from Jesse Benton's convulsive grasp, lifted the dirk high in the air, and was about to bury it in the heart of his antagonist, when a bystander caught the uplifted hand and prevented the further shedding of blood. Other bystanders then interfered; the maddened Hays, the wrathful Coffee, the irate Benton were held back from continuing the combat, and quiet was restored.

"Faint from the loss of blood, Jackson was conveyed to a room in the Nashville Inn, his wound still bleeding fearfully. Before the bleeding could be stopped, two mattresses, as Mrs. Jackson used to say, were soaked through, and the General was reduced almost to the last gasp. All the doctors in Nashville were soon in attendance. All but one of them, and he a young man, recommended the amputation of the shattered arm. 'I'll keep my arm,' said the wounded man, and he kept it.

"The gastly wounds in the shoulder were dressed, in the simple manner of the Indians and pioneers, with poultices of slippery elm and other products of the woods. The patient was utterly prostrated with the loss of blood."

CHAPTER VII.

JACKSON'S FRIENDS AND ENEMIES REVEAL TWO CLASSES —
NEXT HE JACKSONIZED THE COUNTRY — COLONEL
BURTON'S KNOWLEDGE OF JACKSON THROUGH LIFE —
THE ONE VOTE THAT DID SO MUCH FOR JACKSON —
CARTWRIGHT AND BLACKBURN, THE GREAT PREACHERS,
AS FRIENDS OF JACKSON.

IN my last chapter I left General Jackson on a couch soaked with blood, a bullet in his arm and his shoulder shattered, the result of a most desperate fight with Col. Thomas H. Benton and his brother, Jesse Benton.

General Jackson's life after he was shot in the Benton fight—commencing nineteen days after the fight—is the nearest a realistic romance, a continuous romance—absolutely continuous—without the loss of a day, that can be found in that of any public man. From that day to the end of his presidency—twenty-three years—he never touched anything without Jacksonizing it, and upon the whole so Jacksonized the country that, as soldier, statesman, citizen, he ranked all men — Jacksonized the army, Jacksonized the highest office the American people could confer on him, and all with such a sublime sense of duty and foresight that with his friends he was an idol, and with his enemies he was the bull's eye for thousands of book-makers, magazine and newspaper scribblers, whose productions would make a small library.

With great floods of defamation, he went out of the high office strong enough to name two of his successors. Before entreing upon his wonderful career, dividing the entire country into two classes—Jackson's friends and Jack-

son's enemies, I propose to devote a chapter to his true character as gathered from the highest sources.

Of all the witnesses whom the Jacksonian period furnished, Thomas H. Benton is the most reliable. When quite young he saw much of General Jackson in his own home, knew his domestic life—what he was to his wife, what he was to his slaves, what he was to his guests, what he was in all his private business relations, in what esteem he was held by his neighbors. He knew him as Judge of the Supreme Court; he knew him as an attorney at the bar. He was involved in the most deadly of all Jackson's personal conflicts. He was under him as an officer in the army, and saw him in a condition where, of all his trials, the test of sublime courage reached the highest point—where for the private soldier under him, who had no favors to bestow, he put up as a test and a forfeit his commission as general, and his entire estate, all to be swept away if the Government did not forgive his disobedience of orders. Then he had watched him as Governor of Florida in dealing with the Spaniards; and, above all, he had been in the United States Senate, serving at one time with Jackson in the Senate, and then carefully noted every step he took as President through eight years, which was a conflict with big men and little ones. No other man had such an opportunity to know his real character, and no other man who lived through Jackson's life of public service had the capacity and courage to so truly note facts of history. The estimate of General Jackson's true character, though lengthy, as found in Benton's "Thirty Years in the Senate," should be carefully read by all who are interested in the truth of history of a man who had more friends and worse enemies than any other man of his time, and almost of any other time. I make the following quotations from this lengthy review by Mr. Benton of Jackson's real character:

"The first time I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tenn., in 1799—he on the bench, a Judge of the Superior Court, and I, a youth of seventeen, back in the court. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendant over all who approached him—not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned, nor of military exploits (for he had not then been to war), but the effect of personal qualities, cordial and graceful manners, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the pending case, he committed a slight solecism in language, which grated on my ear and lodged in my memory, without, however, derogating in the least from the respect which he inspired. . . . I soon after became his aide, he being a major general in the Tennessee militia, made so by a majority of one vote. New Orleans, the Creek Campaign, and all other consequences, dated from that one vote."

It would not be proper to pass over this one vote without an explanation, as it throws much light on General Jackson's career. Nothing in his life, as far as I know, is more illustrative of that powerful magnetism of his nature than this one vote. Jackson was elected major general of the militia of the State over John Sevier, the great Indian fighter, who, up to that time, was the idol of the volunteer soldiers of Tennessee, but Jackson was elected major general of the militia over him by one vote in the whole State, and this, as Colonel Benton says, this one vote, perhaps, decided the whole of Jackson's career—including the Creek War, the Battle of New Orleans, and his presidency, and, in fact, made the Southwest a new political map. †

Mr. Benton further says:

"After that I was habitually at his house, and as an inmate had opportunities to know his domestic life when it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the Superior Court, as he had previously resigned his place in the Senate of the

United States, and lived on a superb estate, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent name of "The Hermitage," a name chosen for its perfect accord with his feelings, for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no theater for its congenial employment."

Mr. Benton then proceeds to show what a careful farmer he was, and what a successful merchant he was, and in describing more particularly his person, and to some extent his public life, he goes on to say:

"His temper was placable, as well as tractable, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere. Of that my own case was a signal instance. After a deadly feud I became his confidential adviser—was offered the highest marks of his favor, and received from his dying bed a message of friendship, dictated when life was departing and he would have to pause for breath."

In this graphic and deeply interesting statement of Mr. Benton he does not do himself and General Jackson full justice. They had first met in the Senate after their difficulty. They there met as friends, with no apologies and no explanations. Then, it is difficult to see how General Jackson would have passed the eight years as President without being literally, or rather politically, torn to pieces by Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster, and their followers in the Senate, if Colonel Benton had not been there; and if ever a man on this earth had a faithful friend, it was Benton in the Senate in defense of General Jackson and his various positions taken through that period; and when General Jackson came to die at the Hermitage, about the last word he said was (pulling the head of William B. Lewis down to him, whispered): "Tell Colonel Benton that I am grateful in my dying moments."

Colonel Benton proceeds in this extended statement:

"There was a deep-seated vein of piety in him—unaffectedly showed itself in his reverence for divine worship and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson, and when they both afterwards became members of the church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions. I give one instance: I arrived at his home one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him at twilight sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. He said the child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and had begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child. This was his little adopted son, then two years old. The ferocious man does not do that, and even though General Jackson had his passions and his violence, they were for men and his enemies—those who stood up against him, and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless, for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support."

This entire detail of the character of General Jackson is worth turning to in the "Thirty Years in the Senate," and reading it in full, but it is too long for the limits of this work.

Really, the way to know General Jackson is to listen to men of his time who knew him, and heard him talk. In the early period of this century there were some great preachers—among them the most noted was Peter Cartwright and Gideon Blackburn. They were men of great force and power with the people, and with deep religious convictions. They were both known to General Jackson and appreciated by him. In his sorest trials in the Creek War, when his starving men deserted him, in addition to the letter he wrote to the Governor, he wrote the following

letter to Gideon Blackburn, and one in substance the same to Peter Cartwright. Nothing that I know of shows General Jackson's great wisdom and knowledge of men and how to do things, better than his interesting these two great preachers when he wanted an army to continue the Creek campaign :

*"Reverend Sir:—*Your letter has just been received. I thank you for it; I thank you most sincerely. It arrived at a moment when my spirit needed such a support.

"I left Tennessee with an army as brave, I believe, as any general ever commanded. I have seen them in battle, and my opinion of their bravery is not changed. But their fortitude—on this, too, I relied—has been too severely tested. Perhaps I was wrong in believing that nothing but death could conquer the spirits of brave men. I am sure I was, for my men I know are brave; yet privations have rendered them discontented; that is enough. The expedition must nevertheless be prosecuted to a successful termination. New volunteers must be raised to conclude what has been so auspiciously begun by the old ones. Gladly would I save these men from themselves, and insure them a harvest which they have sown; but if they will abandon it, to others it must be so.

"You are good enough to say, if I need your assistance it will be cheerfully afforded. I do need it greatly. The influence you possess over the minds of men is great and well founded, and can never be better applied than in summoning volunteers to the defense of their country, their liberty, and their religion. While we fight the savage, who makes war only because he delights in blood, and who has gotten his booty when he has scalped his victim, we are, through him, contending against an enemy of more inveterate character and deeper design, who would demolish a fabric cemented by the blood of our fathers and endeared to us by all the happiness we enjoy. So far as my exertions can contribute, the purposes both of the savage and his instigator shall be defeated; and so far as yours can, I hope, I know, they will be employed. I have said enough; I want men, and want them immediately."

This was certainly a unique step for a general at the head of an army to take. It was true he was then left in the wilderness with 109 men only—all the others had gone back to get something to eat. It was then he wrote that wonderful letter; that is, as I believe, a key to all his state papers, because written in the wilderness under circumstances which show he must have written it himself, and at once assures his capacity to write anything. But these two letters to these two great preachers, with their power over the people at that time, probably did more to raise him a new army than did the letter to the Governor. They were his devoted friends through life, and he was theirs.

One of the most unique, interesting, and stirring books that found its way into public print among the people of the wild West is the "Autobiography of Peter Cartwright." Among the very many readable things in the very readable book is an incident in which General Jackson figures. The whole sketch takes several pages, but I epitomize, and it is about this:

"Peter Cartwright and Gideon Blackburn were attending a Methodist Conference at Nashville in the early days. They were both conspicuous as preachers—most conspicuous—for, indeed, they were the advance guard in a new country of that class of preachers that took such an active part in the country's affairs at that time, and shortly after. Peter Cartwright says, in his autobiography, that the preachers, generally, and the people wanted to hear Blackburn and himself preach, but it soon became apparent that the bishop was afraid to risk either of them; but, under the pressure of the people, he says, the bishop appointed him to preach at the Presbyterian Church, but said to him when he told him of his appointment, 'Now, Cartwright, I want you to be just as polite as possible, and respectful to those Presbyterians as you can. Don't say anything about doctrine, and don't say anything that will be unpleasant,

but just go along and be a decent man.' He says he replied to the bishop, and said: 'Well, sir, you have sent me to preach to them Presbyterians, and I am going to preach my own sermon, and I tell you that I will give them Presbyterians something on the damnation of infants—a part of their doctrine—which they will remember.' He says thereupon the bishop changed him and ordered him to preach at the Methodist Church, and that when he got started in his sermon, with the preacher in charge sitting behind him, General Jackson came in at the door—the church crowded and the aisles packed—and stopped for a moment, not seeing his way. He says at that time the preacher in charge touched his coat-tail and said to him in a whisper, 'General Jackson has just come in.' He says at that he felt somewhat indignant and blabbed out, 'What is that if General Jackson has come in? In the eyes of God he is no bigger than any other man; and I tell General Jackson now, if he don't repent and get forgiveness for his sins, God Almighty will damn him just as quick as he would a guinea nigger.' He says General Jackson looked him up the next day, and told him he liked that sort of brave preaching."

Among the many incidents yet to be recorded in the life of the great soldier, there are none more touching and more effectually opens to the public eye the great, big, generous heart of Andrew Jackson than the pathetic story of Lincoyer. When General Coffee checked the advance of the Creek Indians—the murderers of 400 women and children at Fort Mimms, at Tallushatches (now known as Tallahassee), or the Ten Islands, killing every warrior engaged in the battle, the battle being fought in the town—an Indian woman was accidentally killed, and when found by General Coffee after the battle there was on her breast an infant only a few days old. All the women and children, and among them this infant, were taken to General Jackson's headquarters. The story given him by General Coffee

touched his great big heart. In his chest was a small supply of sugar, with which he kept the child alive. The Indian women refused to nurse him, saying: "All his kin are dead; let him die." In a few days General Jackson sent the child back to Huntsville, perhaps a hundred miles, with instructions to employ a nurse at his expense. This was early in November, 1813, and so the Indian boy was nursed and kept alive until General Jackson came home in 1815, the acknowledged victor over the British army, and a great nation singing his praises in every home. But he remembered the Indian baby and sent for it; had it brought to the Hermitage, where he became the object of tender care by both the General and Mrs. Jackson. The General named the boy Lincoyer. For fifteen years the Indian boy was the pet at the Hermitage; then the General took him to the city and put him at a trade, the same trade that he had learned when a boy, that of harnessmaker. The Indian boy worked in the shop, but spent his Sundays at the Hermitage, until his health failed. Then he went back to the home and care of Mrs. Jackson, who nursed him until he died of consumption, at the age of seventeen. When he died the great conqueror of Packinham wept as if the boy had been his own son.

That General Jackson's life, stormy as it was, had an anchor in the wife he ever adored, whose tenderness was much more to him than the anchor is to the great ship in the storm, is a fact that no biographer could afford to omit. That you may really know something of this noble and deeply pious woman, and to be able to estimate her influence on the man of iron, I shall take frequent occasion to make reference to her. Mrs. Jackson was the daughter of a rich man, Colonel Donelson, and was perhaps the best educated young woman in the early days of Nashville, though she would not now be called an accomplished woman. Some of her letters have been preserved, and they show that great injustice has

been done her by both tongue and pen gossipers. She was the most beloved of women, and no great man loaded down with life's mighty responsibilities ever had in a wife a more enduring solace than did General Jackson—a wife to curb and comfort, a wife who ever reminded him that he was only mortal, and that he had a Heavenly Father to care for him. I give one of her letters written from Washington, when he was there as Senator and candidate for President in 1823, written under circumstances that, with most women, intensify life's pleasures at the cost of Christian virtues:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., ——

“Mrs. Jackson to Mrs. Eliza Kingsley:

“The present moment is the first I can call my own since my arrival in this great city. Our journey indeed was fatiguing. We were twenty-seven days on the road, but no accident happened to us. My dear husband is in better health than when he came. We are boarding in the same house with the nation's guest, Lafayette. I am delighted with him. All the attention—all the parties he goes to—never appear to have any effect on him. In fact, he is an extraordinary man; he has the happy talent of knowing those he has once seen. For instance, when he first came to visit this house, the General said he would go and pay the Marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire, and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. The emotion of revolutionary feelings was aroused in them both. At Charleston, General Jackson saw him on the field of battle—the one a boy of twelve, the Marquis twenty-three. He wears a wig, and is a little inclined to corpulency. He is very healthy, eats hearty, goes to every party, and that is every night.

“To tell you of this city, I could not do justice to the subject. The extravagance is in dressing and running to parties; but I must say they regard the Sabbath in attending preaching, for there are churches of every denomination, and able ministers of the gospel. We have been here two Sabbaths. The General and myself were both days at church. Mr. Baker is the pastor of the church we go to.

He is a fine man—a plain, good preacher. We were waited on by two of Mr. Balches' elders, inviting us to take a pew in his church at Georgetown, but previous to that I had an invitation to the other. General Cole, Mary Emily, and Andrew went to the Episcopal Church.

"Oh, my dear friend, how shall I get through this bustle? There are not less than fifty to one hundred persons calling a day. My dear husband was unwell nearly the whole of the journey, but, thanks to our Heavenly Father, his health is improving. Still his appetite is delicate, and company and business are oppressive; but I look unto the Lord, from whence comes all my comforts. I have the precious promise, and I know that my Redeemer liveth.

"Don't be afraid of my giving away to those vain things. The Apostle says: 'I can do all things in Christ, who strengtheneth me.' The play-actors sent me a letter, requesting my countenance to them. No. A ticket to balls and parties. No, not one; two dinings; several times to drink tea. Indeed, Mr. Jackson encourages me in my course. I am going today to hear Mr. Summerfield. He preaches in the Methodist Church—a very highly spoken of minister. Glory to God for the privilege. Not a day or night but there is church open for prayer."

A celebrated divine of New York, Dr. VanPelt, gives an interesting interview he had with General Jackson during his last term in the presidential chair, in which he says General Jackson remarked:

"We have the best country and the best institutions in the world. No people have so much to be grateful for as we; but, ah, my reverend friend, there is one thing I fear will yet sap the foundations of our liberty—that monster institution, the Bank of the United States."

Continuing, the Doctor said: "I hear, General, that you were blessed with a Christian companion." (Companion is clerical for wife.) "Yes," said the President, "my wife was a pious Christian woman. She gave me the best advice, and I have not been unmindful of it. When the

people in their sovereign pleasure elected me President of the United States, she said to me: 'Don't let your opportunity turn your mind away from the duty you owe to God. Before him we are all alike sinners, and to him we must all alike give account. All these things will pass away, and you and I, and all of us must stand before God.' I have never forgotten it, Doctor, and I never shall." Tears were in his eyes, adds Dr. VanPelt, as he said these words.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACKSON ORDERED TO RAISE AN ARMY AND PROTECT THE FRONTIER — BRITISH THEN CLAIMING EVERYTHING; VICTORIES HAD MADE THEM HAUGHTY — LONDON PAPERS ON WAR — MINISTERS AT GHENT ALARMED — NAPOLEON'S CAPITULATION — SENT WELLINGTON'S FORCES TO UNITED STATES — HENCE JACKSON CONQUERED THE WORLD'S CONQUERORS.

THE Creek Campaign, as it is usually called, is a chapter in the history of the country full of marked features, incidents of moral and physical courage, all crowned with success and far-reaching results.

When General Jackson was summoned, and taken out of the hands of his surgeons, to raise an army and protect the frontiers of Tennessee and Georgia from what threatened to be the most dreadful and diabolical war that the savages had ever waged against the white people on the continent, the British armies in the Northern States on the Canada line were having a succession of victories over our armies, which indicated a decline in American pluck, and which had produced such a profound impression in Great Britain that her commissioners, then at Ghent, with our commissioners, were making most extraordinary demands, claiming concessions which, if agreed to, would have brought upon us the deepest humiliation.

So sure was the Government that the next great blow would be at the South, by landing an army at Mobile or New Orleans, with a view of overrunning the South, that General Jackson had in the fall of 1812 been ordered to raise an army and go down the Mississippi River and await orders. But as shown in a former chapter, when he

reached Natchez he was ordered to disband his army, which he promptly proceeded not to do, and marched it back to Nashville, where he disbanded it in the spring of 1813.

The success of the British army in capturing Washington, and in all the battles on the Canadian line, and the threatened uprising of the Indians in the Northwest and the South, was rapidly making in other parts of the country besides New England a very powerful peace party, the result of all which was to send Mr. Clay, Mr. Adams, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Bayard to Europe to negotiate a treaty of peace, if possible. The condition in this country and the outlook were fully exemplified by the demands of the British when they met our commissioners at Ghent. Putting their demands upon their victories, and what seemed to be the certain triumphant success of their arms, they demanded that we should yield the right of search—what we were fighting about; that we should give them equal rights with us in the navigation of the Mississippi River; that we should not keep ships of war on the lakes, and that we should surrender a large part of our territory—all of what is now Michigan, Wisconsin, and a large part of what is now Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana.

To their demand, Mr. Clay, who had brought on the war by a single speech in Congress, made reply that "here we stop," and there was no further discussion of terms until Jackson gained his great victories over the Creek Indians in the winter of 1813-14, and the news reached Ghent.

The British were making preparations for bringing an immense army to the South—an army made up, as was threatened, of trained British soldiers, Indians from the Northwest and negroes from St. Domingo, while New England, after a great struggle between the profits of commerce and the consequences of war, decided in favor of the latter and brought on the Revolution; yet they were utterly opposed to the war of 1812. Not only the Hartford Con-

vention, but the press and the people were outspoken against it; and after the capture of the cities and the defeat of our armies on the lakes and along the Canadian line, they were clamorous for peace on any terms. The administration, while it was doing its whole duty, and the President, Mr. Madison, was standing courageously by the army, it realized fully our lack of preparation, and the odds against us in fighting trained soldiers with raw militia.

England had never been content under the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the war of 1812 was popular in England. England had bullied the United States for years to bring on the war by searching our ships and taking our seamen, and putting them in the army or in jail. At the time Jackson was fighting and destroying the British allies, in Hyde Park they were having sham battles to amuse the public by a display of British valor over American cowardice.

Here is a specimen of press comments on the war from the *London Sun*, of September 3, 1814:

"The American armies of copper captains and Falstaff recruits defy the pen of satire to paint them worse than they are — worthless, lying, treacherous, false, slanderous, cowardly and vaporing heroes, with boasting on their lying tongues and terror in their quaking hearts. Were it not that the course of punishment is necessary to the ends of moral and political justice, we declare before our country that we should feel ashamed of victory over such ignoble foes.) — The quarrel resembles one between a gentleman and a chimney-sweeper; the former may beat the latter to his heart's content, but there is no honor in the exploit, and he is sure to be wounded with the soil and dirt of his ignominious antagonist. But necessity will sometimes compel us to descend from our station to chastise a vagabond and endure the disgrace of a contact, in order to suppress by wholesome correction the presumptuous insolence and mischievous design of the basest assailant."

The *London Times* said, in speaking of President Madison:

"This fellow, notorious for lying, for insolence of all kinds, for his barbarous warfare, both in Canada and against the Creek Indians."

The English people were not only elated and boastful over their victories, but the long war with France had just ended, and the allied powers had compelled the capitulation of Napoleon, and England was in position to concentrate all her forces on the United States. Such had been our disasters in the North that the Administration was more than anxious for peace. While General Jackson was prosecuting this campaign against the Indians, great events were taking place in Europe, which with the Administration and public men generally caused the greatest anxiety. The allied powers were so pressing Napoleon that France gave signs of yielding, which was a great relief to England, then carrying on two wars—one with France and the other with the United States; there was a strong hope expressed that the military power of England could be turned against the United States.

Bouerrenne, in his "Memoirs of Napoleon," shows that finally, and on the 7th of April, 1814, Napoleon consented to the evacuation of Italy, and on the 13th of the same month signed the stipulation for banishment to Elba. This freed the great armies of England, and she at once commenced the preparation of increasing the army and navy against the United States, and especially of turning from the North to the South, which was to be overrun. General Packinham, the brother-in-law of Wellington, who had served under him in the Italian and French campaigns, was to be put in command. The Administration was grievously perplexed to carry on the war, and in different capacities it had sent to Europe our greatest statesmen. When the

downfall was made known to these gentlemen — Clay at Gottenburg, Crawford at Paris, Bayard at Ceylon, Gallatin at London, and Russell at Stockholm, it was agreed by them that the chances of peace were greatly lessened.

Mr. Gallatin, on the 22d of April, 1814, wrote the following letter to Mr. Clay :

“You are sufficiently aware of the total change in our affairs produced by the late revolution and by the restoration of universal peace in the European world, from which we are alone excluded. A well-organized and large army is at once liberated from European employment, and ready, together with a superabundant naval force, to act immediately against us. How ill-prepared we are in a proper manner to meet such a force no one knows better than yourself; but above all, our own divisions and the hostile attitude of the Eastern States give room to apprehend that a continuance of the war might prove vitally fatal to the United States. I understand that the ministers, with whom we have not had any direct intercourse, still profess to be disposed to make an equitable peace. But they hope not of ultimate conquest, but of a dissolution of the Union; the convenient pretense which the American War will afford to preserve a large military establishment; and above all the force of popular feeling may all unite in inducing the Cabinet in throwing impediment in the way of peace. They will not certainly be disposed to make concessions; not probably be displeased at a failure of negotiations. That the war is popular and that national pride, inflated by the last unprecedented success, cannot be satisfied without what they call the ‘chastisement of America,’ cannot be doubted. The mass of people here know nothing of American politics but through the medium of Federal speeches and newspapers, faithfully transcribed in their own journals. They do not even suspect that we have any just cause of complaint, and consider us altogether the aggressors and as allies of Bonaparte.”

The British Ministry acted promptly, and Mr. Gallatin wrote from London a letter to the President, which came on the same ship that brought the news of the downfall of

Napoleon, giving him evidence of what had been resolved upon. He said "great fleets were being prepared and every city on the sea was alive. He knew not where the first blow would fall; he did know, he said, of the intended conquest of the Southwest."

When Clay, Gallatin, Adams, Bayard, and Russell met the British Ministers at Ghent, demands were made in view of the great victories in the North and England's freedom from a war at home, which astonished our commissioners in their boldness and far-reaching purpose—nothing short of the free navigation of the Mississippi River, and the cession of a large part of our territory to be given up.

But the noble courage of Mr. Clay, at Ghent, in all probability prevented some concession, which would have been deeply humiliating.

To fully appreciate the character and conduct of General Jackson in the Creek War, and how in his appreciation of it he towered above all other men, it is necessary that I give a sketch of that powerful tribe of Indians, how the war was brought on, and what character of war it was.

The Creeks had from the first settlement by Europeans in the South always been regarded as the most powerful of all the Indian tribes, and greater efforts had been made to make friends of them than any other tribe. They inhabited a vast country, now Alabama and Mississippi, and parts of Georgia, and at the time of the Creek War, Alabama and Mississippi were known as the Mississippi Territory. The Government had, with a view of friendship, kept a Mr. Hawkins with them for many years (appointed by Washington), cultivating friendly relations by association and making presents. He was a wise man and exercised good influence, and for a long time previous to the War of 1812 they had been on good terms with the whites and had generally respected their treaties. They had fully 10,000 warriors—braves.

The uprising of the Creek Indians and the dread spectacle of an Indian war on the frontiers, under the black flag, was the work of Tecumseh. He was not a Creek; he was of the same tribe as Logan, a great orator and a much greater man. They were Shawanoes, a tribe that once lived in the South and were neighbors to the Creeks, but they settled in the valley of the Miamis, where Tecumseh was born. All who knew him and wrote about him represented him as a man of great intellect, a powerful man physically, and a man of wonderful force of character.

Drake, in his "Life of Tecumseh," says :

"Investigation establishes that Tecumseh, though not the faultless ideal of a patriot prince that romantic story represents him, was all of a patriot, a hero, a man that an Indian can be. If to conceive a grand, difficult, and unselfish project; to labor for many years with enthusiasm and prudence in executing it, or attempting its execution; to enlist in it by the magnetism of personal influence great multitudes of various tribes; to contend for it with unfaltering valor longer than there was hope of success; and to die fighting for it to the last, falling forward toward the enemy covered with wounds, is to give proof of an heroic cast of character, then, is the Shawanoe chief, Tecumseh, in whose veins flowed no blood that was not Indian, entitled to rank among heroes."

For an Indian he was humane, and compelled his people to abandon the practice of torturing prisoners.

General Harrison, who finally conquered him, says of him :

"He was one of those uncommon geniuses which spring up occasionally to produce revolutions and overturn the order of things. If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, he would, perhaps, be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him today on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks

of the Mississippi; and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purpose."

Mr. Pickett, in his "History of Alabama," gives an interesting account of his inauguration of the Creek War as follows:

"The ancient capital of the Creeks never looked so gay and populous. An autumnal sun glittered upon the yellow faces of 5,000 natives, besides whites and negroes, who mingled with them. At the conclusion of the agent's first day's address, Tecumseh, at the head of the Ohio party, marched into the square. They were entirely naked, except their flaps and ornaments. Their faces were painted black, and their heads adorned with eagle plumes, while buffalo tails dragged from behind, suspended from bands which went around their waists. Buffalo tails were also attached to their arms, and made to stand out by means of beads. Their appearance was hideous, and their bearing pompous and ceremonious. They marched round and round in the square; then approaching the chiefs, they cordially shook them with the whole length of the arm and exchanged tobacco, a common ceremony with the Indians denoting friendship. Captain Isaacs, Chief of Coosawda, was the only one who refused to exchange tobacco. His head, adorned with its usual costume, a pair of buffalo horns, was shaken in contempt of Tecumseh, who, he said, was a bad man, and no greater than he was.

"Every day Tecumseh appeared in the square to deliver his 'talk,' and all everywhere anxious to hear it; but late in the evening he would rise and say: 'The sun had gone too far today; I will make my talk tomorrow.' At length Hawkins terminated his business and departed for the agency upon the Flint. That night a grand council was held in the great round-house. Tecumseh, presenting his graceful and majestic form above the heads of hundreds, made known his mission in a long speech, full of fire and vengeance. He exhorted them to return to their primitive customs, to throw aside the plow and loom, and to abandon an agricultural life, which was unbecoming Indian warriors. He told them that after the whites had possessed the greater

part of their country, turned its beautiful forests into large fields, and stained their rivers with the washings of the soil, they would then subject them to African servitude. He exhorted them to assimilate in no way with the grasping, unprincipled race, to use none of their arms, and wear none of their clothes, but dress in the skins of beasts which the Great Spirit had given his red children for food and raiment, and to use the war club, the scalping knife and the bow. He concluded by announcing that the British, their former friends, had sent him from the Big Lakes to procure their services in expelling the Americans from all Indian soil; that the King of England was ready handsomely to reward all who would fight for his cause."

That this campaign of muscles was inspired by England's orders to an ally is admitted by Colonel Nichol, who afterwards led the Indians against Mobile.

"A prophet, who was one of the party of Tecumseh, next spoke. He said that he frequently communed with the Great Spirit, who had sent Tecumseh to their country upon this mission, the character of which that great chief had described. He declared that those who would join the war party should be shielded from all harm, and none would be killed in battle; that the Great Spirit would surround them with quagmires, which would swallow up the Americans as they approached; that they would finally expel every Georgian from the soil as far as Savannah; that they would see the arms of Tecumseh stretched out in the heavens at a certain time, and that they would then know when to begin war.

"A short time before daylight the council adjourned, and more than half the audience had already resolved to go to war against the Americans.

"To his public addresses from town to town, Tecumseh added private persuasion. He established prophets in various places to do the requisite howling and dancing, and to perform miracles. His utmost exertions were employed in gaining over the great chiefs.

"Among his first disciples, and quite his greatest, was Weatherford, a half-breed, a man of kindred spirit to him-

self, possessing much of his own grandeur of idea; handsome, sagacious, eloquent, and brave."

This was a peace council, being held at the ancient capital of the Creek Nation, on the Alabama River, held by and between the Government agent, Hawkins, and the chiefs of the Creek Nation; and it was while this council was being held, as shown, that the war was decided upon.

Tecumseh was not simply the ally of the British; his war was older than the War of 1812. He had gone from tribe to tribe in the Northwest, and with his brother, the prophet, had incited all of them to war, and it was in these wars that General Harrison made the reputation that elected him President in 1840.

Though in one sense he was a humane Indian, yet his fight was to get back the country the white people had taken from them; and by his commanding presence and great power of oratory, he educated all the tribes he came in contact with up to the point of recovering their lost country, and that this could only be done by killing all the white people as they came to them.

When the war was commenced by the massacre of 400, mostly women and children, at Fort Mimms, it was the beginning of what ought to be called the British-Creek-Black Flag war. It meant attack on the frontiers of Tennessee and Georgia, and the death of all, old and young, male and female, as they came to them.

While Tecumseh had instigated this war of many tribes before the War of 1812, which was declared in June, yet before he came South, in 1813, he had fully identified himself with the King's cause, and had the pledge of the British Government that the Indians should be restored to all their aboriginal rights.

By the threatening outlook and uprising of the Indians in the summer of 1813 — and there was much evidence that

they were not only aroused and set on by the British, but that in some way they were encouraged in their hellish mode of carrying on the war — so great was the alarm that the people, the women and children especially, from an extensive and thinly-settled community had flocked to the place known as Fort Mimms, on the Alabama River, where some houses and barracks had been built by a wealthy settler named Mimms.

The massacre was one of the most shocking, brutal, and barbarous known in history. The whole country was in dread fear, and the few people left in the territory were fleeing for their lives. Days after the horrible deed, 400 mangled and decaying bodies were being devoured by dogs and swarms of vulture that had collected from far and near.

It is said that when the news of this butchery, which was at the end of thirty-one days, reached New York, it made among the people but little impression, so absorbed were they in the war that was coming home to them with all the dread foreboding of defeat.

In all the history of glorious Tennessee—at New Orleans, at King's Mountain, and on many fields, always the first to hear the cry for help and to rally under the flag — there is no leaf in her history that I would be slower to tear out than the one recounting the manhood of the Tennesseans at this dreadful crisis.

At the end of nineteen days after the horrible massacre, the news was brought to the city of Nashville, then a small place. The news reached Nashville on Saturday. On the same day a public meeting was held, over which the Rev. Mr. Craighead, a Presbyterian minister, presided. There was but one sentiment — Tennesseans are soldiers. All thoughts were at once turned to a bed of suffering only a short distance away. These thoughts were laden with expressions of regret that the great soldier, from recent gunshot wounds, could not lead the brave Tennesseans to the

defense of the helpless people in the territory, and our own equally helpless people on the frontiers. But a committee was appointed, one member of which was John Coffee — whom Jackson loved and had a right to love above all other men — to wait on and confer with Governor Blount; and the committee was instructed to call and confer with General Jackson. The meeting adjourned to meet the next day, Sunday.

The committee saw the Governor and General Jackson, and reported that the Governor was taking steps to have the subject brought before the Legislature; and that Jackson said he would take command of the army, and had issued the address, a copy of which was reported, and which is as follows:

“The horrid butcheries perpetrated on our defenseless fellow citizens near Fort Stoddart cannot fail to excite in every bosom a spirit of revenge. The subjoined letter of our worthy Governor shows that the Federal Government has deposited no authority in this quarter to afford aid to the unhappy sufferers. It is wished that volunteers should go forward, relying on the justice of the general Government for ultimate remuneration. It surely never would be said that the brave Tennesseans wanted other inducements than patriotism and humanity to rush to the aid of their bleeding neighbors, their friends and relations. I feel confident that dull calculations of sneaking prudence will not prevent you from immediately stepping forth on this occasion, so worthy the arm of every brave soldier and good citizen. I regret that indisposition, which, from present appearances, is not likely to continue, may prevent me from leading the van; but indulge the grateful hope of sharing with you the dangers and glory of prostrating those hellhounds, who are capable of such barbarities. In the meantime, let all who can arm themselves, do so, and hasten to Fort Stephens.”

Among the thousand daring incidents in the life of General Jackson, nothing excels in desperate courage this act of

mandatory force over himself. The day fixed for assembling the army at Fayetteville was the 4th of October, just thirty days from the time Jackson was shot by the Bentons.

When the committee went to see him, his surgeons were there, and forbade any discussion of the matter. But "Old Hickory" had a way of rising above doctors when his country needed him. Sixteen days before the committee saw him he had been so badly wounded in a fight with Thomas and Jesse Benton that a majority of his physicians decided to take off his arm. His condition was really critical, and gave him extreme pain. There, perhaps, never lived a man, a capable officer, who would have undertaken to lead an army under the same conditions. Without the loss of a day, he managed, through the Governor and General Cocke, who was in the city, to have an order for supplies to be sent from East Tennessee down the river to meet him at Ditto's Landing.

On the 25th of September the Legislature passed a bill appropriating \$300,000 to pay and feed the soldiers, taking the chance of being reimbursed by the general Government; and in a few days General Jackson was lifted on his horse, with his arm in a sling and his shoulder bandaged, and on the 7th of October he reached Fayetteville, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, and took command of his army.

Under the order of the Governor, 3,500 men were called out for immediate service — 2,500 from West Tennessee (what is now Middle and West Tennessee) under General Jackson; the others from East Tennessee under General Cocke.

The reader will see — get a good look at this remarkable man — his alertness, his force of character, when I recount that he was shot on the 4th of September; it was on the 19th of September the committee took him out of the hands of his surgeons, and when the Governor ordered him to take command of the army. It was the 25th of September when the

Legislature authorized 3,500 men to be called out, and appropriated \$300,000 to back up the call; it was the 4th of October the army was ordered to be at Fayetteville, Tennessee; it was the 7th of October when the General took command, and this was thirty-three days after his desperate fight with the Bentons, in which a slug from the pistol of Jesse Benton had crushed through one shoulder, and with a bullet still in the other arm.

This was not all; but at the time the committee rescued him from his surgeons he called up John Coffee, who proved to be the man that Providence had assigned to him to do a great work, as this and the subsequent campaigns showed — the man who had commanded his cavalry in the Natchez campaign, and who had been at his side in the desperate fight with the Bentons, and ordered him to have 700 cavalry ready for the service at the earliest possible moment. These men were on their horses and ready when the bill passed the Legislature, the 25th of September. General Jackson ordered Coffee to move rapidly into the Mississippi Territory, crossing the Tennessee River, and as quick as possible report the movement of the Indians. When General Jackson reached Fayetteville, on the 7th of October, Coffee, with his cavalry, was between the Tennessee and Coosa Rivers, had his pickets out, and on the 11th of October an express from Coffee dashed into Fayetteville and announced that the Indians in two large bodies were moving in the direction of the Tennessee and Georgia frontiers.

At this General Jackson was pleased, for his expeditious movements had been made with the view of a forced march to Mobile, to save the helpless people there from the fate which had come to the women and children at Fort Mimms. Jackson immediately issued an order to march that same day, and the messenger was hurrying back to Coffee with a letter, saying that he would move immediately: "That it is highly satisfactory that the Creeks are so attentive to my

situation as to save me the pain of traveling; I must not be outdone in politeness, and will, therefore, endeavor to meet them on the middle ground."

This express messenger reached General Jackson on the 11th of October, at 12 o'clock, and at 3 o'clock the whole army was moving, and at 8 o'clock that night it reached Huntsville, a distance of thirty-two miles. This seems incredible, but it is authenticated. Perhaps none but an army of frontiersmen could have done it.

This wonderful accomplishment was the work of a mind and heart deeply touched by the awful butcheries at Fort Mimms. It proves what alert sagacity can do in a great emergency. A father with a pardon for a son condemned to die, but saved if 100 miles could be ridden in one day, could have been no more determined to accomplish it or die, than was Jackson to protect the frontiers and save the unarmed and helpless people in the territory from the awful fate that awaited them.

Jackson had kept up with Tecumseh's war in the West, and from the day he got out of bed and left his surgeons, express messengers and flying people were reaching him and praying for relief.

This chapter is the opening — the unfolding — of a period in American history that is laden with thrilling incidents and known as the "Jacksonian Period," generally by writers supposed to include Jackson's presidential terms from 1829 to 1837. But the Jacksonian period begins with Jackson getting out of bed on the 19th of September, 1813, and not ending when he left the White House on the 4th of March, 1837, but ending when he died, 1845; for when he went out of office he left Mr. VanBuren in the presidential chair, whom he had undoubtedly put there; and when he died in 1845, Mr. Polk was President, who had undoubtedly been elected by the influence and name of General Jackson.

Prejudice and passion have prescribed bounds, and put

limitations on the capacity and public service of this wonderful man; but he came like a great meteor from another planet, and when he struck the earth he made his own marks, that will not be effaced until civilization turns back to wipe out landmarks.

Whoever gets the facts of this chapter in his head, and then carefully reads the entire history of the Creek campaign, will be prepared to appreciate what Lord Wellington said to Major Donalson at a dinner table in London, when the latter was on his way as Minister to Berlin, to wit: "That he had carefully read the history of General Jackson's Creek Campaign; and if he had never done anything else, this would have made Jackson one of the great generals of the world."

CHAPTER IX.

JACKSON'S CLOSE TOUCH WITH HIS MEN — ISSUES MOST EXTRAORDINARY ORDERS TO ARMY — CORRESPONDENCE WITH OFFICERS — JACKSON'S DISPATCH CONCERNING SITUATION IN INDIAN STRONGHOLD — KINDNESS TO THE POOR FAMISHED INDIANS.

PERHAPS no general, not even Napoleon, ever kept himself in touch with his army as Jackson did.

Like Julius Cæsar, he kept no secrets; at short intervals he issued spirited addresses, and had them read to the army. Before leaving Fayetteville he issued and had read the following address:

“We are about to furnish these savages a lesson of admonition; we are about to teach them that our long forbearance has not proceeded from an insensibility to wrongs, or an inability to redress them. They stand in need of such warning. In proportion as we have borne with their insults and submitted to their outrages, they have multiplied in number and increased in atrocity. But the measure of their offenses is at length filled. The blood of our women and children recently spilled at Fort Mimms calls for our vengeance; it must not call in vain. Our borders must be no longer disturbed by the warwhoop of these savages and the cries of their suffering victims. The torch that has been lighted up must be made to blaze in the heart of their own country. It is time they should be made to feel the weight of a power which, because it was merciful, they believed to be impotent. But how shall a war so long forborne and so loudly called for by retributive justice be waged? Shall we imitate the examples of our enemies in the disorder of our movement and the savageness of their disposition? Is it worthy the character of American soldiers, who take up arms to redress the wrongs of an injured country, to assume

no better models than those furnished them by barbarians? No, fellow soldiers; great as are the grievances that have called us from our home, we must not permit disorderly passions to tarnish the reputations we shall carry along with us. We must and will be victorious; but we must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance, and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity.

"We will commence the campaign by an inviolable attention to discipline and subordination. Without a strict observance of these, victory must ever be uncertain, and ought hardly be exulted in, even when gained. To what but the entire disregard of order and subordination are we to ascribe the disasters which have attended our arms in the North during the present war? How glorious will it be to remove the blots which have tarnished the fair character bequeathed us by the fathers of our revolution? The bosom of your General is full of hope. He knows the ardor which animated you, and already exults in the triumph which your strict observance of discipline and good order will render certain."

Was any order ever issued by the commander of an army to his soldiers that excels this? But to this day this great American soldier is only an "ignorant backwoodsman."

Reaching Huntsville, Jackson found the news of the near approach of the Indians had been exaggerated, and the next day he marched leisurely to the Tennessee River and crossed, coming up with Colonel Coffee.

Under orders from the Governor, and by an agreement with General Cocke, the supplies to feed the army were to be sent down the river to meet the moving army at Ditto's Landing, ten miles south of Huntsville. But putting the failure on low water, General Cocke and his contractors had failed to have the supplies, and General Jackson found himself in the Indian's country, on the bank of the river, and entirely beyond the settlements, hemmed in by rough mountains, no roads, with 2,500 men and 1,300 horses to be fed, with less than five days' rations. While the river at this

point was a beautiful and large stream, and apparently showed sufficient water for boats, yet it was soon found that the supplies from East Tennessee, expected, could not be depended upon. The question at once arose of moving the army back where it could be fed. To this General Jackson refused to listen. Cutting a road through the mountains up the river, he moved up to Thompson's Creek, twenty-two miles, to the place which is now known as Fort Deposit, hoping to there meet his supplies coming down the river, or hear something of them.

On reaching the mouth of Thompson's Creek, cutting his road and climbing mountains, which his private secretary, John Reed, in a letter to the quartermaster, William B. Lewis, whom the General had sent back to Nashville to see what could be done there, well describes the situation. It was written after all hopes of getting supplies were gone, and when the army, without anything to subsist on, was about moving. The letter was as follows :

"CAMP DEPOSIT, on Thompson's Creek,
"October 24, 1813.

"Major Lewis:

"DEAR SIR:— We have cut our way over mountains more tremendous than the Alps, and today we ascend others. At this place we have remained a day for the purpose of establishing a depot for provisions; but where those provisions are to come from, or when they are to arrive, God Almighty only knows. We had expected supplies from East Tennessee, but they have not arrived, and I am fearful they never will. I speak seriously when I declare I expect we shall soon have to eat our horses, and perhaps this is the best use we can put a great many of them to.

"The hostile Creeks, as we learned yesterday, from the Pathkiller, are assembling in great numbers within fifteen miles from Turkey Town. Chenully, who is posted with the friendly Creeks in the neighborhood of that place, it is feared will be destroyed before we can arrive to their relief.

In three days we shall probably have a fight. The General swears he will neither sound a retreat nor survive a defeat.

"General White, of the East Tennessee Militia, has not yet joined us, nor has Colonel Coffee returned, who was despatched before you left us; but we understand that Coffee lay within ten miles of us last night, and will be up by 12 o'clock. He saw no Indians, but burned some towns.

"General White, with the advance division, consisting perhaps of a thousand, arrived near a week ago at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and will probably form a junction with us in a few days, if our movements should not be too speedy for him. We, however, have been greatly delayed by the irregularity and scarcity of our supplies, and the ruggedness of the mountains over which we have had to pass. And the same causes will, no doubt, continue to impede our progress.

"We are distant from the Ten Islands about fifty miles by the nearest route, for which place we shall recommence our march in the evening, leaving Turkey Town and Chenully Fort to the left, unless we should find it necessary to go to them for their relief.

"We shall leave this place with less than two days' supply of provisions. Adieu. Write me if you have an opportunity. I am in a great hurry. Farewell again.

"JOHN REID."

Before leaving Ditto's Landing, Jackson had not only sent Major Lewis back to Nashville to forward supplies in wagons, but he had sent General Coffee with his cavalry out in the Indian country to destroy their towns and gather any supplies he could. He wrote letters to General Cocke and to Judge Hugh L. White, and to the Governor of Tennessee, making most earnest appeals for supplies. Most men would have turned back and gone where he could feed his army, but Jackson not for a moment listened to such a suggestion. All his letters were in substance:

"Give me provisions and I will end this war in a month."
"There is an enemy," he wrote, "whom I dread much more than I do the hostile Creeks, and whose power I am fearful

I shall first be made to feel — I mean the meagre monster, *Famine*. I shall leave this encampment in the morning direct for the Ten Islands, and thence, with as little delay as possible, to the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa. And yet, I have not on hand two days' supply of breadstuffs."

Before leaving Deposit, General Jackson wrote and caused to be read to the army an order — in truth, an address — complimenting the soldiers for the fortitude and sacrifice under which they were discharging their duties as officers. Among other things, he said:

"You have, fellow soldiers, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that embosoms the bones of their forefathers without furnishing you an opportunity of signalizing your valor. Wise men do not expect; brave men do not desire it. It was not to travel unmolested through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations; it was to avenge the cruelties committed upon your defenseless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies; you shall not be disappointed. If the enemy flees before us, we will overtake and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen."

The reader who knows not the country will never realize the hardihood of Jackson's march — road-making, rather — from Fort Deposit to the Ten Islands, on the Coosa River; it was across the Sand Mountain, one of the roughest and most forbidding mountains in the South; there were no roads and the country was entirely uninhabited. While the country was still new, more than fifty years ago, the writer of these memoirs crossed this mountain over the Jackson trace, and at that time to take a loaded wagon up and down the mountain was the dread of a journey from Tennessee to the South.

Jackson left Deposit on the 25th of October, depending

on the wild woods for something to feed his army. For nine days the bulk of the army was cutting down trees and digging up stumps to make a road; the balance were out destroying Indian towns, getting everything they could find, and hunting wild game to prevent starvation.

Coffee reported that the Indians in large numbers had collected at the Ten Islands, on the Coosa River, an Indian town called Tallesehatchie, and in nine days after leaving Deposit, Jackson's army was within ten miles of this body of Indians. He ordered Coffee, who had been made a brigadier general, to take a part of his command and bring on the fight.

It was on the evening of the 2d of November that this order was made on General Coffee, and at sunrise the next day Coffee was bringing on the fight. Coffee lost forty-six men killed and wounded. The Indians, under the teaching of Tecumseh, fought with religious fury. In the hottest of the fight one of their prophets climbed upon a cabin and stood out in full view, defying the white man's bullets, and showing the warriors how the Great Spirit protected him. Soon he tumbled off, but the warriors stood their ground and fought bravely until the last man was killed. Not one asked quarter; not one was left alive. One hundred and eighty-six lay dead on the battlefield. Eighty-four women and children were taken prisoners and brought to the General's headquarters.

Two things conspired to make this the single exception in American battles — every man on one side being killed. One was, the Indians commenced the war under the inspiration of their prophets — that they must neither ask nor give quarter, and the belief on the part of General Jackson and his entire army that nothing short of such a lesson would cool the frenzy of the war spirit and the hellish purpose of recovering their lost country by killing all the white people, the child at the mother's breast.

The report of General Jackson, made to Governor Blount, is as follows:

"We have retaliated for the destruction of Fort Mimms. On the 2d I detached General Coffee with a part of his brigade of cavalry and mounted riflemen to destroy Talleeshatchie, where a considerable force of the hostile Creeks had concentrated. The General executed this in style. One hundred and eighty-six of the enemy were found dead on the field, and about eighty prisoners taken, forty of whom have been brought here. In the numbers left there is a sufficiency, but slightly wounded, to take care of those who are badly. I have to regret that five of my brave soldiers have been killed, and about thirty wounded; some badly, but none, I hope, mortally. Both officers and men behaved with the utmost bravery and deliberation. Captains Smith, Bradley and Winston are wounded, all slightly. No officer is killed. So soon as General Coffee makes his report, I shall enclose it. If we had a sufficient supply of provisions, should, in a short time, accomplish the object of our expedition."

The women and children taken and brought in were sent to the white settlements and cared for. General Coffee, in his report to General Jackson, expressed his deep regrets that in the Talleeshatchie battle, where the Indians fought from their houses, a few women had been unavoidably killed, and from the arms of one of the dead women a little child had been taken, which was brought into camp. (This was Lincöyer, described in a former chapter.)

On the 7th of November, four days after the battle, General Jackson was notified by an escaped friendly Indian of a large body of Indians at Talledega, thirty miles away; that there were 154 friendly Indians in a fort at that place, and that they were literally starving and without a drop of water, and would certainly all be killed by the infuriated hostiles, who were dancing around the prisoners, making merry over the coming slaughter.

General Jackson had spent the four days in improvising a fort for his sick and wounded, of which he had quite a large number. He was literally without supplies of any kind, and his men were almost frenzied with hunger. At this point, General White, under Major General Cocke, with a command, reached the vicinity, having come from the Georgia frontiers, and sent an express to General Jackson that he would join him next day, and that he had some supplies. This greatly relieved General Jackson, and having General White's promise to protect his sick and wounded in the improvised fort, known ever since as Fort Strother, he moved his army at once, crossing the river at night, and the next day, the 8th of November, he was in the neighborhood of Talladega, and at daylight on the 9th attacked the Indians 1,000 strong; and this is the way General Jackson, in his dispatch to the Governor, tells the story of the battle:

"At sunrise," said the General in his dispatch, "we came within half a mile of them, and, having formed my men, I moved on in battle order. The infantry were in three lines, the militia on the left and the volunteers on the right. The cavalry formed the two extreme wings, and were ordered to advance in a curve, keeping their rear connected with the advance of their infantry lines, and enclose the enemy in a circle. The advanced guard, whom I sent on to bring on the engagement, met the attack of the enemy with great intrepidity; and having poured upon them four or five very gallant rounds, fell back, as they had been previously ordered, to the main army. The enemy pursued, and the front line was now ordered to meet them; but owing to some misunderstanding, a few companies of militia, who composed a part of it, commenced a retreat. At this moment a corps of cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Dyer, which I had kept as a reserve, was ordered to dismount and fill up the vacancy occasioned by the retreat. This order was executed with great promptitude and effect. The militia, seeing this, speedily rallied; and the fire became general along the front line, and on that part of the wings

which were contiguous. The enemy, unable to stand it, began to retreat, but were met at every turn and repulsed in every direction. The right wing chased them, with a most destructive fire, to the mountains, a distance of about three miles, and had I not been compelled by the *faux pas* of the militia in the outset of the battle to dismount my reserve, I believe not a man of them would have escaped. The victory, however, was very decisive. Two hundred and ninety of the enemy were left dead, and there can be no doubt but that many more were killed who were not found. Wherever they ran they left behind traces of blood, and it is believed very few will return to their villages in as sound condition as they left them. In the engagement we lost fifteen killed and eighty-five wounded; two of these have since died. All the officers acted with utmost bravery, and so did all the privates, except that part of the militia who retreated at the commencement of the battle, and they hastened to atone for their error. Taking the whole together, they have realized the high expectations I have formed of them, and have fairly entitled themselves to the gratitude of their country."

The happiness and joy of the poor friendly Indians, when they found that they had been saved from the horrible tortures that awaited them — having been several days without bread or water — was a scene, as the soldiers who witnessed it relate, that can never be told.

Just before the battle was fought, General Jackson received a dispatch from General White to the effect that he could not, as he had promised, proceed to Fort Strother and protect the sick and wounded — that General Cocke had ordered him back. This created in General Jackson's mind intense anxiety, such was the uncertainty as to the movements of the Indians, and such their alertness when they did move, and it being known that a large force was out on the move, besides those he was dealing with, that he feared the worst; but he decided to expedite his campaign as laid out, and return to Fort Strother with all possible dispatch. Having gained this signal victory and buried his dead, he

made a forced march and reached Fort Strother to find the enemy, which he dreaded more than the Indians—starvation.

The return to Fort Strother was the beginning of a series of conflicts which, in my opinion, no other man but General Jackson would have triumphed over. General Jackson's powers were never tested, and his heroism never shone as in the ten weeks after the Battle of Talladega. General White having disappointed him and returned under orders of General Cocke, when he, Jackson, came back to Fort Strother, he found the sick and wounded and the guards he had left literally starving. The army that he had led to Talladega, fighting that sanguinary battle, burying the dead and making a forced march back, had been, during the entire campaign, without supplies, except a few bushels of corn which they found in the hands of the Indians at Talladega.

Literally starving himself, General Jackson devoted himself to letter writing, imploring the Governor, contractors, friends, to save his army from starvation. Here is a sample of these letters:

"I have been compelled," he wrote to a contractor a few days after Talladega, "to return here for the want of supplies, when I could have completed the destruction of the enemy in ten days; and on my arrival I find those I had left behind in the same starving condition with those who accompanied me. For God's sake, send me, with all despatch, plentiful supplies of bread and meat. We have been starving for several days, and it will not do to continue so much longer. Hire wagons and purchase supplies at any price rather than defeat the expedition. General White, instead of forming a junction with me, as he assured me he would, has taken the retrograde motion, after amusing himself with consuming provisions for three weeks in the Cherokee Nation, and left me to rely on my own strength."

These letters were sent by express messengers, and occasionally, at long intervals, scant supplies would come.

Whatever of bread and meat was obtained was given to the soldiers, for Jackson realized that the bravest man in the world could not be kept in the field if a famine lasted many days.

Marshall McMahon said after one of the Italian battles :

“Few men know how important it is in war for soldiers not to be kept waiting for their rations.”

And Napoleon said, on being asked what a soldier needed most : “A full belly and a good pair of shoes.”

Jackson's force consisted of two kinds of troops — militia and volunteers. In this starving condition the first signs of mutiny were seen with the militia. The volunteers were literally crying for something to eat, but their pride held them true to the cause after the militia in bodies were threatening to leave. The mutiny began in talks around their camp fires, where the soldiers discussed the policy of returning to the settlements where they could be fed, as the army could not move on the enemy without supplies. Finally, the militia, after ten days of gnawing hunger, in a body, resolved, without the General's consent, to go back to the settlements.

Jackson heard of it the morning the movement began, and they found him at the head of his volunteers with orders to stop the militia, peacefully if they could, forcibly if they must. It was a trying moment; the militia wavered, then returned to the camp.

Probably the starving volunteers regretted the failure of the militia, for night did not come until they had resolved to go, and actually moved off in a body, to find Jackson at the head of the militia, blocking their path and commanding his troops to march the volunteers back to camp. The scene was as ludicrous as it was daring, and the volunteers in sullen silence returned to the camp.

The cavalry under Coffee had been sent back to Huntsville to recruit their horses, which, if possible, were in worse condition than the men. Jackson now had one thousand men remaining with him in the wilderness, not knowing how they were to live.

The Tennessee press shortly afterward was full of a dinner which it was said Jackson gave his officers; coolly, after the officers had taken their seats, pouring out on the table a tin cupful of acorns, with an apology, and an assurance that he hoped to have scalybarks in a week or so. Day by day the condition grew worse, and General Jackson, in person, read to the army the following address:

"What," he asked, "is the present situation of our camp? A number of our fellow soldiers are wounded and unable to help themselves. Shall it be said that we are so lost to humanity as to leave them in this condition? Can anyone under these circumstances, and under these prospects, consent to an abandonment of our camp? Of all that we have acquired in the midst of so many difficulties, privations and dangers; what it will cost us so much to regain; of what we never can regain — our brave, wounded companions, who will be murdered by our unthinking, unfeeling inhumanity? Surely there can be none such. No, we will take with us when we go our wounded and sick. They must not, shall not, perish by our cold-blooded indifference. But why should you despond? I do not; and yet your wants are no greater than mine. To be sure we do not live sumptuously; but no one has died of hunger or is likely to die; and then how animating are our prospects. Large supplies are at Deposit, and already are officers dispatched to hasten them on. Wagons are on the way. A large number of beeves are in the neighborhood, and detachments are out to bring them in. All these resources cannot fail. I have no wish to starve you — none to deceive you. Stay contentedly; and if supplies do not arrive in two days, we will all march back together, and throw the blame of our failure where it should properly lie; until then we certainly have the means of subsisting; and if we are compelled to bear privations,

let us remember that they are borne for our country, and are not greater than many, perhaps most, armies have been compelled to endure. I have called you together to tell you my feelings and my wishes; this evening think on them seriously, and let me know yours in the morning."

Upon consultation, the officers of the volunteer regiments returned to General Jackson and told him that the men could not be kept even for the two days; but the militia officers said their men would remain and see if the supplies came.

Thereupon General Jackson ordered one regiment of volunteers to meet the provisions, while the other regiment of volunteers, shamed by the course of the militia, agreed to stay. The starving men remained the two days — militia and volunteers — but the provisions not coming, Jackson found himself caught in his own trap, and, overburdened with despondency, he threw up his hands and said, "If only two men will stay with me, I will stay and die in the wilderness." Captain Thomas Kennedy Gordon stepped out and said: "General, I'll stay with you and die with you in the wilderness." Then Gordon turned in among the men looking for volunteers, and one hundred and nine men pledged themselves to the General to stay with him. Thereupon Jackson stipulated with the army that he would take his one hundred and nine men and proceed with them in the direction of Deposit, and if the supplies were met they should all return and finish the campaign.

Jackson's intense anxiety came from a knowledge of the fact that a very large force of the Creek warriors were assembling at a point further south, threatening vengeance to the frontier settlements, and which he felt sure had to be destroyed if the women and children were to be saved. So Jackson, upon this bargain, with his staff and one hundred and nine men at the head of the army — all hungry and haggard — moved off on the road to Deposit. In the course of the day the army met the supplies — one hundred

and fifty beeves and other supplies. The command was, "Halt, kill and eat."

In short order many beeves were killed and cooked, and the soldiers' gnawing hunger was satisfied.

Then came a scene that will never be put on paper. Having started home, thinking of wife and children — maybe they were without bread — thinking of their own suffering for the past weeks, and of entering upon another campaign in the wilderness, when they would soon again be beyond the reach of supplies from home, as if an evil spirit had come in and beguiled the whole army into disobedience — actual mutiny. It was the work of an hour and the army was in a state of mutiny; many of the officers gave their consent to support and aid the mutinous spirit. An argument that had been hinted was now openly made — that their term would soon expire, certainly before another campaign could be made. This was all done so quickly that the General knew nothing about it until one regiment had moved off, the others preparing to follow.

When the General got the news his rage amounted to a cyclone in the wilderness — he was simply an organized fury. They were not only soldiers under him, but he had as a last resort — for the time — surrendered his authority and contracted with the army that, if they met the supplies and their hunger was appeased, they would return and follow him until the Creek army was destroyed and the frontiers protected. He had kept his part of the contract. If there was, with General Jackson, anything in the world that, in sacredness, equaled the obligation of the soldier, it was the fulfillment of a contract. His whole life, as a merchant, as a business man, his contracts were absolutely inviolable — they were kept, no matter what it cost. But with his soldiers now, the mutiny when they were not hungry, and the breach of a contract which they had solemnly made, put him where he would have fought a den of wildcats. So,

when he found that one regiment had moved off, and others were following, he mounted his horse and galloped down the road, followed by a few trusties, and making a detour he was soon ahead of the moving regiment. To his delight he met his "old reliable," General Coffee, returning. Relying on nobody, giving no orders, he seized an old musket, rode back until he met the deserters — as he called them — and facing them with a fury that was as majestic as a rising storm, with one arm still in a sling, he laid his gun across his disabled arm and swore by the "Almighty" that he would shoot the first man that passed him. General Coffee rushed to his side; the soldiers wavered; then took up the line of march for Fort Strother. Sending Coffee at the head of the army back, he turned his face to Fort Deposit, and from that point in communication with Major Lewis, the Governor and the friends at home, he was soon in condition to feed his army and move on to the Fort Mimms murderers, who were assembling in large numbers at Emuckfau and the Horse Shoe.

General Jackson's worth can be known, his faults condoned, and the maligners of his character estimated, only when what he did for his country, and under what circumstances, are fully realized.

A revelation of the preparations being made by England as she was closing up the war with Napoleon and preparing to put a powerful army in the South — relying as she was on the Creek Indians with their scalping knives and tomahawks as the advance guard — could not have inspired him with more daring and desperate courage than he exhibited in his determination to destroy the ally of the British so much relied on. He not only had starvation in his army, out in the enemy's country, to contend with; he had mutiny in its most aggravated form — the result of starvation — and with an army in whose bravery he had the utmost confidence; not only this, but as yet to be shown, he had the

Governor of the State virtually ordering him back where he could feed his army — but with it all, a great starving colossus, he stood out in the wilderness and said: "Here I stay and die in defense of the helpless and for the honor of my country, if only two men will stay with me."

By this unexampled self-sacrifice and personal heroism he captured the Governor of the State, brought back his army, freed the frontiers from the British murdering allies, and finally made haughty old England respect a people who, a few months before, had been a nation of cowards in the estimation of a braggart press.

And this respect has now lasted eighty-five years.

CHAPTER X.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOVERNOR BLOUNT AND
GENERAL JACKSON — JACKSON REFUSES TO RETURN TO
TENNESSEE, AND RAISES A NEW ARMY.

IN writing the *LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON*, every truthful scrap of history that can now be picked up about the Creek campaign, and especially that part of the campaign now under consideration, merits its place in this work, and no part of the investigation, now undergoing the third revision, has imposed on me a more sacred trust, with a stronger feeling and higher appreciation of the sublime — transcendently sublime — character of this great American soldier than the Creek Campaign. Great as was his power in all the crises, and wonderful as were his marvelous successes as soldier and statesman as well as in business, nothing has so impressed me as the scenes through which we are now passing, and in them the reckless daring and hardihood — no other words will do. It was a desperate courage and confidence in a great crisis, in whose surroundings was darkness, without a single star shining, and in whose future there was confidence in only one breast, and in whose outcome there was the glory of a great nation.

In the preceding chapters the reader is brought to see truly the situation, and may appreciate what took place between the Governor of Tennessee and General Jackson, remembering that under the Constitution the Governor was his superior officer, for Jackson was in command of Tennessee troops — fighting, it is true, the battle of the general Government; but he was only in a patriotic sense an officer

of the United States, this campaign being a Tennessee campaign so far.

The part of the Governor's letter which General Jackson replied to is as follows :

"I am incapable of willingly saying or doing anything to injure the service, or that which would injuriously affect the reputation of deserving men, or the standing of an able and patriotic hero and general; but, as a friend to my Government, most ardently desirous that every step taken in this quarter may promote the good of the service, and the standing of those who deserve well of their country, I do not see what important good can grow out of your continuing at an advanced post, in the enemy's country, with a handful of brave men. Would it not, under all circumstances, be most likely to be attended with good consequences for you to return to the frontier of Tennessee, and, with your patriotic force, defend our frontier, where provision can be readily afforded on better terms to Government, bringing with you your baggage and supplies; and there, on the frontier, await the order of the Government, or until I can be authorized to reinforce you, or to call a new force? At this time, I really do not feel authorized to order a draft, or I would, with the greatest of all pleasures I could feel, do it. Were I to attempt it in an unauthorized way, it would injure, as I think, the public service, which I would rather die than do. I could not positively assure the men that they would be paid.

"I send you a copy of the President's message, and am gratified to see the handsome terms he uses in speaking of your and of General Coffee's battles. He seems to mean something about Pensacola, and, to effect his object best, a new force should certainly be organized. Many who are now, and have been, on the campaign, would go again on that business, if they are pleased with the President's decision respecting their term of service, under the late orders. I shall, from what I have said about the propriety of your return to the Tennessee frontier, feel bound to send a copy of this to the War Department, for the information of Government, and by way of apology for offering such

an opinion to an officer in the service of the United States.

"I am, with highest respect and most sincere regard,
"Your friend, WILLIE BLOUNT."

General Jackson's reply to this letter is as follows :

"Had your wish that I should discharge a part of my force, and retire with the residue into the settlements, assumed the form of a positive order, it might have furnished me some apology for pursuing such a course, but by no means a full justification. As you would have no power to give such an order, I could not be inculpable in obeying, with my eyes open to the fatal consequences that would attend it. But a bare recommendation, founded, as I am satisfied it must be, on the artful suggestions of those fireside patriots who seek in a failure of the expedition an excuse for their own supineness, and upon the misrepresentations of the discontented from the army, who wish it to be believed that the difficulties which overcame their patriotism are wholly insurmountable, would afford me but a feeble shield against the reproaches of my country or my conscience. Believe me, my respected friend, the remarks I make proceed from the purest personal regard. If you would preserve your reputation, or that of the State over which you preside, you must take a straightforward, determined course, regardless of the applause or censure of the populace, and of the forebodings of that dastardly and designing crew who, at a time like this, may be expected to clamor continually in your ears. The very wretches who now beset you with evil counsel will be the first, should the measures which they recommend eventuate in disaster, to call down imprecations on your head and load you with reproaches. Your country is in danger; apply its resources to its defense. Can any course be more plain? Do you, my friend, at such a moment as the present, sit with your arms folded and your heart at ease, waiting a solution of your doubts and definitions of your powers? Do you wait for special instructions from the Secretary of War, which it is impossible for you to receive in time for the danger that threatens? How did the venerable Shelby act under similar circumstances, or, rather, under circumstances by no means so critical? Did he wait

for orders to do what every man of sense knew—what every patriot felt to be right? He did not; and yet how highly and justly did the Government extol his manly and energetic conduct! and how dear has his name become to every friend of his country!

“You say that an order to bring the necessary quota of men into the field has been given, and that, of course, your power ceases; and, although you are made sensible that the order has been wholly neglected, you can take no measure to remedy the omission. Widely different, indeed, is my opinion. I consider it your imperious duty when the men, called for by your authority, founded upon that of the Government, are known not to be in the field, to see that they be brought there; and to take immediate measures with the officer who, charged with the execution of your order, omits or neglects to do it. As the executive of the State, it is your duty to see that the full quota of troops be constantly kept in the field for the time they have been required. You are responsible to the Government, your officer to you. Of what avail is it to give an order if it be never executed, and may be disobeyed with impunity? Is it by empty mandates that we can hope to conquer our enemies, and save our defenseless frontiers from butchery and devastation? Believe me, my valued friend, there are times when it is highly criminal to shrink from responsibility, or scruple about the exercise of our powers. There are times when we must disregard punctilious etiquette, and think only of serving our country. The enemy we have been sent to subdue may be said, if we stop at this, to be only exasperated. The commander in chief, General Pinckney, who supposes me by this time prepared for renewed operations, has ordered me to advance and form a junction with the Georgia army; and upon the expectation that I will do so are all his arrangements formed for the prosecution of the campaign. Will it do to defeat his plans, and jeopardize the safety of the Georgia army? The general Government, too, believe, and have a right to believe, that we have now not less than five thousand men in the heart of the enemy’s country; and on this opinion are all their calculations bottomed; and must they all be frustrated, and I become the instrument by which it is done? God forbid!

“You advise me to discharge or dismiss from service, until the will of the President can be known, such portion of the militia as have rendered three months’ service. This advice astonishes me even more than the former. I have no such discretionary power; and if I had, it would be impolitic and ruinous to exercise it. I believed the militia who were not specially received for a shorter period were engaged for six months, unless the objects of the expedition should be sooner attained; and in this opinion I was greatly strengthened by your letter of the 15th, in which you say, when answering my inquiry upon this subject, ‘the militia are detached for six months’ service’; nor did I know or suppose you had a different opinion until the arrival of your last letter. This opinion must, I suppose, agreeably to your request, be made known to General Roberts’ brigade, and then the consequences are not difficult to be foreseen. Every man belonging to it will abandon me on the 4th of next month; nor shall I have the means of preventing it but by the application of force, which, under such circumstances, I shall not be at liberty to use. I have labored hard to reconcile these men to a continuance in service until they could be honorably discharged, and had hoped I had, in a great measure, succeeded; but your opinion, operating with their own prejudices, will give a sanction to their conduct, and render useless any further attempts. They will go; but I can neither discharge or dismiss them. Shall I be told that, as they will go, it may as well be peaceably permitted? Can that be any good reason why I should do an unauthorized act? Is it a good reason why I should violate the order of my superior officer, and evince a willingness to defeat the purposes of my Government? And wherein does the ‘sound policy’ of the measures that have been recommended consist? or in what way are they ‘likely to promote the public good’? Is it sound policy to abandon a conquest thus far made, and deliver up to havoc, or add to the number of our enemies, those friendly Creeks and Cherokees, who, relying on our protection, have espoused our cause and aided us with their arms? Is it good policy to turn loose upon our defenseless frontiers five thousand exasperated savages, to reek their hands once more in the blood of our citizens? What! retrograde under such cir-

cumstances! I will perish first. No, I will do my duty; I will hold the posts I have established, until ordered to abandon them by the commanding general, or die in the struggle; long since have I determined not to seek the preservation of life at the sacrifice of reputation.

"But our frontiers, it seems, are to be defended, and by whom? By the very force that is now recommended to be dismissed — for I am first told to retire into the settlements and protect the frontiers; next, to discharge my troops; and then, that no measures can be taken for raising others. No, my friend; if troops be given me, it is not by loitering on the frontiers that I seek to give protection; they are to be defended, if defended at all, in a very different manner — by carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's country. All other hopes of defense are more visionary than dreams. What, then, is to be done? I'll tell you what. You have only to act with the energy and decision the crisis demands, and all will be well. Send me a force engaged for six months, and I will answer for the result; but withholding it, and all is lost — the reputation of the State, and yours, and mine along with it."

This letter of General Jackson to Governor Blount is a part of American history which an author is unwilling to leave, filling up so much space and no more. It is a sign-board on the highway which says to the traveler, "Look back and remember the past," and to the seer, "Look into the future and tell its story to those who do not know it." And the author is tempted to stop and tell the muses who may write a play — a drama — and let the curtain rise that a moving and forgetful people may not only see the monarch of the masses as he came from an obscurity so dense that he did not know what State he was born in, as their ancestors had seen and loved him, but see him in the work to come as a commander of armies — showing the Indians there was a better business than a massacre of women and children; showing a Spanish Alcalde that there was a better business than giving shelter to a British fleet; showing the British

Commissioners at Ghent that peace was a good thing when Jackson with his army had cleaned up the Indians and was on his way to New Orleans; and then showing old England that Wellington's troops could not whip Tennessee squirrel hunters.

But leaving the muses, what do we see — the Governor getting Jackson's letter; a converted man; out with all his staff, including Jackson's two preachers, telling the story of Jackson with a handful of men fighting back the Fort Mimms murderers until he can get an army — and Tennessee is aroused as never before or since, and Jackson has a new army and supplies to feed them.

When this second Tennessee Army reached Jackson in the Indian Nation, he had lost a good many soldiers, and his great Lieutenant Coffee was wounded in one of two battles he had fought to keep the Indians back.

The letter here published is not the work of an illiterate man.

If Jackson did not write this letter; if he did not give it body, language, force; if it was not his thoughts, with his own power of expressing them, then he did have an amanuensis out in the wilderness capable of commanding an army himself, or of doing any other thing which exceptionally great men only are capable of doing; for when a man gets big enough to think the thoughts and put them together, making a structure that rides the storm like the great ship rides the waves, he quits taking dictation and becomes himself a master instead of a servant.

Whoever studies the conditions and then studies this letter, will see that while other great generals, the victors of battles, have made new maps, fixing new boundaries for their own and other countries, Jackson by this one letter, and by his supreme power in organizing the army which the letter brought him, made it possible for him to show the world a new map of his own beloved country — spreading

it out over land and sea, and into all countries, and on every shore where the stars and stripes signalize the lawful purpose of American citizenship.

In the powerful array of facts and force of character which this letter exhibited, Jackson won over the Governor, brought back the mutinous and deserting army, and brought a citizen soldiery which met, conquered, and drove out of the country an army of double their numbers, which had captured Hull and saturated the soil at Frenchtown with American blood.

It will be a revelation to many people that those who had an opportunity and did examine the files at an early day, have already shown that this letter was written by Jackson, and is in his strong, bold hand.

The new army, which the letter brought, of near four thousand men, assembled at Fort Strother; supplies were hauled over the mountains from Tennessee.

Leaving a force to protect his rear — for while Jackson knew the Indians were assembling on the Tallapoosa River about fifty miles south, he knew Indians were uncertain, and thus guarding well his rear — he took two thousand of the best horses and that many men and moved on the army.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXCURSION — JACKSON'S REPORT TO GENERAL PINCKNEY — WAS A MAJOR GENERAL AND COMMANDING TENNESSEE MILITIA, REPORTING TO UNITED STATES OFFICER — BATTLE OF EMOCKFAU AND ENOCTACHOPOC — GENERAL COFFEE WOUNDED — JACKSON AND HIS COMPANY OF OFFICERS — STARVATION AND MUTINY, BUT NO RETREAT FOR JACKSON.

C ONTINUING the subject under discussion in the last chapter, Governor Blount's letter of the 23d of December, 1813, and General Jackson's reply, as indicating a condition of affairs than which nothing could be darker in the outlook, and believing that to know General Jackson the light should be let in on every phase of the Creek campaign, I shall quote somewhat at large from Putnam Waldo's "Life of Jackson." Mr. Waldo was a citizen of Massachusetts, was an honest believer in General Jackson, a thoroughly capable writer, and wrote his life of Jackson only four years after the close of the Creek campaign — that is, in 1818. This book, a small volume, is valuable in many respects. It was written when there was reliable evidence to be had about the Jackson family, the mother of the great soldier and her trials in desperate poverty, and how she instilled into the minds of her boys sentiments of patriotism. Patriotism with her meant nursing the sick and wounded in the Revolution, and death to the British. General Jackson's critical and responsible position is well stated by this faithful biographer in some extracts, including a letter written from Huntsville the same day,

December 23d, on which Governor Blount wrote the letter to General Jackson. Mr. Waldo says:

"Soon after the battle of Talladega, Brigadier General Coffee's mounted volunteers and cavalry were permitted to retire into the settlements to recruit their horses. They were to rendezvous at Huntsville, in Mississippi Territory, upon the 8th of December, where General Coffee was dangerously sick. Upon this excellent officer and his gallant men General Jackson placed the most confident reliance. They rendezvoused upon the 8th, but they had caught the infection that pervaded the infantry — the fever of home and home ties. They, however, proceeded towards headquarters; but they were no longer the 'men they were.' It must always be admitted that they had already rendered essential service to their country, and it was the reputation they had acquired that rendered it desirable to have them continue in the service. General Jackson, seconded in his views by the gallant Coffee and by many patriots of the first water, exerted again his great powers, but exerted them in vain. Governor Blount ordered the volunteers to be dismissed, and they returned home.

"General Jackson was now in a situation which required all the fortitude of the man, all the nerve of the soldier, and all the sagacity of the statesman. He held frequent communications with Governor Blount, of Tennessee; Governor Early, of Georgia, and Major General Pinckney, and his opinion seemed to be a guide for theirs. Certain it is that Governor Blount, towards the close of 1813, owing to the disaffection of the Tennessee troops, and the reluctance with which volunteers appeared, recommended an abandonment of the expedition into the Creek country. The urgent and cogent expostulations of General Jackson induced him to change his opinion, and to resort to the most energetic measures to prosecute the war, which had been so successfully commenced by him."

Perhaps the situation of General Jackson at this time cannot be better described than it is in the following letter, written by a gentleman known by the author to be of the first respectability:

"HUNTSVILLE, M. T., December 23, 1813.

"Since the battle of Tallehatchie and Talladega, the army of General Jackson has crumbled to pieces. The whole of his volunteer infantry are returning home, insisting that their time of service expired on the 10th of the month, being the anniversary of their rendezvous at Nashville. (These were troops who had volunteered for the Natchez campaign.) The General, however, did not discharge them; the decision is left with the Governor of Tennessee. What he will do is not yet known. The universal impression, however, is that they will be discharged. Yet nothing is more clear than that they have not served twelve months, and they were by law to serve twelve months in a period of two years, unless sooner discharged. The General's force now at Fort Strother, Ten Islands of Coosa, may amount to about 1,500 men, chiefly drafted militia. Of these nearly the whole will be entitled to discharge about the 4th of the ensuing month. It is supposed that not more than 150 or 200 (who are attached to the General personally, and will remain through motives of affection) will be left with him after that day. Doubtless you know that the brigade of cavalry volunteers and mounted riflemen, under the command of General Coffee, were sometime since ordered into the settlements to recruit their horses for a few days, and procure new ones."

In this dark hour, and while his letter and the Governor's proclamation and the appeals of Cartwright and Blackburn, under the inspiration of Jackson, were working out his final purpose of raising a new army in Tennessee, General Jackson, with his faithful Coffee and Carroll, and such raw troops as they could bring to him, made an excursion further into the Indian Nation. This was done from two considerations: First, to hold the great body of the Indians in check until he got ready to attack them; and, second, to keep his new recruits from the effects of idleness in camp. After he made this excursion, he made a report to Major General Pinckney, from which I make the following extract :

“Major General Jackson, of Tennessee Volunteers, to Major General Pinckney, of the United States Army:

“HEADQUARTERS, FORT STROTHER, January 29, 1814.

“Major General Thomas Pinckney:

“SIR — I had the honor of informing you in a letter of the 31st ult. (express) of an excursion I contemplated making still further in the enemy's country with the new-raised volunteers from Tennessee. I had ordered these troops to form a junction with me on the 10th instant, but they did not arrive until the 14th instant. Their number, including officers, was about 800, and on the 15th I marched them across the river to graze their horses. On the next day I followed with the remainder of my force, consisting of the artillery company with one six-pounder, one company of infantry of forty-eight men, two companies of spies — commanded by Captains Gordon and Russell — of about 300 men each, and a company of volunteer officers headed by General Coffee, who had been abandoned by his men, and who still remained in the field awaiting the orders of the Government, making my force, exclusive of the Indians, 930.”

This report is continued at great length — perhaps 2,000 words — showing all the details of this excursion. It is now cut down to a few paragraphs. As this work was first written, it was deemed necessary to publish much that it is now found space will not allow. But this report, in its minute details, is truly characteristic of a man whose life has been misunderstood by the American people, because Mr. Parton, along with other untruths, has told his readers that Jackson was greatly lacking in business qualities, while in all our wars there is no record of any general in the war office that is so complete; the truth is, his reports make a complete history of his service, including, as no other general has done, the parts performed by subordinates, giving in detail the movements of the army and how the orders were obeyed. This report, like many others that must be

cut down, is a full and complete history of the excursion. The report closes with the following :

"In these several engagements our loss was 20 killed and 75 wounded, four of whom have died since. The loss of the enemy cannot be accurately ascertained — 189 of their warriors were found dead ; but this must fall considerably short of the number really killed. Their wounded can only be guessed at. Had it not been for the unfortunate retreat of the rear guard in the affair of the 24th instant, I think I could safely have said that no army of militia ever acted with more cool and deliberate bravery, undisciplined and inexperienced as they were. Their conduct in the several engagements of the 22d could not have been surpassed by regulars. No army ever met the approach of an enemy with more intrepidity, or repulsed them with more energy. On the 24th, after the retreat of the rear guard, they seemed to have lost all their collectedness, and were more difficult to be restored to order than any troops I had ever seen. But this was no doubt owing in great measure, or altogether, to that very retreat, and ought rather to be ascribed to the want of courage in many of their officers than any cowardice in the men, who, on every occasion, have manifested a willingness to perform their duty, so far as they knew it.

"All the effects which were designed to be produced by this excursion it is believed have been produced. If an attack was meditated against Fort Armstrong, that has been prevented. If General Floyd is operating on the east side of the Tallapoosa, as I suppose him to be, a most fortunate diversion has been made in his favor. The number of the enemy has been diminished, and the confidence they may have derived from the delays I have been made to experience has been destroyed. Discontent has been kept out of the army, while the troops who would have been exposed to it have been beneficially employed. The enemy's country has been explored, and a road cut to the point where their forces will probably be concentrated, when they shall be driven from the country below. But in a report of this kind, and to you, who will immediately perceive them, it is not necessary to state the happy consequences which may be expected to result from this excursion. Unless I am greatly mistaken,

it will be found to have hastened the termination of the Creek War more effectually than any measure I could have taken with the troops under my command. I am, with sentiments of high respect.

“Your obedient servant,

“ANDREW JACKSON, *Major General.*”

General Jackson calls this an excursion; he does not dignify it as a campaign.

The few men that General Carroll had been able to gather up and bring to General Jackson about the time, and while the soldiers who had fought the battles of Tallahassie and Talladega were on the way home, had only enlisted for two months—it was with them a frolic out in the Indian country.

From the 15th of December, 1813, to the 15th of January, 1814, General Jackson was tried as no other general at the head of an army in this country, or perhaps in any other country, has been. He was a Major General commanding State Militia, called out by the Governor, paid by the State, and was dependent on the Governor's call for an army, and subject to the orders of a Major General of the United States Army, the United States being at war with Great Britain; and the Indians, the Creeks, whom Jackson was fighting, being England's greatest ally. The Governor of the State was ordering him to bring his army back into the State, where it could be fed, but a United States Major General was ordering him to hold every position he had taken, while the soldiers, acting under the inspiration of the public sentiment—known to have the sympathy of the Governor—were returning to the State where they could be fed, and disperse if they chose, and in the belief that their time of service had expired, leaving Jackson in the wilderness with a few men who had made up their minds to stay with him and die.

To this bodyguard—for it was nothing more—the lively squirrel hunters, which Carroll and Roberts had picked up

in Tennessee, were added. But while his troops were leaving, and before the 5th of January, Jackson was apprised of the call made by the Governor under the inspiration of his letter for a new army. As a diversion, he made the excursion and fought the two battles of Emuckfau and Enoctachopoc. Of these two battles Mr. Waldo says:

"When it is considered what troops General Jackson had to command and what enemies he had to fight, the two victories of Emuckfau, on the 22d, and the signal one at Enoctachopoc, on the 24th, will bear a comparison with any in modern warfare. The liberal applause the General bestows on the brave, and the excuse he finds for those whose 'retreat ought to be rather ascribed to the want of courage in many of their officers than to any cowardice of the men,' must endear him forever to the soldier. The 'venerable Cocke' (who survived) and the brave Lieutenant Armstrong and Captains Hamilton and Quarles (who fell) are placed by the General's report upon the rolls of fame."

And of the second battle, Eaton, in his "Life of Jackson," says:

"The conduct of General Coffee in the second engagement was eminently praiseworthy. Wounded in the first battle, he was carried to the scene of the second on a litter. When the retreat of the rear guard threw the army into confusion and peril, he mounted his horse and rode wherever the danger was the greatest, inspiring the men by his presence, his words, and his example, and contributing most powerfully to restore the fortunes of the day. Jackson himself was a lion on this occasion."

And Major Eaton further says:

"Besides being supported by other testimony, is in itself probable. But for him everything would have gone to ruin. On him all hopes were rested. In that moment of confusion he was the rallying point even for the spirits of the brave. Firm and energetic, and at the same time perfectly self-

possessed, his example and his authority alike contributed to arrest the flying, and to give confidence to those who maintained their ground. Cowards forgot their panic and fronted danger when they heard his voice and beheld his manner, and the brave would have formed around his body a rampart of their own. In the midst of showers of balls, of which he seemed unmindful, he was seen performing the duties of the subordinate officers, rallying the alarmed, halting them in their flight, forming his columns, and inspiring them by his example."

In this last battle General Coffee was wounded; his brother-in-law, Sandy Donelson, fighting by his side, was killed.

On the 28th General Coffee wrote to his father-in-law, Captain Donelson, an account of the battle. I make the following extracts :

"We have to record," began Coffee with admirable and awkward delicacy, "the proceedings of another excursion into the interior of the enemy's country, and, although we have met with success, it is marked with circumstances of regret and misfortune that are serious to the friends of those brave men whose lives have been lost in achieving the victories that have been obtained. Painful as it is, I must inform you that Sandy Donelson was among the slain. He fell by a ball through his head, near me, a few minutes after I had received a wound by a ball through my side, but not dangerous.

"In a state of war the lives of men must be lost; and the only circumstances that leave us any satisfaction for our departed friends is, when they have acted their part well and fallen bravely defending the Government, we are bound to protect, and in that your son was exceeded by none. He fell in the fourth battle that he had fought by my side, and I can with certainty say that a braver man never lived. He is no more, but his death has been glorious. He has bequeathed his friends a valuable inheritance in the character he has acquired to his memory; and while we, his friends, lament his loss in the bloom of life, we may rejoice at the

honorable station in which his memory is placed, and which is beyond the reach of strife and envy. . . .

"Our great loss has been occasioned by our troops being raw and undisciplined, commanded by officers of the same description. Had I had my old regiment of cavalry, I could have driven the enemy wherever I met them without loss. But speculation had taken them out of the field, and thus we have suffered for them. Their advisers ought to suffer death for their unwarranted conduct, and I hope our injured citizens will treat them with the contempt they so justly deserve."

The account here given of this "excursion," including the two battles of Emuckfau and Enoctachopoc, and the long report made by General Jackson, with the comments of his early biographers, and extracts from the letter of General Coffee, may seem prolix, but the history of the Creek campaign would never be fully understood without General Jackson's explanations about the "excursion."

Indeed, to take it in all its phases — an army deserted, a single company made up of faithful officers who refused to leave their commander in the wilderness by himself, with the woods full of fiendish savages, a few friendly Indians, and a few hundred picked-up squirrel hunters out on a frolic of two months, commanded by officers — officers as much lacking in soldier qualities as they — and this campaign, "excursion," and the two battles, form one of the most interesting incidents in the life of this great General, whose wonderful career is made up of expedients and experiments, all of which were successes that became historic triumphs.

Through all this trial of starvation, mutiny, and wholesale desertion, while combatting the policy of the government of his State, unable for the lack of men to advance, and, indeed, only by a faith, as mysterious and sublime as that of Abraham in offering his son on the altar, did he, with a handful of personal followers, remain in the wilderness,

holding what he had gained — thoroughly keeping the Indians from the frontiers till he got ready to fight the final battle with them, then assembling at the Horse Shoe.

The faith of General Jackson, if it was not a religious faith, is an incomprehensible mystery. No other man holding the destinies of a great nation in his hands ever had it.

From the day the war was declared, in June, 1812, Jackson sought position in the army. He had been in both Houses of Congress, once resigning and once quit. He had resigned the office of Judge of the Supreme Court — being unwilling to hold but one public office, major general of the militia — believing with a religious faith in the predestination of a soldier's life.

After the war came he begged the Government to let him take his Tennessee Militia and go to the Canadian line and redeem the soldier quality of the United States Army, and never doubted but he could do it. While held in camp at Natchez as a promoter of Wilkinson's ambition, he appealed to the Secretary of War to be sent to the Canadian line.

When the day came to disband his army, he risked all and refused to obey the order, never doubting that he would show the Government that he knew more than the Secretary of War did, and that to disobey the order was an imperative duty.

When the committee went and reported the massacre at Fort Mimms, sixteen days after he had been so severely wounded, the surgeons drove the committee out of the room; he drove the surgeons out, got out of bed and took command of the army, with the undying faith of his own judgment as to his powers of recuperation.

When the Governor of the State ordered him to bring his army back to Tennessee, and his army left him and went home, he doubted the wisdom of such action, and with a Christian's faith remained in the wilderness and raised a new army; destroyed the Creek Nation — the enemy's

great ally, in one single battle; went into a Spanish province over a refusal on the part of his Government to give permission, deposed the Spanish Governor, and then turned on New Orleans and drove the British army back into the sea, and never had a doubt about success — though he had an army of squirrel hunters, clothed in hunting shirts and coonskin caps — one-third of them without guns, and fighting a trained army of the most warlike people in the world.

The campaign which General Jackson in his enlarged appreciation of military services calls an excursion is like many other events in Jackson's life — it was one of many episodes, one climax after another, on which the greatest issues turned, and from each of which the lines of subsequent history radiated, and by which and over which biographical histories must be drawn.

Let a well-informed Tennessean put his imagination to work. Suppose when Jackson was ordered by the Secretary of War to disband his army at Natchez in the wilderness, and with the transportation as it was turned over to Major General Wilkinson, at New Orleans — evidently intended for Wilkinson to recruit an army out of the stragglers, men who could not get back home — suppose Jackson, who at that time was a doubtful quantity with the Government, while Wilkinson had been made a Major General, but when sent North soon after turned out to be more than a failure — really an upstart — had obeyed this order, left his men in the wilderness, soured and turned his back on the Government, the grandest chapter in American history would be left out — to wit: the Southwest putting an end to Indian wars, putting the flag back on the Capitol that the British army had taken down, and, above all, a revival — indeed, a restoration of a martial spirit which had almost disappeared from the effects of repeated victories at the North over our troops.

Suppose when the news came of the awful massacre at

Fort Mimms, General Jackson had listened to his surgeons, who would have made the history that brings us out of the darkest day into the brightest morning.

Suppose Jackson had obeyed the order of the Governor and turned back in front of 10,000 Creek warriors, or suppose he had heeded the threat found in the refusal to permit his going to Pensacola, or suppose he had abandoned the campaign when his soldiers in a body left him out in the Indian's country with a mere handful of men?

Indeed, General Jackson's whole life is a history-making map.

Coming back to the critical period when the entire army out in the Indian Nation were starving and in a state of mutiny—in large bodies going back home with the approval of the Governor of the State, what shall be said? Who can write the story of Andrew Jackson from the moment when in front of a starving mutinous army, and in disobedience of the Governor's order, he stood in front and uttered these immortal words: "If one single man will stay with me, I will stay and die in the wilderness"?

And who can estimate the devotion to a great leader of Capt. Thomas Kennedy Gordon, when he stepped out and said: "General, I will stay and die with you"?

Out of the whole army 109 men stepped out and said, "We will stay." Then Jackson's two lieutenants, Carroll and Coffee, always as true to him as the stars that stay and move about the great Jupiter are to the king of the heavens, standing by the old hero, said one of them: "I will go back to the frontiers and say Jackson wants soldiers"; and the other said: "I will make a captain's company and lead it, of officers whose men have left them." And then it was in this dire emergency—the seeming dread day of a great general's discomfiture, that there came an offer of sacrifice to liberty as truly gallant, if not as tragic, as when the 300 Spartans died in the mountain pass to save the city.

And why is this chapter left out of American history — except as Mr. Waldo and Mr. Eaton made note of it in 1817 and 1818 — and in its details only found in the archives at Washington as parts of a great bundle of reports made about ninety years ago by a general who knew how and what to write, as well as he knew how and when to fight? The country at large has known little or nothing of the dark day of the Creek campaign, called by Jackson an excursion, but known to England's greatest warrior, who, after reading it, pronounced Jackson one of the world's greatest generals.

For daring courage with life in hand there is nothing in the history of war that exceeds this "excursion"—one lieutenant crossing the mountain to pick up squirrel hunters and the other organizing a captain's company of deserted officers to stay in the wilderness and fight back 10,000 Creeks then assembling at the Horse Shoe, and doing it until Carroll made a second trip to Tennessee, and raised another army to fight at the last battle.

And the victories at Emuckfau and Enoctachopoc, as Major Eaton says, will compare with anything in modern warfare — and thus saving the women and children on the frontiers of two States, is a chapter, like the one dropped out, of the Battle of Mobile, which must be restored that posterity may see it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF THE HORSE SHOE — SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF SAM HOUSTON — INCLUDING GOVERNOR HOUSTON'S
LETTER RESIGNING THE OFFICE OF GOVERNOR.

AFTER the termination of what General Jackson called an excursion, but which really was a campaign, and in which he fought two battles which told effectually in the general campaign against the Creek Indians, and while waiting on the reorganization of the army, two unpleasant events occurred, which must be recorded to make this part of his life complete. One was his ordering the arrest of General Cocke, who was in command of the East Tennessee forces, and moving to Fort Strother.

The whole history of this affair shows that General Jackson was misled through information by designing men. The order was peremptory, and to an officer under General Cocke to arrest him. He was arrested; the charge was that he was encouraging a mutinous spirit in the army. It turned out that the officer who took command after the arrest was he who had furnished the information upon which he was arrested.

The charge was a grave one, and General Cocke was suspended, and finally tried when the campaign was over by a court-martial and honorably acquitted, it being conclusively shown that there was not only no cause for suspicion, but as an officer he was doing all in his power to prevent mutiny and bring the campaign to a successful close.

The other affair was one that had much to do with the future political campaigns of General Jackson. Through

his whole life the trial, conviction, and execution of John Woods was brought up against him. Woods was charged with mutiny and desertion, which was not denied, but was greatly aggravated by a show of arms and a threat to shoot when he was arrested. He was put on trial by a court-martial, officers of high rank being selected to try him, and when the trial was going on, General Jackson, showing his intense anxiety about it and what great responsibility might fall upon him, walked excitedly before the court and said to the judges: "Be cautious and mind what you are about; for, by the Eternal God, the next man that is condemned will not be pardoned; and this is a hale, hearty young fellow." The court convicted him, and with all the applications that were made to General Jackson, which were numerous, he refused to pardon him, and he was executed.

The enemies of General Jackson never ceased to use this against him, the execution of the soldier, whom they held up before the public as a poor young man shot to death by the order of General Jackson. The time has come when this sad affair should be looked at in its true light. If any man in America understood soldier life and a commander's duty, it was General Jackson. He looked at it from every side, and such had been the effect of mutiny, desertion, and disobedience, that no man ever more fully realized the necessity of an example than did General Jackson.

As shown in former articles, his soldiers in great bodies had become mutinous, and by their conduct had left him with a few faithful followers in the wilderness, subject to be shot by the savages any day. The last of the two battles in the excursion, which had just ended, no doubt greatly impressed General Jackson in his decision confirming the action of the court-martial in having Woods executed. In a former article, it is fully shown that the want of discipline among officers and men was the main cause of the disaster

resulting in the death of several of his bravest officers and the wounding of General Coffee.

The execution of Woods was, perhaps, General Jackson's greatest trial. A man of warm heart, devoted to his soldiers, and always, when he could, excusing them for their mistakes; yet he had seen enough to know that an example had to be made if he kept his army in condition for the great campaign that was just ahead of him. All who have written upon the subject, who were in position to know, have shown how this example, terrible as it was, affected the army and improved its condition.

Immediately after this campaign, and as the news came back from Tennessee, General Jackson became satisfied as to the effect of his letter and the proclamation of the Governor. The news from every quarter that the State was alive — stimulated by his success — to the need of soldiers to finish the campaign, and such had been the activity of the recruiting officers put out by the Governor and of General Jackson's friends, under the inspiration of his letter, that in an incredibly short time he had 2,000 men at Huntsville on the way to him from West Tennessee, and 2,000 men from East Tennessee, and under the influence of Hugh L. White, one regiment of regulars under John Williams, so that from darkest night he came into brightest day, with 4,000 men to fight the last great battle with the Creek Nation — a battle memorable in history, known as the Battle of the Horse Shoe, and which was probably the most sanguinary hand-to-hand battle that was ever fought on this continent.

The Indians had assembled at a bend in the Tallapoosa River, and from the shape of the bend the battle has always been known as the Battle of the Horse Shoe. Not only the warriors of the Creek Nation were there, but they had collected the warriors in sympathy with them from other tribes. The Indians were thoroughly apprised of General Jackson's preparations for this final struggle for their overthrow, and,

carrying out the pledge made to Tecumseh that they would show no quarter and ask none, they assembled in this bend of the river and built fortifications from bank to bank, showing their determination to make the final stand against General Jackson's army, and to cut themselves off from retreat.

General Jackson had left a large part of his force in the rear to hold what he had already gained, but had with him about 2,000 men. Finding the condition of the Indians in this bend of the river, he prepared to assault their breastworks, and in the meantime sent General Coffee with his command across the river to get in the rear and prevent the escape of the Indians, if they undertook to cross.

The fight from the breastworks was desperate and deadly on both sides — the white men on the one side, and the Indians on the other, shooting from their portholes. The dead on both sides were piled up; the battle lasted a good part of the day, and until away into the night. Not an Indian asked for quarter; and after Jackson's men had scaled the breastworks and got inside, hundreds were killed in the hand-to-hand fight. The loss was severe in Jackson's army, but it was destruction to the Creek Nation, and was the end of the campaign.

One incident occurred during this battle that marks the beginning of a career as romantic as that of Jackson's. In more ways than as a great victory in war does this great battle emphasize a page in our history. It brought before the American people one of the most remarkable men that modern civilization has produced. An obscure boy, the son of a widow who lived in Blount County, Tennessee, as a private, was in the fight; and in the hottest of the battle, when men on both sides were being shot down through the open spaces of the Indian fortifications, he mounted the wall and jumped inside among the Indians. As he scaled the wall he was shot in the thigh with a poisoned arrow,

making a wound that lasted through his life. Others followed the example, and the hand-to-hand fight commenced that ended with breaking the power of the Creek Nation. This brave boy was Sam Houston.

Houston was brought back over the wall, and the arrow pulled out after several attempts had failed. General Jackson passed by and saw his terrible wound, ordered him to be taken to the rear, and passed on; but Houston got up, climbed over the wall, and continued to fight to the close. After the battle his case seemed hopeless. The war being now ended, so far as the Creeks were concerned, his friends, on account of his daring courage, carried him on a litter back to his widowed mother in East Tennessee. After many months hanging between life and death, he recovered, and was made a lieutenant in the regular army on the report of General Jackson of his bravery. I trust the Government will never cease to recognize exceptional examples of courage like this, and the case of Hobson of the navy, and of young Richard Walker in the Philippines.

It will not be out of place here to give an outline of the life of General Houston, especially as his life was so interwoven with that of Andrew Jackson. If the romance of soldier life, daring and successful, shall be incorporated into American history so as to find a place in the drama, Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston will be the stars.

Sam Houston was born on March 2, 1793. His father died when he was a child, and on the death of his father, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, his mother moved to Tennessee and settled in Blount County, near the Cherokee line. He was Scotch-Irish, and received but little education; spent much of his time with the Indians when a boy, by one of whom he was adopted. These were the Cherokee Indians, for whom he always had the warmest affection. He studied law in Nashville in 1818, commenced practice at Lebanon, and was made District Attorney; then was

appointed adjutant general of the State; then was made major general of the State militia. In 1823 he was elected to Congress, and in 1825 re-elected. During his last term he fought a duel with General White.

In 1827 he was elected Governor; soon afterward married Miss Allen, of Sumner County, Tennessee, from whom he separated a few weeks after the marriage, sending his resignation to the Senate, and writing a letter to his father-in-law. He immediately left the State, went up the Arkansas River and settled among the Cherokee Indians, a part of whom had gone to that country, and made his home with the old Indian who had once adopted him. He was sent to Washington to represent the Indians in a matter with the General Government, and went there in the garb of an Indian Chief. While in Washington he attacked one Stanberry, a member of Congress, in the street for some insult, and severely chastised him. He was brought before the House for contempt, and the doubtful question raised as to whether an assault on a member of Congress on the street was a contempt of the House. He was reprimanded and discharged.

Soon after he made a trip to Texas, and was elected to the Convention which was held to form a Constitution; then helped to establish a provisional government, and was made commander in chief of the Army of Texas. He was elected a member of the Convention that adopted the Declaration of Independence, March 2, 1836, after which he was again elected commander in chief of the army.

The Mexicans, under Santa Anna, began an invasion of Texas with an army of 5,000 strong. They murdered 185 men at the Alamo, among whom and the leader, was Davy Crockett, who had fought with Houston in the Battle of the Horse Shoe. The Mexicans then captured Goliad and put 500 men to death. Houston collected an army of 750 men, part of his militia, and attacked Santa Anna, at San

Jacinto, with 1,800 men. The battle cry was, "Remember the Alamo!" The fight lasted less than an hour. The loss of the Mexicans was 630 killed; 730 prisoners were taken, among them Santa Anna, who was sent to the United States. Houston was elected President of the Republic of Texas. The Congress of Texas passed a bill making him dictator, and appropriating a large body of land for the defense against a second invasion of Texas. Houston vetoed these bills, and laid emphasis on the one making him dictator. He brought Texas into the Union. In 1846 Houston entered the United States Senate, and served until he was elected Governor of the State. He voted for all compromise measures during the slavery agitation. The State seceded, and Houston was a Union man and refused to take the oath of office required. In 1840 he married Margaret Mozett, having been divorced from his first wife.

It may be of interest to say that he never disclosed the secret of the separation. He wrote his father-in-law the next day after the separation, taking the blame on himself. Col. Willoughby Williams told the writer that he had a talk with him at the time of the separation, and that he did not disclose its cause, and that thirty-five years afterward he traveled with him on a steamboat for four days and talked of old matters, and he did not then disclose it.

There are two incidents in his life which I may especially mention.

During his first term in Congress — he represented the Nashville district — he took a fancy to a boy who lived at Franklin, in Williamson County, and set about trying to do something for him. Legislation had been recently had for establishing what has since come to be, and what is known as, the coast survey, and in this he found a place for this boy, and had him appointed. The occupation led the young man to the study of the sea, the winds and the currents, and

developed into the greatest, certainly the most valuable, scientist this country has produced — Lieutenant Maury.

The other incident in his life was the contest between him and Mr. Bell for the nomination for the presidency in 1860. The convention met at Baltimore. It was called a Whig Convention, and has always been spoken of as the dying struggle of that party. It was not, properly speaking, a Whig Convention: it was a Union Convention. Many of the Whigs of the Northern States had joined the Republican party, but the Whigs of the South were making a desperate effort to save the Union. The platform had but nine words in it: "The Union, the Constitution, the enforcement of the laws."

The divided ranks of the Democratic party made its success over the Republican party impossible. Strong Whig delegations from Northern States came, urging the nomination of some great popular leader who had always been a Democrat, but was thoroughly identified with the Whigs in the effort to save the Union. The Tennessee delegation was generally committed to Mr. Bell. But Texas put up Sam Houston, backed up by a large and unanimous delegation from New York. No convention was ever held where the leaders had the cause more at heart. The cry was Union against disunion. Tennessee put up as her orator, Gustavus A. Henry, and the papers announced that he was a descendant of the great Patrick, and as great an orator. The speech for "The Union, the Constitution, the enforcement of the laws," carried the convention off its feet. It was, perhaps, the greatest speech that great orator ever made. The city was wild over it. New York, 500 strong, seconded the nomination of Sam Houston, and put up a man named Gerard. He was stoop-shouldered, had sandy gray hair, a pale, chilly face, and looked as lifeless as a Confederate dollar bill at the close of the war.

We thought it was a joke, but the New Yorkers knew

their man. He said: "We can't carry New York with Mr. Bell, but we can carry it for Sam Houston," electrifying the convention by emphasizing the "o" and adding the "e" to the name. He said: "What New York wanted in a presidential race was a man like Sam Houston, that they could paint on one side of their banners killing an Indian, and on the other side eating him up." He drew the picture of Houston, the boy, scaling the Indian fortifications in the great war, and fighting a hand-to-hand fight with the savage allies of old England, in a war which, he said, was as much a fight for the Union as the one we were now making, or as Washington's war was; then his soldier comrades carried the boy back to his mother on a litter. He said the country had greatly honored him — the President recognized his daring courage. From the very home of the immortal Jackson the people had sent him to Congress, and he was representing now the State he had brought into the Union in the upper branch of Congress.

He drew a picture between him and Corolanus. He said: "Like Corolanus, he had gone out in single combat against the enemies of his country. Like Corolanus, in trouble, he left his country and lived with strangers, leaving wife and mother. Like Corolanus, he became a great leader and commander of great armies, but, unlike Corolanus, who brought back a great army to destroy Rome, instead, he came back into the Union that was dearer than life, and brought with him the work of his own hands, an empire, and laid it down in the lap of the great Republic."

"Give us this man," he said, "a man whose blood once ran like water in defense of the Union now imperiled; the man who fought the Indians when they were enemies, and then lived with them when friends, taking the place of a chief; the man who had been Governor of two States; the man who had drawn his sword in defense of two Republics, been President of one, and was now on his way to that high

office in the other. Give us this man," he said, "who now puts his party behind him and stands for the Union — fights all his enemies — and carrying on his body to this day the witness of the blood he shed for it; a man like old Jackson, who knows no party when enemies attack his beloved Union. Give us this man and we will decorate the city of New York with banners, paint it red, go to the country, and with the emblems of devotion to the Union, sprinkle the blood of its defender on the lintels of every door."

The speech, great as it was, died with the struggle, but forty years leaves it ringing in my head. Bell was nominated by a majority of eleven votes. The author of these memoirs voted for Houston. The others of the delegation voted for Bell, under the lead of the Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, who was chairman. If the Tennessee delegation had voted for Houston he would have been nominated. In giving the scene at the Whig Convention — more especially the speech of Gerard, I do not claim to give the words — only the points made and the substance. No report was made at the time, but it was a speech made to save the Union, and forty-two years have not effaced its grandeur.

Upon the calamity of separating from his young wife, only a few weeks after marriage, the first impulse of his noble nature was that, with a cloud upon his private life, the office of Governor, with which the people had but recently honored him, should no longer be held by him. This was the refinement of delicacy in the discharge of a public trust, and uncovering the inner man, which is always found in the heart of a truly great soldier.

In the Tennessee Historical Society I have found, and here copy, what the present generation has never seen — the letter of Governor Houston, written the day he separated from his wife, resigning the office of Governor. The original is in a small, round hand, signed in his clear, bold hand, without an error in spelling or punctuation, and would

pass for the product of a man of high literary attainments. In sentiment delicate in touching his great family affliction, and beautifully remembering the nation's great soldier, who had been more than a father to him, and in separating from a people who had so honored him, no attainment in literature could improve it :

“EXECUTIVE OFFICE, NASHVILLE, TENN.,

“16th April, 1827.

“*Sir*: — It has become my duty to resign the office of chief magistrate of the State, and to place in your hands the authority and responsibility, which on such an event, devolves on you by the provisions of the Constitution.

“In dissolving the political connexion which has so long, and in such a variety of forms, existed between the people of Tennessee and myself, no private affliction, however deep or incurable, can forbid an expression of the grateful recollections so eminently due to the kind partialities of an indulgent public.

“From my earliest youth, whatever of talent was committed to my care, has been honestly cultivated and expended for the common good ; and at no period of a life, which has certainly been marked by a full portion of interesting events, have any views of private interest or private ambition been permitted to mingle in the higher duties of public trust.

“In reviewing the past I can only regret that my capacity for being useful was so unequal to the devotion of my heart, and it is one of the few consolations of my life, that even had I been blessed with ability equal to my zeal, my country's generous support in every vicissitude of life has been more than equal to them both.

“That veneration for public opinion by which I have measured every act of my official life, has taught me to hold no delegated power which would not daily be renewed by my constituents, could the choice be daily submitted to a sensible expression of their will.

“And although shielded by a perfect consciousness of undiminished claim to the confidence and support of my fellow citizens, and delicately circumstanced as I am and by my own misfortunes more than the fault or contrivance

of any one, overwhelmed by sudden calamities, it is certainly due to myself and more respectful to the world, that I retire from a position, which, in the public judgment, I might seem to occupy by questionable authority.

"It yields me no small share of comfort, so far as I am able of taking comfort from any circumstance, that in resigning my executive charge, I am placing it in the hands of one whose integrity and worth have been long tried; who understands and will peruse the true interests of the State; and who in the hour of success and in the hour of adversity has been the consistent and valued friend of the great and good man, now enjoying the triumph of his virtues in the conscious security of a nation's gratitude.

"SAM HOUSTON.

"Gen. William Hall, Speaker of the Senate, Tennessee."

There is a refined delicacy in this letter, that will be a new chapter in the life of Sam Houston to all who have misinterpreted his character.

But there is in addition a sentiment involving a political principle, which I believe has not been expressed by any other man holding office; that is:

"That veneration of public opinion by which I have measured every act of my public official life has taught me to hold no delegated power which would not be daily renewed by my constituents, could the choice be daily submitted to a sensible expression of their will."

After the Battle of the Horse Shoe, Jackson prepared and read to the army the following address:

"You have entitled yourselves to the gratitude of your country and your General. The expedition from which you have just returned has, by your good conduct, been rendered prosperous beyond any example in the history of our warfare; it has redeemed the character of your State, and of that description of troops of which the greater part of you are.

"You have within a few days opened your way to the Tallapoosa and destroyed a confederacy of the enemy, fero-

cious by nature, and who have grown insolent from impunity. Relying on their numbers, the security of their situation, and the assurances of their prophets, they derided our approach, and already exulted in anticipation of the victory they expected to obtain. But they were ignorant of the influence and effect of government on the human powers, nor knew what brave men, and civilized, could effect. By their yells they hoped to frighten us, and with their wooden fortifications to oppose us. Stupid mortals; their yells but designated their situation the more certainly, while their walls became a snare for their own destruction. So will it ever be, when presumption and ignorance contend against bravery and prudence.

"The fiends of the Tallapoosa will no longer murder our women and children, or disturb the quiet of our borders. Their midnight flambeaux will no longer illumine their council house, or shine upon the victim of their infernal orgies. In their places a new generation will rise, who will know their duty better. The weapons of warfare will be exchanged for the utensils of husbandry; and the wilderness, which now withers in sterility, and mourns the desolation which overspreads her, will blossom as the rose, and become the nursery of the arts. But before this happy day can arrive other chastisements remain to be inflicted. It is, indeed, lamentable that the path to peace should lead through blood and over the bodies of the slain; but it is a dispensation of Providence, and a wise one, to inflict partial evils that ultimate good may be produced.

"Our enemies are not sufficiently humbled — they do not sue for peace. A collection of them awaits our approach, and remain to be dispersed. Buried in ignorance, and seduced by the false pretenses of their prophets, they have the weakness to believe they will still be able to make a decided stand against us. They must be undeceived, and made to atone their obstinacy and their crimes by still further suffering. Those hopes which have so long deluded them must be driven from their last refuge. They must be made to know their prophets are imposters, and that our strength is mighty and will prevail. Then, and not till then, may we expect to make with them a peace that shall be permanent."

Most men would have rested on this great victory, the Battle of the Horse Shoe, but his address shows that Jackson considered nothing done till all was done. News had been brought in that the scattered Indians were preparing to make another stand at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, known as the Indian's Holy Ground, where the prophets said that no white man could come and live. And sinking his own dead in the river to save the bodies from mutilation, and leaving 750 dead Indians on the ground, and with a long train of wagons carrying his wounded, he the next day after the battle, moved back to Fort Williams; then rapidly collected supplies and moved on the "Holy Ground," a march of five days. The rains had made all the swamps lakes of water, and the creeks were all overflowing the banks. Reaching the Holy Ground, Jackson found as a fact that the war was over. Fourteen chiefs had come in to surrender, all asking for peace, and offering every assurance of a peaceful purpose. Jackson sent them back to Fort Williams, but demanded that they should surrender Weatherford, the supposed leader in the Fort Mimms massacre. The fact was not then known that Weatherford, though a leader in the war movement, did all in his power and risked his own life in an effort to prevent the horrible massacre at Fort Mimms.

It may be well to note here that Jackson, by these complete victories over the most powerful tribe of Indians of the continent, practically ended Indian wars; the Indians ceased to be a power in war. These great victories thrilled the American people, and as soon as the news got to Europe the British Commissioners at Ghent came to their senses and no longer demanded a large part of our territory, with rights on the Mississippi River.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACKSON REACHES THE HOLY GROUND — AN EXCITING
SCENE WITH WEATHERFORD, THE INDIAN CHIEF — A
SKETCH OF DAVY CROCKETT WITH FACTS ABOUT THE
AWFUL MASSACRE AT THE ALAMO.

THE Creek War having been ended by the Battle of the Horse Shoe — practically ended — as shown in a former chapter, the chiefs a few days after coming in and giving up at the Holy Ground, and, being required to bring in Weatherford, that brave Indian out in the woods did not wait to be brought in, but from Eaton's "Life of Jackson" and Pickett's "History of Alabama," I gather the following facts about Weatherford:

Weatherford spared his brother chiefs the hazard of attempting his capture. His well-known surrender was one of the most striking incidents of the War of 1812. Indeed, I know not where, in ancient legend or modern history, in epic poem or tragic drama, to find a scene more worthy to be called sublime than that which now occurred between this great chief and the conqueror of his tribe. And though it reads more like a scene in one of our Indian plays than the record of a fact, it has the advantage of being perfectly well attested. Weatherford's father was one of the class called in the olden time Indian-country men — that is, white inhabitants of the Indian country. He was a roving trader among the Creeks; married an Indian woman of the fierce Seminole tribe; accumulated property; possessed at length a plantation and negroes; became noted as a breeder of fine horses, and won prizes on the Alabama turf. His son William inherited his father's property, his father's love of

horses, his father's thrift and strength of character, but he drew from his Seminole mother something of the fierceness and taciturn grandeur of demeanor which belonged to the chiefs of her warlike tribe. He identified himself at all times with the Indians; his tastes and pursuits were Indian; he gloried in being an Indian chief. He hunted bear with the passion and skill of Tecumseh and Davy Crockett. The white men who were in later years his neighbors and associates, represent him to have been a man of honor and humanity. They looked upon him as a patriot who had done what he could to preserve the independent sovereignty of his tribe, and whose hands were not stained by blood dishonorably shed.

That bold march across the wilderness brought the conqueror of the Creeks to the Holy Ground itself, and at his approach the force under Weatherford melted away, leaving him alone in the forest with a multitude of women and children, whom the war had made widows and orphans, and who were perishing for want of food. To this sad extremity had Weatherford brought the tribe. Then it was that he gave that shining example of humanity and heroism that ought to immortalize his name. He might have fled with others of the war party to Florida, where welcome and protection awaited him. He chose to remain and to attempt by the sacrifice of his own life to save from imminent starvation the women and children whose natural protectors he had led or urged to their death.

Mounting his gray steed, he directed his course to Jackson's camp, in the peninsula formed by the confluence of the Coosa and the Tallapoosa. The General had planted his colors upon the site of the old French Fort Toulouse, erected by Governor Blenville a hundred years before. The French trenches were cleared of the accumulated rubbish of a century, a stockade was erected in the American manner, and the place named Fort Jackson. The two rivers approach

96

at that point to within 600 yards of each other, and then, diverging, unite four miles below.

The hunting instinct must have been strong indeed in Weatherford, for, when he was only a few miles from Fort Jackson, a fine deer crossing his path and stopping within shooting distance, he could not resist the temptation, but shot the deer and placed it on his horse behind his saddle. Reloading his rifle with two balls, for the purpose, as he afterwards said, of shooting the "Big Warrior," who, on seeing Weatherford, cried out in an insulting tone, "Ah! Bill Weatherford, have we got you at last?"

With a glance of fire at the insulter, Weatherford replied, "You traitor! If you give me any insolence I will blow a ball through your cowardly heart!"

General Jackson now came running out of the tent, accompanied by Colonel Hawkins, the agent of the Creeks.

"How dare you," exclaimed the General, in a furious manner, "ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mimms?"

Weatherford replied, according to his own recollection of it, as follows:

"General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to request in behalf of myself. You can kill me if you desire. But I come to ask you to send for the women and children of the war party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties who will conduct them safely here, in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mimms. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. If I could fight you any longer, I would most heartily do so. Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done."

When he ceased speaking a great crowd of officers and soldiers had gathered around the tent. Accustomed now for many months to associate the name of Weatherford with the oft-told horrors of the massacre, and imperfectly comprehending what was going forward, the troops cast upon the chief glances of hatred and aversion. Many of them cried out:

"Kill him!" "Kill him!" "Kill him!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Jackson, and the clamor was hushed. "Any man," added the General, with great energy, "who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead."

He then invited Weatherford to alight and enter his tent, which the chief did, bringing in with him the deer he had killed on the way, and presenting it to the General. Jackson accepted the gift, invited Weatherford to drink a glass of brandy, and entered into a frank and friendly conversation with him. The remainder of the interview rests upon the authority of Major Eaton, who, Mr. Pickett thinks, based this portion of his narrative "entirely upon camp gossip." But I am sure Eaton must have heard the story many times from Jackson himself, and, though he may have added to the tale a slight presidential campaign flavor, there is no good reason to doubt its general correctness.

"The terms upon which your nation can be saved," said the General, "have been already disclosed; in that way, and none other, can you obtain safety. If you wish to continue the war," Jackson added, "you are at liberty to depart unharmed; but if you desire peace, you may remain, and you shall be protected."

Weatherford replied that he desired peace in order that his nation might be relieved of their sufferings, and the women and children saved. "There was a time," he said, "when I had a choice and could have answered you; I have none now; even hope has ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My war-

riors can no longer hear my voice; their homes are at Talladega, Tallushatche, Emuckfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I have never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for the nation and myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to; whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is a good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

The interview concluded. For a short time Weatherford remained at Fort Jackson, and then retired to his plantation upon Little Bear.

When the war was over, Weatherford again became a planter and lived many years with white men and red upon a good farm, "well supplied with negroes," in Monroe County, Alabama. "He maintained," adds the historian of that State, "an excellent character and was much respected by the American residents for his bravery, honor, and strong native good sense. He died in 1826, from the fatigue produced by a "desperate bear hunt."

Intending, in the course of work I am now doing, not only to put General Jackson before the world in his true character as the greatest captain of his time, and the boldest

and most far-seeing statesman this country has produced, but, as far as time and space will allow, to bring before the present generation such other Tennesseans whose patriotic services in the field or in council, entitle them to a place in the history of my beloved State, I shall stop here in the general work and introduce a man whom I may appropriately call the "Wizard of the Woods."

No life of Jackson and no sketch of Sam Houston can be made satisfactory by leaving out Davy Crockett, a bear-hunter by trade, a daring Indian fighter when soldiers were needed, a member of Congress for diversion, and as true a patriot as was ever shot to death by cowards who killed prisoners. Crockett was born in Washington County, Tennessee; ran away from home when a boy and settled in Lincoln County; then moved to Franklin County, and at Winchester joined a company for the Creek War, having probably been in the Natchez campaign as a boy. He went out with the first campaign, but re-enlisted and went out with the second. He was under Coffee and made a splendid soldier. After the war he moved to Lawrence County; then he was one of the first settlers in West Tennessee, and was twice elected to Congress, and once defeated by Adam Huntsman.

His biographers have sought unwittingly, as I think, to profit by making him a much more illiterate man than he was. He made several sound, strong speeches in Congress on practical subjects, which were reported at the time. He was undoubtedly the Tennessee Daniel Boone, and always moved when he could not cut trees for firewood in the yard. His diversion, when not hunting, was getting up shooting matches and winning beef. For a good many years his most dangerous competitor for shooting matches was John A. Murrel.

Col. Robert I. Chester told me that he had stayed all night with him when he was a member of Congress,

and that he lived in a little cabin with a dirt floor, except some bear skins spread down, on which the children slept.

When the people of Texas began to talk about independence, setting up their own government, and Mexico commenced raising troops to suppress the rebellion, Crockett left Tennessee, as Houston left the Indian Nation, and went to aid in the struggle. He was soon, with others, many of them Tennesseans, in the thickest of the fight. They were at the town of Bexar—about 130 men. Some others came in after, making perhaps 185 men, and finding that they were being surrounded by Santa Anna's army, they moved into the old Spanish fortress of Alamo. Every man of them perished, but, fortunately, for the history of that dreadful episode of war, Davy Crockett kept a diary, which was found. This diary shows that on the 22d of February, 1836, the Mexicans, about 1,600 strong, with their President, Santa Anna, at their head, aided by Generals Almonte, Cos, Sesma, and Castrillon, were within two leagues of Bexar. Some of the scouts came in and brought reports that Santa Anna had been endeavoring to excite the Indians to hostilities against the Texans, but so far without effect. February 23d shows that:

“Early this morning the enemy came in sight, marching in regular order, and displaying their strength to the greatest advantage in order to strike us with terror. But that was no go; they'll find that they will have to do with men who will never lay down their arms as long as they can stand on their legs. We held a short council of war, and, finding that we would be completely surrounded and overwhelmed by numbers if we remained in town, we concluded to withdraw to the fortress of Alamo and defend it to the last extremity. As soon as our little band, about 150 in number, had entered and put the fortress in the best possible manner, we set about raising our flag on the battlements; on which occasion there was no one more anxious than my

young friend, the bee-hunter. He had been all along sprightly, cheerful and spirited, but now, notwithstanding the control that he usually maintained over himself, it was with difficulty that he kept his enthusiasm within bounds. As soon as we commenced raising the flag he burst forth, in a clear, full tone of voice, that made the blood tingle in the veins of all who heard him :

“Up with your banner, Freedom,
Thy champions cling to thee;
They’ll follow where you’ll lead ’em,
To death or victory—
Up with your banner, Freedom.

“Tyrants and slaves are rushing
To tread thee in the dust;
Their blood will soon be gushing,
And stain our knives with rust—
But not thy banner, Freedom.

“While stars and stripes are flying,
Our blood we’ll freely shed;
No groan will ’scape the dying,
Seeing thee o’er his head—
Up with your banner, Freedom.”

“This song was followed by three cheers from all within the fortress, and the drums and trumpets commenced playing. The enemy marched into Bexar and took possession of the town, a blood-red flag flying at their head, to indicate that we need not expect quarter if we should fall into their clutches. In the afternoon a messenger was sent to Colonel Travis, demanding an unconditional and absolute surrender of the garrison, threatening to put every man to the sword in case of refusal. The only answer he received was a cannon shot; so the messenger left us with a flea in his ear, and the Mexicans commenced firing grenades at us, but without doing any mischief. At night Colonel

Travis sent an express to Colonel Fanning, at Goliad, about three or four days march from this place, to let him know that we were besieged."

February 25th shows that, "The firing commenced early this morning, but the Mexicans are poor soldiers, for we haven't lost a single man and our outworks have sustained no injury. Our sharpshooters have brought down a considerable number of stragglers at a long shot."

February 26th shows that, "Colonel Bowie has been taken sick from overexertion and exposure. He did not leave his bed today until twelve o'clock. He is worth a dozen common men in a situation like ours. The bee-hunter keeps the whole garrison in good heart with his songs."

February 27th shows that, "The cannonading began early this morning and ten bombs were thrown into the fort, but fortunately exploded without doing any mischief. So far it has been a sort of tempest within a teapot, not unlike a pitched battle in a hall of Congress, where the parties array their forces, make dreadful demonstrations on both sides, then fire away with loud-sounding speeches, which contain about as much as a howitzer charged with a blank cartridge."

February 28th shows that, "Last night our hunters brought in some corn, and had a brush with scouts from the enemy beyond the gunshot of the fort. They put the scouts to flight and got within without injury. They bring account that the settlers are flying in all quarters in dismay, leaving their possessions to the ruthless invader, who is literally engaged in a war of extermination more brutal than the untutored savage of the desert could be guilty of. Slaughter is indiscriminate, sparing neither sex, age, nor condition."

February 29th shows that, "The enemy had planted a piece of ordnance within gunshot of the fort during the

night, and the first thing in the morning they commenced a brisk cannonade, point blank against the spot where I was snoring. I turned out pretty smart and mounted the rampart. The gun was charged again, a fellow stepped forth to touch her off, but before he could apply the match I let him have it, and he keeled over. A second stepped up, snatched the match from the hand of the dying man, but Thimblorig, who had followed me, handing me his rifle, and the next instant the Mexican was stretched on the earth beside the first. A third came up to the cannon, my companion handed me another gun, and I fixed him off in like manner. A fourth, then a fifth, seized the match, who both met with the same fate, and then the whole party gave it up as a bad job, and hurried off to camp, leaving the cannon ready charged where they had planted it. I came down, took my bitters, and went to breakfast."

March 1st shows that, "The enemy's forces have been increasing in numbers daily, notwithstanding they have already lost about three hundred men in the several assaults they have made upon us."

March the 2d shows that, "This day the delegates meet in general convention at the town of Washington to frame our declaration of independence. That the sacred instrument may never be trampled on by the children of those who have freely shed their blood to establish it, is the sincere wish of Davy Crockett. Universal independence is an almighty idea, far too extensive for some brains to comprehend. It is a beautiful seed that germinates rapidly, and brings forth a large and vigorous tree, but, like the deadly upas, we sometimes find that smaller plants wither and die in its shade."

March 3d shows that, "We have given over all hopes of receiving assistance from Goliad or Refugio. Colonel Travis harangued the garrison, and concluded by exhort-

ing them, in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp, and render their victory even more serious to them than to us. This was followed by three cheers."

March 4th shows that, "Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect."

March 5th shows that, "Pop, pop, pop, boom, boom, boom, throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead. Liberty and independence forever."

These are the last words that immortal Tennessee hero ever wrote.

This reference to Davy Crockett may seem a digression, but in writing the life of General Jackson I am interested in getting out, and giving a true history of the people and their character—and especially as soldiers—of the men of the Southwest.

I know of nothing in song or story that excels in courage and coolness, in the hour of death, this report made by Davy Crockett of himself and his men as they surrendered themselves to an infuriated army, to be put to death under conditions then existing.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENDING OF THE CREEK CAMPAIGN — JACKSON MADE A MAJOR GENERAL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY — THE RESULTS OF THIS CAMPAIGN — ALABAMA HISTORIAN ON THE FIGHTING QUALITY OF THE INDIANS.

IT will be remembered that Crockett's diary closed with the 5th of March — when the final assault was made by Santa Anna on the fortress. From an old woman, a colored servant, of Colonel Travis, the only inmate of the Alamo that survived, and from prisoners captured by Houston a few days after, a careful and extended sketch of all that took place at the Alamo, and in the murder of Fanning and his men, with a spirited account of Houston's great victory over Santa Anna in the battle of San Jacinto, was made. This is of special interest, because of the graphic picture and of the part two of General Jackson's disciples took in it, and especially because one man, trained under Jackson, knew how, as a soldier, to die, and another, trained under him, knew how to win a victory; but it is American history, and not appropriate in the life of Jackson.

Sevier, Campbell and Shelby, after getting to the top of King's Mountain, whipped the British in less than an hour, killing and capturing an army twice the size of their own. Jackson, at New Orleans, had the British retreating in twenty-five minutes, with 1,500 dead on the field; and Sam Houston, at San Jacinto, with 750 men, fighting 1,500 Mexicans, killed and captured in less than an hour the entire army of Santa Anna. Who will say that the Tennesseans in the olden times were not soldiers?

There is nothing in American history, perhaps, more interesting than the details of what took place after the

terrible massacre at the Alamo. There is certainly nothing connected with our wars more dreadful in the details than what followed the Alamo—the murder of Fanning and his men and the terrible ferocity of the Mexicans, following which comes what more than anything else illustrates the character of General Sam Houston in raising an army, destroying Santa Anna's army, and taking Santa Anna a prisoner.

In the original preparation of this work I had embraced all the facts, simply because Sam Houston and Davy Crockett had been soldiers under General Jackson, and had their training under him; but it is, perhaps, foreign to this work, while it is truly a part of American history, therefore it is now left out.

Believing that General Jackson's campaign against the Creek Indians has had no fair showing in American history, I am not willing to close this part of the work by a mere recital of its events. Two causes have conspired to obscure this epoch in General Jackson's life. One was, the great victory over the British, a few months after the Creek campaign closed, so marked that period in American history and brought about the head of the great soldier such a halo of glory, that all behind was for the time forgotten, or overshadowed. The other was, that this campaign, the complete destruction of this powerful ally of the British, just at the time when the Government stood so much in need of comfort; that in its joyous appreciation of what Jackson had done, and under a pressure from the common people, it made him a Major General in the United States Army. From this uplift General Jackson never recovered. To take up a backwoods, uneducated (as they said) militia officer, and make him a Major General in the regular army over hundreds of educated, rightful heirs, because he had killed a few Indians, was just too much for the small men in the army and their kin. They com-

menced at once to belittle the Creek campaign. All the truly great soldiers in the regular army have nobly defended the name and fame of the great Tennessean, remembering that the great King makes great soldiers, and that while sheep skins are innocent, they don't make great men. The great commander discovers, by some intelligently executed, daring deed, the metal of a subordinate, and lifts him out of the ranks. Napoleon found great marshals down in the ranks. With the class of military men who thought dead Indians were not equal to sheepskins, they never even could see that General Jackson was entitled to much credit for his victory at New Orleans over an army that had followed Wellington, and then cleaned up everything on the Canadian line.

The effect of this campaign not only gave spirit to the American army and great comfort to the Government that had been driven from the Capitol, but it brought the British Commissioners at Ghent to their senses, and made possible a treaty of peace. And, although the American Commissioners had to bear the mortification of making a treaty without securing the main thing they were fighting about—the denial of the right to search American ships, General Jackson, by the battle of New Orleans, did put it in the treaty, and in a more enduring form than if it had been written. England in all her wars with other nations has never since the fatal 8th of January, 1815, claimed the right to search one of our ships found on the high seas.

The war with England would not have closed when it did, by the treaty of Ghent, but for Jackson's great victories over this powerful tribe. Mr. Gallatin, as well as our other commissioners in Europe, had made the discovery that the war with Napoleon being ended by his capitulation, and their army being victorious on the Canada line in the war with us, the entire military power was to be thrown against the South; and Mr. Gallatin so informed the Presi-

dent. Their victories in the North and their ability to mobilize their entire military force against the South, with the Spaniards in Florida their friends and Pensacola as a base of supplies, and the powerful Creek Nation of Indians occupying all of the Mississippi Territory, an ally that had agreed to kill all the Americans—men, women, and children—as they came to them, Great Britain felt sure of at least an ending of the war in such a way that it would humble the colonies that had broken the bond and set up for themselves.

The character of the tribe of Indians which had made an alliance with the British, and which General Jackson deprived the British of as an ally, is fully described by Mr. Pickett (who had long lived with the Creeks), the Alabama historian, as follows:

"They defeated the Americans," he says, "at Burnt Corn, and compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. They reduced Fort Mimms, after a fight of five hours, and exterminated its numerous inmates. They encountered the large force under Coffee, at Talleseehatchie, and fought until not one warrior was left, disdaining to beg for quarter. They opposed Jackson at Talledega, and, although surrounded by his army, poured out their fire and fled not till the ground was almost covered with their dead. They met Floyd at Autosse, and fought him a few hours after the battle when he was leading his army over Heydon's hill. Against the well trained army of Claiborne they fought at Holy Ground with the fury of tigers, and then made good their retreat across the Alabama. At Emuckfau three times did they charge upon Jackson, and when he retreated towards the Coosa they sprang upon him, while crossing the creek at Enoctochopoc, with the courage and impetuosity of lions. Two days afterwards a party near Weatherford rushed upon the unsuspecting Georgians at Calabee, threw the army into dismay and confusion, and stood their

ground in a severe struggle, until the superior force of General Floyd forced them to fly at daylight. Sixty days after this, Jackson surrounded them at the Horse Shoe, and after a sanguinary contest totally exterminated them, while not one of them begged for quarter. At length, wounded, starved and beaten, hundreds fled to the swamps of Florida; others went to Pensacola, and, rallying under Colonel Nichol, attacked Fort Bowyer."

"Thus," adds the same author, "were the brave Creeks opposed by the combined armies of Georgia, Tennessee and the Mississippi Territory, together with the Federal forces of other States, besides numerous bands of bloody Choc-taws and Chickasaws. Fresh volunteers and militia, from month to month, were brought against them, while no one came to their assistance save a few English officers, who led them to undertake enterprises beyond their ability to accomplish. And how long did they contend against the powerful forces allied against them? From the 27th of July, 1813, to the last of December, 1814. In every engagement with the Americans the forces of the Creeks were greatly inferior in number, except at Burnt Cork and Fort Mimms."

"Brave nations of Alabama!" exclaims the generous historian, "to defend that soil where the Great Spirit gave you birth; you sacrificed your peaceful savage pursuit. You fought the invaders until more than half your warriors were slain. The remnant of your warlike tribe yet live on the distant Arkansas. You have been forced to quit one of the finest regions upon the earth, which is now occupied by Americans. Will they, in some dark hour, when Alabama is invaded, defend this soil as bravely and as enduringly as you have done? Posterity may be able to reply."

The closing words of the Alabama historian are truly pathetic, and will in this resurrection of historic incidents, and especially the tribute paid these savages fighting for a

country they thought was their own, find a generous and responsive impulse to the noble words of the historian by thousands who believe in the right of any people to defend their homes.

The facts, however, in this case leave no room for debate. The treatment of the Creeks by our Government from its inception up to the time of the Jackson campaign, and the manner in which the war was brought on and the purpose of it, is an essential part of American history, and will entirely relieve the minds of the sympathetic friends of the Indians.

When this Jackson-Creek war broke out, the Government had been in existence twenty-six years (the Creeks were known to be a powerful tribe), by far the strongest of all the Southern tribes—and warlike. So, one of the first things General Washington did when he became President was to appoint and send among them on a friendly mission a Mr. Hawkins, with instructions to cultivate friendly relations. Hawkins was a wise and good man, and came to be much beloved by the Indians; he was truly a great friend, and was so recognized.

He was in a sense the head of the nation, and taught the Indians to always speak of General Washington as their "Great Father." During this long period of about twenty-six years there had been nothing but friendly relations, and the Indians were truly the wards of the nation. So satisfactory were these relations, that all subsequent Presidents down to this outbreak kept Mr. Hawkins without any discussion about changing him.

Colonel Nichol, who was in command at Pensacola, as well as the "Subaltern" correspondent of the British army in the war of 1812, admits, and publishes the facts of the alliance between the British Government and the Creek Nation, for the latter to aid the former in the war.

Colonel Hawkins was at the seat of government on the

Alabama River, holding a council with the chiefs about general matters connected with affairs of the nation, when Tecumseh came there, and, by a series of "talks," incited the tribe to go to war—the first sign of which was the horrible, the awful murder of about 400 whites, mostly women and children, at Fort Mimms.

This was a declaration of war that brought General Jackson out of bed with a broken arm. There was no question, "Who fired the first gun?"

CHAPTER XV.

PERSISTENT REFUSAL OF GENERAL JACKSON TO ACCEPT CIVIL HONORS; HIS GENIUS PRE-EMINENTLY MILITARY — TENNESSEANS RECOGNIZE THIS, BUT THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT REMAINS LONG UNCONVINCED — THE CREEK CAMPAIGN AND THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR OF 1812 FINALLY RESULT IN REMOVING PREJUDICE AT WASHINGTON, AND JACKSON IS MADE MAJOR GENERAL IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

THE Creek War being ended, Major General Pinckney, of the United States Army, banquetted General Jackson at the Holy Ground, and took command of the few regulars in the South, and on the 21st of April, 1814, issued the order for General Jackson and his Tennesseans to return home. They were to be discharged at Fayetteville, from whence they had moved eight months before.

General Pinckney, an old Revolutionary soldier, had watched Jackson's career in both campaigns, and in most flattering terms reported to the Government at Washington his victories in the Creek campaign, and gave him a parting blessing rarely witnessed in army life. The army, with such complimentary words for brave service as only General Jackson knew how to use, was discharged on, reaching the State, and General Jackson, many miles before he reached Nashville, was met by many hundreds of people who had watched his campaign with a pride that has come down to their grand and great grandchildren. He was met and welcomed as the conquering hero. He had inflicted just punishment on the great Creek Nation

for the most barbarous massacre of helpless people. He was taken to the court-house, when, on behalf of the committee, Felix Grundy delivered an address of welcome, to which Jackson replied. General Jackson's speech appears in the *Nashville Whig*, of May 16, 1814. It is as follows:

"GENTLEMEN :—The favorable sentiments you have been pleased to express, by authority of your fellow-citizens, of the brave officers and soldiers who composed my army in the late expedition against the Creek Indians, are received with the liveliest sensibility.

"We had indeed borne with many outrages from that barbarous and infatuated nation before the massacre at Fort Mimms raised our energies to avenge the wrongs we had sustained. I participated in the common feeling, and my duty to my country impelled me to take the field. I endeavored to discharge that duty faithfully; my best exertions were used, my best judgment exercised.

"In the prosecution of such a war difficulties and privations were to be expected. To meet and sustain these became the duty of every officer and soldier; and for the faithful performance of this duty they are amply rewarded in the expression of their country's approbation.

"The success which attended our exertions has indeed been very great. We have laid the foundation of a lasting peace to those frontiers which had been so long and so often infested by the savages we have conquered. We have added a country to ours which, by connecting the settlements of Georgia with those of the Mississippi Territory, and both of them with our own, will become a secure barrier against foreign invasion, or the operation of foreign influence over our red neighbors in the South, and we have furnished the means of not only defraying the expenses of the war against the Creeks, but of that which is carried on against their ally, Great Britain.

"How ardently, therefore, is it to be wished that the Government may take the earliest opportunity and advise the most effectual means of populating that section of the Union.

"In acquiring these advantages to our country it is true we have lost some valuable citizens, some brave soldiers.

But these are misfortunes inseparable from a state of war; and while I mingle my regret with yours for the lost, I have this consolation, in common with yourselves, that the sons of Tennessee who fell contending for their rights have approved themselves worthy the American name—worthy descendants of their sires of the revolution.”

This is a model speech. In its acceptance of the sentiments expressed for the soldiers under him it is singularly modest; in what was accomplished it is suggestive and not free in the use of the pronoun “I.” If the many literary critics who have taxed their scant store-houses for words to show the great soldier’s inaptness with pen and tongue, had possessed the great man’s modesty, their literary productions would have been less offensive.

Shortly after Jackson’s great victory in the Battle of the Horse Shoe, a brigadier generalship fell vacant in the regular army, and the President intimated a purpose to appoint Jackson. This was opposed by officers in the regular army, but about the time Jackson got back to Tennessee the commission of brigadier general in the regular army was tendered him. While General Jackson was considering the question of accepting it, the Legislature of the Territory of Mississippi voted him a sword. About the same time there came a vacancy, or chance for a new Major General in the United States Army, and this was tendered General Jackson, which he gladly accepted.

General Jackson’s rise, accessions to positions where he could display his military genius in the interest of his country, makes a record without a counterpart in the history of this or any other country. The reader may call it luck, fate, or providence, as he chooses, but there is nothing like it.

Civil office was bestowed on General Jackson, commencing with his entrance into the State, and continued in a manner that is unaccountable—made district attorney in

the Territory when a mere boy; than a delegate to the convention which formed the State Government; then sent to the Lower House of Congress; twice in the United States Senate; then Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, nearly all of which offices he resigned, showing that he had no taste or desire for civil office, and all manifestly in the belief and with an undying faith that his career in life was that of a soldier. To look for a moment at his military career in two aspects, getting the places to show his genius and then the genius he developed, and it is enough to make an infidel not only a believer in a great King that rules, but in the goodness of the old blue stocking doctrine of predestination, tempered with the mercy and wisdom of Him who makes destiny. Jackson had been in the State but a few years, was quite a young man when he became a candidate for major general for the whole State, a most important office, and was elected by one majority, the casting vote of the Governor, and over John Sevier, who was not only a great soldier, but a man beloved by the people, and who had stood guard over the women and children from the first settlement on the Wautauga and Nolachucky, and who was such an idol among the people that they made him the first Governor and kept him in that office for twelve years, and then sent him to Congress. This one vote put Jackson in a position where he was enabled to take another step when the War of 1812 came, and when he made the celebrated Natchez campaign.

Mr. Benton's speech in the Senate, as shown in a former chapter, details with great minuteness the efforts of General Jackson and his friends to get him a commission in the army when the War of 1812 came. Jackson believed he had military genius; all who knew him intimately, as Col. Benton did, believed he had military genius. He had been major general of the militia in Tennessee for more than ten years, and had thoroughly impressed the people of the

State that by nature he had the qualities of a soldier. In fact, his success over such a born soldier and great popular leader in getting the office of major general, as Colonel John Sevier, the hero of King's Mountain, proved that in his bearing and intercourse with men, without even the insignia of war, there was in him a martial spirit, a spark capable of setting the whole State on fire. Hence, in his desire to serve his country when the war came he had strong and powerful backing from his own State.

But the Government at Washington was not impressed. Aaron Burr pronounced him a great military genius; Burr had served with him in the Senate and had kept up with his career. This indorsement of Burr did him no good; in fact, Jackson had been one of the many thousands (and, of course, was spoken) who believed Burr's scheme did not contemplate treason to his own Government. Then, again, the Government at Washington could not understand what manner of man he was. A man that ran a big store, overlooked a big farm, practiced law, put on his regimentals when muster day came round, fought duels, ran horses, was ambitious, but didn't want a place in the United States Senate, nor in the National House of Representatives, and resigned both, and then resigned the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of his State, was to the silk-stocking, knee-breeches, powder-haired gentlemen at Washington an enigma—and he might hurt somebody if he got an army. They did not believe much in the aphorism, "Must be good for something; tried everything else; therefore give him an army."

But the people of Tennessee were wiser than the Government. They believed he was a born commander of men, one of the heroes that God makes when destiny awaits a nation. And as misfortunes came to us on the Northern frontier, as our armies were driven from place to place on the Canada line, the people of Tennessee, through their

leading men from every part of the State, petitioned to have General Jackson with his Tennessee militia put into the fight, but the Government was afraid.

First and early in the war there was a brigadier's place to be given to the West. For this appointment his name was presented by Tennessee and pressed, but another suited the Government better.

Second, another brigadier was allotted to the West, and Jackson was again presented by Tennessee and pressed, but he did not suit the Government.

Then it was given out that six generals would be appointed from all parts of the country, and Jackson's Tennessee friends went to work earnestly, fully believing that Jackson would be one. But, as Col. Benton says, he was appointed to go back to his farm. The door to military position, so far as the Government was concerned, was barred against him. This led to great disappointment in Tennessee, and some feeling of injustice.

But it was then ordered that 50,000 volunteers would be accepted. This was Jackson's opportunity. Through the Governor he tendered 3,500 men, and they were of course accepted, and Jackson became a soldier of 1812.

At the time General Jackson received his commission of major general, and was ordered to take command of the Southern forces, there were conditions that would have appalled any other man. From the day General Jackson broke away from his surgeons, sixteen days after his fight with the Bentons, he had never seen one well day. One of the wounds was a source of constant pain until twenty years afterwards, when the bullet was cut out at Washington when he was President, with Col. Tom Benton there to see it well done, and the happiest man in the city when the great sufferer was relieved; and the old General, with his marked politeness, returned to him his property, the bullet which he had carried about with him for a little over

twenty years. The wounds, the exposure through a hard winter in the wilderness, saving the frontiers from the tomahawk, and fighting the Indians when he could get to them, sleeping but little and half of the time with nothing to eat, had left him with the appearance of a feeble, broken-down man. The whole time his broken arm had been in a sling. Pains from the wounds and poor food had finally brought what seemed to be an incurable case of chronic dysentery.

At the time the Government gave him his commission as Major General and ordered him South, it was painfully aware that the British army had conducted a most successful campaign in the North; that it had literally conquered and captured our armies on the frontier, and that a large part of the victorious army, the army to which Hull had surrendered, and that had massacred our troops at French Town, were being liberated for the great campaign in the South; and it was also known, from the letters of Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Adams, who were in Europe trying to make peace, that a new and powerful army was being raised in England for overrunning the South and closing up a war with the United States with such a credit balance that the surrender of Lord Cornwallis would be treated as an accident.

At this time England was full of fight. Napoleon had just capitulated and been imprisoned on the Island of Elba, and the whole fighting force that had been engaged with France was liberated, and all eyes were turned to the Southern coast, and for the command of the army one of Wellington's best generals was selected.

At the time General Jackson was made major general, Providence or some mysterious agency, came in to remove six generals entitled to the place by rank. General Wilkinson was transferred from New Orleans to the Northwest, where he made a failure. Next Brigadier General

Wade Hampton resigned; then Major General William Henry Harrison resigned. Then General Flourney, who succeeded Wilkinson, resigned; fifth, General Howard, of Kentucky, who was dispatched to succeed Flourney at New Orleans, died before reaching his post; sixth, General Gaines, sent to New Orleans at the first alarm, did not reach there in time. If he had reached there he would have been in command.

After the Creek campaign, General Jackson had but a short rest. Immediately after his acceptance of the commission of major general reached Washington, he was ordered to take command of the entire Southern forces, which gave him only about three weeks' rest at home. The United States Army in the South consisted of two skeleton regiments.

General Jackson with his aides reached the Holy Ground about the —— day of ———, 1814, and had associated with him the Government's trusted agent, Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, who had been on the staff of Colonel Pinckney.

It is due to history that some special mention should be made of Colonel Hawkins, who took part in making what is so well known as "Jackson's treaty." This is due because he set an example in dealing with the Indians that has, I trust, in the past been of service to the Government's Indian agents, and should, as long as we have the Indians as wards of the Government, be an example to Indian superintendents and agents. His appointment was made by General Washington, and was the inception of that wise policy inaugurated by our Government and perfected by a system of legislation whose beneficent wisdom insured the result. There has been much unkind criticism of our treatment of the Indians, and it is true a few of our Indian agents have abused the great trust. It is only necessary to say that this in human affairs was expected. No government, no

// large corporation, has yet reached the point of never making
" a mistake in selecting agents. Every lawyer in the United States knows how our courts have leaned to the Indians in protecting them in their rights, and all who have been permitted to look in on the political department of our Government know with what care the Government has selected heads of the Indian Department.

As a fact, Mr. Cleveland and the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lamar, were more concerned about this office than any other, and while General J. D. C. Atkins was a man of large experience in public affairs, it was his long and well-established character for integrity and a high sense of justice that secured him the place at the head of the Indian Department.

No mere note or reference in a biography like this can do justice to Mr. Hawkins, so long the wise and discreet agent to the Creek Nation. It was his wisdom and high sense of justice that for so long a time — and until that wonderful man, Tecumseh, the great ally of the British, came and stimulated them to the effort of regaining their country by killing all the women and children — kept the Creek Nation on good terms with the white people. General Jackson, in making this treaty, was, in a great measure, acting under instructions from the Government; however, with a large discretion vested in him. In making the treaty he met only the friendly chiefs. All the hostile chiefs not killed in the battles had left and gone to Florida, and were at Pensacola under the protection of the Spanish Governor, organizing to aid the British. The duty devolving on General Jackson was delicate and responsible, dealing with friends, but making a treaty which hostiles must be held to. The terms were dictated by General Jackson and to a conquered people.

First, he required the giving up all or nearly all of that part of their territory to the United States which now makes the States of Alabama, Mississippi, and a part of West Tennessee.

Second, they were to cease all intercourse with any Spanish garrison or town, and admit no trader among them unless by license of the United States.

Third, the right of the United States to make roads through the Creek Nation and establish military and trading posts, and to surrender their prophets and instigators of the war.

When General Jackson made known his terms to the chiefs an interesting scene occurred. On one side of the General's spacious marquee were ranged the Creek chiefs, grave, silent, dignified, and wearing all the fantastic insignia of their authority. On the other were General Jackson, the venerable and beloved Colonel Hawkins, the General's aides, officers and secretary, and Colonel Hayne, then the recently appointed Inspector General of the Army. There was also a great concourse of Indians, Creek and Cherokee, and part of a regiment of troops on the ground, all interested in the events transpiring.

Big Warrior, so named from his colossal proportions, a chief renowned among both races for his eloquence, who had never lifted against the white man a hostile hand, was the first to express the feelings of the council. His speech made a deep impression upon all who heard it, the majestic manner of the man adding force to his words. He told the story of the war, from what causes it had arisen; what sufferings it had caused; what desolation it had left. He admitted that the coming of Jackson's army alone had saved the friendly party from destruction, and that the claim of the Government for indemnity was just. They were willing to transfer a portion of their land. But was not negotiation to that end premature? Was the war ended? The war party, it was true, had fled to Florida, but they might return and renew the strife. The Indians required large hunting grounds, for their habits were not the habits of white men who stayed at home and drew all their substance

from the soil. To give up so much land as the treaty required would reduce the tribe to the greatest distress, which seemed to them neither just nor necessary.

There were other speeches made. To these speeches Jackson replied at considerable length. Moved as he and all present had been by the addresses of the two chiefs, he still felt it due to the United States to adhere to his demands. "You know," said he, "that the portion of country which you desire to retain is that through which the intruders and mischief-makers from the lakes reached you, and urged your nation to those acts of violence that have involved your people in wretchedness and your country in ruin. Through it leads the path Tecumseh trod when he came to visit you. That path must be stopped. Until this is done, your nation cannot expect happiness, nor mine security. I have already told you the reasons for demanding it. They are such as ought not, cannot be departed from. You must determine whether or not you are disposed to become friendly."

CHAPTER XVI.

GREAT DIPLOMATIC SKILL SHOWN IN DRAWING UP OF CREEK TREATY — SCHOLARLY CORRESPONDENCE WITH SECRETARY OF WAR ARMSTRONG AND THE SPANISH GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA — WITH SKILL, INDEPENDENCE AND JUDGMENT JACKSON ARRANGED FOR AND CONDUCTED THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS PENDING DELAYED INSTRUCTIONS FROM WASHINGTON.

ONE object in writing the life of Andrew Jackson is not to make history for Tennessee, but to do justice to its history. It is very well known that Tennesseans, led by the great soldier, were his main dependence, and won the celebrated 8th of January battle at New Orleans, but it is not this unparalleled victory over the British that I am at present dealing with. But few Americans have taken the pains to collect the facts leading up to that battle. The fifteen hundred dead British on the one side, and on the other six men killed and seven wounded, as General Jackson reported to the Secretary of War the next day after the battle, has, as a rule, been enough to satisfy Americans without looking further. In the duration of the battle, in the difference in numbers, in the disparity in the number killed, and in its effect on international affairs, it is the most remarkable battle ever fought in any country. But this does not tell the whole story—the defeated army was made up of trained soldiers who had served under the most renowned soldier in the world, and Jackson had only militia, and with 6,000 against 12,000.

But my mind is not now on this great battle. With minuteness and care I shall examine the facts and conditions

leading up to it, and especially as to who fought it, and under what circumstances, and the courage and judgment displayed in getting ready to fight it, and in fighting it. The man who looks back at the conditions sees nothing but hardihood, desperation. I have already said that when the British came back in 1812 to correct the mistake Cornwallis made in surrendering the plantations, they found but one lion on the farm. I propose now to prove, as clearly as circumstantial evidence can reach a demonstration, that but for Jackson and his army the entire South would have been overrun, the helpless people literally hacked to pieces, and the entire country placed so near subjugation that the humiliation would have been close kin to it; and that while the treaty of Ghent was made before the battle was fought, that treaty would not have been made if General Jackson had not destroyed England's greatest ally, the Creek Nation; and then I will show that but for Tennessee soldiers — volunteers and raw militia — the battle at New Orleans could not have been fought, and the entire South would have been overrun. The few soldiers the Government had would have been captured or massacred, as they were at Detroit and Frenchtown; and, finally, the most humiliating treaty probably submitted to that had ever been made between two great peoples. The conditions were enough to appall any man except one with the faith and will that Jackson had, and no other man ever had such a combination.

In the first place, we were in a war that the richest, and, as was generally said, the most enlightened part of our country—New England—was utterly opposed to, and was earnestly insisting on Mr. Madison making the very best settlement he could get; and all New England was openly rejoicing when Napoleon capitulated and was sent off to Elba in 1814, because, they said, now that the long war between England and France had been ended and the army and navy that had been fighting France was liberated, to be

turned on the United States; therefore, Mr. Madison would now see that he could not carry on the war any longer and would have to make peace; and then New England had the "we-told-you-so" argument, and pointed to the fact that Mr. Madison, the President, and Mr. Jefferson, an ex-President, had both opposed the war as long as they were allowed to, because they said we were not able, having no standing army to fight England's trained soldiers, and that situated as we were war should be the last resort, and not until we had an army; and then our credit was so low in 1814 that Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of War, was pledging his large private fortune for money to carry it on.

The victories over our army at the North had been so uniform that the English press and people, as I showed in a former chapter, were looking upon us with contempt. Then it was no secret that a great fleet and powerful army were being organized in England to destroy all the Southern seaports and to overrun the country, and that the British press and all the English people were treating the expedition to the South in the nature of an excursion.

At this time our leading men were in Europe. Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Russell, the Ministers to Ghent, were sorely tried by the large demands made by the British Commissioners, and they were not a little discouraged when the French War was ended and the British soldiers were thereby liberated to fight the United States. The letters of these gentlemen, some of which I published in a former chapter, show their great anxiety about the preparation for attacking the South and the divided sentiment at home. Of course, these letters did not get beyond the President's mansion till after the war, but the facts about which they were written became public in various ways.

One great fact General Jackson did know — that the North had been so badly beaten by the British trained sol-

diers that it was creating the greatest anxiety among Government officials, and that he had only reached the position of major general by the resignation of several generals, in effect resigning in front of the enemy.

The only bright spot in all the surroundings was that he had so effectually cleaned up the powerful Creek Nation, the ally in the South so much depended on by the British, that if an army could be raised in Tennessee it could cross the wilderness, through the Creek Nation, without having to fight its way to get to the Gulf coast.

By the five battles Jackson fought with the Creek warriors he had killed or driven out of all that country lying between Tennessee and the Gulf of Mexico, where the British would commence operations, every single hostile chief; and then by a treaty with the friendly chiefs he had acquired possession of all the country, or nearly all, which is now the States of Alabama and Mississippi, with the right to make roads and establish military posts.

All under Jackson in the Creek War understood him to be avenging the awful massacre at Fort Mimms, and protecting the women and children on the frontiers. But when Jackson came to the treaty it was apparent, and the purpose was made manifest in his talk at the time of the treaty, as well as in his Nashville speech when he returned from the Creek War, at least a main purpose was to open the country so that a Tennessee army could reach the coast without fighting its way, and meet the British at Mobile, New Orleans, Pensacola, or any other place they might land.

The most remarkable spectacle in military affairs that ever appeared on the American continent was Andrew Jackson when he closed up the Creek campaign by making the treaty, and in a war with the most warlike nation in the world, and with a great army that had followed Wellington, and with a navy whose officers, some of whom, at least, had fought under Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, concentrating

its forces, land and navy, on the coast just in front of him, when he had three pieces of regiments only, his only hope and his only resources being two officers, Coffee and Carroll, back in Tennessee raising an army of volunteers, with which he proposed to whip, and believed he could do it, all the forces that England could send. Standing there in front of this vast military power, with scarcely soldiers enough for a bodyguard, he had one eye on the Spanish Governor over at Pensacola, only two days' march away, who was organizing for the British army all the hostile Indians that he had driven out of the Creek country, making his city a storehouse, a depot of supplies for the great army that was to come, the harbor a welcome place for the British ships, and a British flag run up over His Excellency's abiding place, and his great fort — the Barancas — at the service of the strutting British officer, Nichols. There Jackson stood, with one eye on this Governor, and the other eye looking out for the approaching great army, his trust in God, and the Tennessee soldiers that Coffee and Carroll were getting up in Tennessee, 400 miles away, and at the same time with a faith that enabled him to send a note to the impudent and international law-breaker that was Governor of Florida, that he would correspond with him in future only by turning his cannon on his palace.

The faith of this great soldier must have been God-given, for he never doubted he could whip the British army when it came, though the army was practically in sight, while his soldiers were in Tennessee rubbing up their squirrel rifles.

Early in the war the President had asked General Wilkinson, in command at New Orleans, for information about the defense of New Orleans, to which General Wilkinson replied:

"To defend New Orleans and the mouths of the Mississippi against a dominant naval force and 6,000 veteran troops, rank and file, from the West India station, the fol-

lowing force is indispensable: Four of the heaviest national vessels; forty gunboats to mount 18 and 24-pounders; six steamboats for transportation, each to hold 400 men with a month's provisions; four stout redeaux each, to mount 24-pounders; 10,000 regular troops; 4,500 militia."

This red-tape, sheepskin general, in the strongest language he could afford to use, condemned President Madison for not adopting his scheme — and this is the general who would have been in command at New Orleans if Jackson at Natchez had discharged his army as directed by the Secretary of War.

Jackson defended New Orleans with between 6,000 and 7,000 men, 5,300 of them Tennessee volunteers in hunting shirts, wearing coonskin caps, and armed with squirrel rifles. This is the difference between a general made in the back-room of a schoolhouse and one that God makes. Yet this man belonged to the class of military critics that never get done finding out what a mistake was made in making Jackson a Major General in the United States Army.

The elements in General Jackson's character that made him transcendently great at the head of an army were vigilance, industry, and foresight. That he took a month to make a treaty with the Creek Indians was a matter of some surprise and caused some criticism at the time, because nobody knew what he was doing, except that he was making the treaty. But since the books have been opened it is manifest that Jackson was sleeping but little. The matters of the treaty were not neglected, but they were so well attended to that when the treaty was made it practically put an end to the great scourge of all our frontiers — the Indian wars. But while he was making his treaty, at night, when other people slept, that facile pen of his was employed conferring with the Governor of Tennessee, the Governor of Georgia, the Governor of Louisiana, and the Territorial Governor of the Mississippi Territory, about preparations to meet the

British, at the same time urging the Government to permit him to enter the Spanish territory at Pensacola, a place used by the British ships, where the hostile Indians and runaway negroes were being drilled and given arms to help the British, and the Governor's house a place of rendezvous for British officers, with the British flag flying over it. All this Jackson knew by the time the treaty was made. He had about him a number of friendly Indians, some of whom he had the greatest confidence in, and with the help of Colonel Hawkins, who had been with the Indians twenty-five years, he selected certain Indians who could be relied on and sent them into Florida to get information.

He had with him also his old reliable standby, Captain Gordon, who stood by him when his troops were leaving at Fort Strother, and who, when Jackson said, "If only two men will stay with me, I will stay here and die in the wilderness," stepped out and said, "General, I will stay with you."

Jackson, in addition to the friendly Indians, sent Gordon to Pensacola, who ascertained all the facts, and the friendly Indians managed to get some of the new guns, actually new British guns, which the treacherous Governor, Marequez, was giving to the Indians. One of these guns was brought back to General Jackson. He found the British were landing arms at Appalachicola to be distributed among the Indians.

As early as July 21st he wrote to the Governor of Louisiana, giving him the information he had. He also wrote the Secretary of War :

"If the hostile Indians have taken refuge in Florida and are there fed and clothed and protected; if the British have landed large munitions of war, and are fortifying and stirring up the savages, will you only say to me, raise a few hundred militia, which can be quickly done, and with such regular force as can be conveniently collected, make a descent upon Pensacola and reduce it? If so, I promise you

the war in the South shall have a speedy termination, and English influence be forever destroyed with the savages in this quarter."

This letter was not answered in time. It was written on the 18th of July, 1814, and sent forward by mail. The answer reached General Jackson on the 17th of January, by due course of mail. The answer said:

"The case you put is a very strong one, and if all the circumstances stated by you are right, the conclusion is irresistible. It becomes our duty to carry our arms where we find our enemies.

"It is believed, and I am so directed by the President to say, that there is a disposition on the part of the Spanish Governor not to break with the United States, nor to encourage any conduct on the part of her subordinate agents having a tendency to such rupture. We must, therefore, in this case, be careful to ascertain facts, and even to distinguish what, on the part of the Spanish authorities, may be the effect of menace and compulsion or of their choice and policy; the result of this inquiry must govern. If they admit, feed, arm, and co-operate with the British and hostile Indians, we must strike on the broad principle of self-preservation. Under other and different circumstances, we must forbear."

What General Jackson may have thought when this letter was received on January 17, 1815, just six months, lacking one day, after he had written the pressing letter to which it was a reply, will never be known. Mr. Eaton, who was more intimately connected with General Jackson than any of his other friends, says:

"How it was so long delayed we know not, nor shall we undertake to conjecture. One thing is certain — the delay cast upon General Jackson a degree of responsibility rarely put upon a general in the field."

Mr. Eaton says the Government did know the facts given in the letter of General Jackson to be true by frequent communications made to it. And then he makes this striking comment, which I adopt as the best thing that could be said about this mishap:

“We would, however, recommend in all cases where a measure is to be proceeded in, either from necessity or a well-founded apprehension of its propriety, that the Government should adopt it without fear or trembling, or a regard to the consequences involved; nor leave to be determined by success or failure of the design whether an officer acting upon his own responsibility and for the good of his country shall become the subject of commendation or reproof.”

This criticism carries with it an implication of distrust as to the good faith of the Secretary of War, leaving the reader to infer not only that the Government put the responsibility on the general in the field, but that it intended to approve or dissent from his action, as might be the Governor's interest, after the general had acted; and but for the fact that it was the Government, the Secretary of War, who, from his high position and sacred trust, cannot, by anything less than affirmative proof of the highest character, be implicated in shirking a responsibility of such supreme importance and casting it on a general in the field; therefore, I cannot believe the Secretary of War evaded, but neglected, the performance of this duty. The Secretary of War was Mr. Armstrong, who was a cautious, but not a cowardly, man in the discharge of duty. Having all the facts, it was clearly the duty of the Executive Department of the Government, in a great emergency, unless Congress was in session; then the matter might be submitted to Congress, for it was making war on Spain.

From July to November 'General Jackson waited on instructions, having asked to be allowed to enter Florida and deal with the Spanish Governor, who was openly and

defiantly aiding the British, not only in making Pensacola the base of supplies for the army, but was arming the Indians and runaway negroes to fight in the British army. In the meantime, as it afterwards turned out, the Spanish Government was giving our Government the most profound assurances of its neutrality. General Jackson, with the strain upon him, had become exceedingly impatient. After writing many letters imploring the Secretary of War to give him authority to go into the Spanish territory, he actually lectured the Secretary of War in the following language:

“How long will the United States pocket the reproach and open insults of Spain? It is alone by a manly and dignified course that we can secure respect from other nations and peace to our own. Temporizing policy is not only a curse, but a disgrace to any nation. It is a fact that a British captain of marines is and has for some time past been engaged in drilling and organizing the fugitive Creeks, under the eye of the Governor; endeavoring by his influence and presents to draw to his standard, as well, the peaceable as the hostile Indians.

“If permission had been given me to march against this place twenty days ago, I would ere this have planted there the American eagle. Now, we must trust alone to our valor and the justice of our cause.”

General Jackson had already had considerable correspondence with the Spanish Governor; had sent a special messenger, his trusted friend, to him with letters informing him of the wrongs being committed by aiding Captain Nichols in arming the negroes and Indians, in giving continued shelter to British ships of war in the harbor, and making Pensacola a depot of supplies; in fact, making his Government an active aid to the British.

To this the Governor replied, claiming that he was doing nothing but what he had a right, under Spanish treaties with the Creek Indians and Great Britain, to do, and closing

the letter with an insulting reference to the well-known Jean Lafitte's town of refuge, by saying to Jackson :

"Turn your eyes to the Island of Barataria, and you will there perceive that within the very territory of the United States pirates are sheltered and protected, with the manifest design of committing hostilities by sea upon the merchant vessels of Spain, and with such scandalous notoriety that the cargoes of our vessels, taken by them, have been publicly sold in Louisiana."

He closed his letter by intimating that General Jackson had not used respectful language in the correspondence.

Jackson's reply to this letter was truly Jacksonian, as follows :

"Were I clothed with diplomatic powers, for the purpose of discussing the topics embraced in the wide range of injuries of which you complain, and which have long since been adjusted, I could easily demonstrate that the United States have been always faithful to their treaties, steadfast in their friendships, nor have ever claimed anything that was not warranted by justice. They have endured many insults from the governors and other officers of Spain, which, if sanctioned by their sovereign, amounted to acts of war, without any previous declaration on the subject. The property of our citizens has been captured at sea, and if compensation has not been refused, it has at least been withheld. But as no such powers have been delegated to me, I shall not assume them, but leave them to the representatives of our respective Governments.

"I have the honor of being entrusted with the command of this district. Charged with its protection, and the safety of its citizens, I feel my ability to discharge the task, and trust your Excellency will always find me ready and willing to go forward in the performance of that duty whenever circumstances shall render it necessary. I agree with you, perfectly, that candor and polite language should at all times characterize the communications between the officers of friendly sovereignties, and I assert, without the fear of con-

tradition, that my former letters were couched in terms the most respectful and unexceptionable. I only requested, and did not demand, as you asserted, the ringleaders of the Creek confederacy, who had taken refuge in your town, and who have violated all laws, moral, civil and divine, should be delivered up. This I had a right to do from the treaty which I sent you, and which I now again enclose, with a request that you will change your translation, believing, as I do, that your former one was wrong and has deceived you.

"What kind of an answer you returned, a reference to your letter will explain. The whole of it breathes nothing but hostility, grounded upon assumed facts and false charges, and entirely evading the inquiries that had been made.

"I can but express my astonishment at the protest against the cession of Alabama, lying within the acknowledged jurisdiction of the United States, and which has been ratified, in due form, by the principal chiefs and warriors of the nation. But my astonishment subsides when, in comparing it, I find it upon a par with the rest of your conduct; taken together, they afford a sufficient justification for any consequences that may ensue. My Government will protect every inch of her territory, her citizens, and her property, from insult and depredation, regardless of the political revolutions of Europe; and although she has been at all times sedulous to preserve a good understanding with all the world, yet she has sacred rights that cannot be trampled on with impunity. Spain had better look to her own intestine commotions before she walks forth in that majesty of strength and power which you threaten to draw down upon the United States. Your Excellency has been candid enough to admit your having supplied the Indians with arms. In addition to this, I have learned that a British flag has been seen flying on one of your forts. All this is done whilst you are pretending to be neutral. You cannot be surprised then — but, on the contrary, will provide a fort in your town for my soldiers and Indians — should I take it in my head to pay you a visit.

"In future I beg you to withhold your insulting charges against my Government, for one more inclined to listen to slander than I am; nor consider me any more as a diplo-

matic character, unless so proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon."

It would be difficult to find in history a general in command of an army, under more trying conditions, his own Government knowing all the facts, refusing to say do or not do. By this time he had become fully aware that the attack would be on New Orleans, for he had ordered Carroll, who was raising troops in Tennessee, to go down the river to New Orleans, and he had ordered Coffee, who was raising troops in Tennessee, to cross the country and reach Mobile as soon as possible. He had also made up his mind as to what he would do with the British ally at Pensacola, that being easy of access for the British by water, and the depot of supplies, and in his rear when he moved on New Orleans, and what he did the next chapter will tell.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACKSON'S INDOMITABLE WILL, INVINCIBLE COURAGE AND POWER TO INSPIRE HIS MEN ALONE MADE POSSIBLE A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH — FOR THIS ALONE HE DESERVES A MONUMENT FROM THE NATION — THE LITTLE-KNOWN BATTLE OF MOBILE — JACKSON'S CHARACTERISTIC MODESTY GIVES CREDIT TO HIS OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

WHAT any other man except Jackson would have done in the crisis which came at the end of the Creek campaign, including the treaty which he made, may be readily conjectured. Jackson's will power is universally admitted, but his faith is something miraculous. "I think," or "I hope," were not in his vocabulary. "I will," "I can," were as handy as "By the Eternal." To illustrate: When on his way out to fight the Dickerson duel—which he would gladly have avoided, but could not with his sense of untarnished manhood — he said to his second that he should let Dickerson shoot first; then he would kill Dickerson, though he might first be shot through the head. He did wait till Dickerson fired, the ball passing through his body, inflicting a wound that lasted through life, but neither his second nor his surgeon, standing by, knew he had been hit until they retired from the field, notwithstanding the delay; after Dickerson fired, when he drew on Dickerson the pistol snapped. Then cocking his pistol, he fired the fatal shot.

He was not only willing to meet the British army with volunteers yet to be raised, but implored the Secretary of War to let him do with the Spaniards, allies of the British,

what he had done with the other ally, the Creek Indians; that is, take care of the Spanish Governor at Pensacola, with his Indians and runaway negroes, backed up by a British captain of marines, before he moved out to fight Old England.

Jackson's genius in war, but for his ability to accomplish everything he undertook, would have been regarded by the average military man as inexcusable rashness. Jackson was not moving in the dark. What he had before him was visible. So sure were the English people, and especially the army and navy, that nothing was concealed in England or on their islands out near our coasts; in fact, they seemed anxious to make all their plans as public as possible. The advance fleet was in command of the Honorable W. H. Percy, of the ship *Hermes*; the commander of the troops was Lieut.-Col. Edward Nichols. Early in September, 1814, this fleet came over from Havana, and the ships took shelter in the harbor at Pensacola, and Colonel Nichols made the Governor's office his headquarters and ran up the British flag. The first thing the daring British upstart did was to issue to his soldiers an order, signing it, "Edward Nichols, commanding His Britannic Majesty's forces at Pensacola": "Soldiers, you are called upon to discharge a duty of the utmost peril. You will have to perform long and tedious marches through wildernesses, swamps, and water courses; your enemy, from long habit inured to the climate, will have great advantage over you. But remember the twenty-one years of toil and glory of your country, and resolve to follow the example of your glorious companions, who have fought and spilt their blood in her service."

This address was extended to great length, principally his great Government and himself.

This order to the army and the proclamation to the people of Louisiana and Kentucky were immediately, or at least as soon as they could be carried, published in New Orleans

papers, and, in fact, in the leading newspapers all over the United States, so that not only from what was being done in England, and from General Jackson's letters in July to the Secretary of War, but from the commander of forces at Pensacola, the Government had the first information of the supremely critical and dangerous condition of General Jackson, commanding all the forces in the South. This was in September. The Government not only gave him no help, but refused to answer his July letter and his earnest appeal to be allowed to invade the Spanish territory. To tell the plain truth, the Government was letting the South take care of itself, giving all the support to the shattered and defeated armies in the North, hoping to protect the cities of the section which was being so completely overrun by the British.

This is a period in General Jackson's career that puts him first on the list of Americans. The Government made him Major General in the United States Army, but gave him no army, and practically said to him, Get your army as best you can, and take care of the Southwest, while the Government takes care of the Northern frontiers; and this, too, after the Government had the fullest information from its diplomatic service in Europe of the preparations being made to overrun the South. General Jackson not only raised his army and took care of the Southwest, but he took care of the nation's army by hanging out a signal which all the nations of Europe have seen and respected. Jackson did it, and while the great British captain that Jackson sent back to England in a coffin, with his respects, has a monument in St. Paul for all Britons to look at, the Government of the United States has never laid a slab over the grave of the immortal soldier, and but for the timely interference of General Bate in the Senate, would recently have removed the equestrian statue in the public grounds at Washington to an obscure place, so that the soldiers, statesmen, and

fashionable people of Washington could have a better view of the grass and trees in a capitol that Jackson immortalized both in war and in council. The people of the Southwest, when they get rich enough, ought to build a monument to this great American that will reach nearer the skies than any shaft that the coming generation will erect, unless a greater than Jackson will arise to proclaim the liberties of the people.

When it became manifest that the Secretary of War was not going to answer his letters, and that he was to practically have no assistance from the Government, Jackson was quick to determine his course.

Early in October it was known by appearances that the British army and navy were going to operate against the South from Jamaica. General Jackson was not slow in determining that the attack would be on New Orleans. To overrun and subjugate the South, as had been shown by unquestioned evidence, the purpose, as he concluded, would be to ascend the Mississippi River; yet he did not doubt that both Pensacola and Mobile would be used as means of flanking him when he got to New Orleans. Therefore, he decided that both must be taken care of. The entrance to Mobile Bay he regarded as a most important point, so important that, over the dissenting opinion of all the officers whom he could consult with confidence and propriety, General Jackson made up his mind to defend the entrance to the bay. Upon examination, he found Fort Bowyer, an old fort at the entrance, in a most dilapidated condition. He immediately put Major William Lawrence, of the Second Infantry, in command to repair the fort as far as possible, and with 160 men, many of them raw troops, to defend it. The Tennessee troops had not arrived; in fact, Coffee and Carroll were just getting ready to move, one (Coffee) under orders to come to Mobile as rapidly as possible; the other (Carroll) to hurry up his boats and meet Jackson at New

Orleans. But with Jackson's knowledge of the facts, he believed Nichol's first move would be to reach Mobile. Hence he spent his days in giving instructions about repairing the fort and making defense when the time came, and his nights in praying that Blucher (Coffee) would come.

Suddenly, however, and before Coffee came, Nichols, with four ships commanded by Captain Percy — these ships were the *Hermes*, Captain Percy, twenty-two guns; the *Sophia*, in command of Captain Lockyer, eighteen guns; then *The Carron*, eighteen guns, and the *Cholers*, eighteen guns — all under the command of Captain Percy, as brave an officer as belonged to the British marine — came down upon the improvised fort. Nichols had landed 600 Indians that he and Manuez had organized at Pensacola, with other infantry under his command. The officers and men all came together and took an oath in substance to defend the fort until it was shot away, and to die rather than surrender without a guarantee against the Indian cruelties. The early biographers have differed somewhat about the battle, but I give here the report made by Major Lawrence to General Jackson, and Jackson's report to the Secretary of War.

“General Jackson to Hon. James Moore :

“SIR:—With lively emotions of satisfaction I communicate that success has crowned the efforts of our brave soldiers in resisting and repulsing a combined British naval and land force, which on the 15th instant attacked Fort Bowyer on the point of Mobile.

“I enclose a copy of the official report to Major William Lawrence, of the Second Infantry, who commanded. In addition to the particulars communicated in his letter, I have learned that the ship which was destroyed was the *Hermes*, of from 24 to 28 guns, Captain The Honorable Wm. H. Percy, senior officer in the Gulf of Mexico; and the brig so considerably damaged is *The Sophie*, 18 guns, Capt. William Lockyer. The other ship was *The Carron*, of from 24 to 28 guns, Captain Spencer, son of Earl

Spencer; the other brig's name unknown. On board of the *Carron* eighty-five men were killed and wounded, among whom was Colonel Nichol, of the Royal Marines, who lost an eye by a splinter. The land force consisted of 110 marines and 200 Creek Indians, under the command of Captain Woodbine, of the marines, and about twenty artillerymen, with one four-and-a-half-inch howitzer, from which they discharged shells and nine-pound shot. They re-embarked the piece and retreated by land towards Pensacola, whence they came.

"By the morning report of the 16th, there were present in the fort, fit for duty, officers and men, 158. The result of this engagement has stamped the character of the war in this quarter highly favorable to the American arms. It is an event from which may be drawn the most favorable augury. An achievement so glorious in itself, and so important in its consequences should be appreciated by the Government; and those concerned are entitled to, and will doubtless receive, the most gratifying evidence of the approbation of their country.

"In the words of Major Lawrence, 'Where all behaved well it is unnecessary to discriminate.' But all being meritorious, I beg leave to annex the names of the officers who were engaged and present, and hope they will, individually, be deemed worthy of distinction.

"Major William Lawrence, Second Infantry, commanding; Captain Walsh, of the artillery; then Captains Chamberlain, Brownlow, and Bradley, of the Second Infantry; Captain Sands, Deputy Commissary of Ordnance; Lieutenants Vilard, Sturges, Conway, H. Sanders, T. R. Sanders, Brooks, Davis and C. Sanders, all of the Second Infantry.

"I am confident that your own feelings will lead you to participate in my wishes on this subject. Permit me to suggest the propriety and justice of allowing to this gallant band the value of the vessel destroyed by them. I remain, etc.,

"ANDREW JACKSON,

"Brigadier General Commanding.

"The Honorable Secretary of War."

The following is the "official report of Maj. William Lawrence," alluded to by General Jackson in his letter to the Secretary of War:

"Major Lawrence to General Jackson:

"FORT BOWYER, September 15, 1814.

"SIR:—After writing the enclosed, I was prevented by the approach of the enemy from sending it by an express. At Meridian they were under full sail, with an easy and favorable breeze, standing directly for the fort, and at 4 P. M. we opened our battery, which was returned from two ships and two brigs as they approached. The action became general at about 20 minutes past 4, and was continued without intermission on either side until 7, when one ship and two brigs were compelled to retire. The leading ship, supposed to be the *Commodore*, mounted twenty-two 32-pound cannonades, having anchored nearest our battery, was so much disabled, her cable being cut by our shot, that she drifted on shore, within 600 yards of the battery, and the other vessels having gotten out of our reach, we kept such a tremendous fire upon her that she was set on fire and abandoned by the few of the crew who survived. At 10 P. M. we had the pleasure of witnessing the explosion of her magazine. The loss of lives on board must have been immense, as we are certain no boats left her except three, which had previously gone to her assistance, and one of these, I believe, was sunk; in fact, one of her boats was burnt alongside of her.

"The brig that followed her I am certain was much damaged, both in hull and rigging. The other two did not approach near enough to be injured, but I am confident they did not escape, as a well-directed fire was kept on them during the whole time.

"During the action, a battery of a 12-pounder and a howitzer was opened on our rear, but without doing any execution, and was silenced by a few shot. Our loss is four privates killed, and five privates wounded.

"Toward the close of the action the flag-staff was shot away, but the flag was immediately hoisted on a spun-staff over the parapet. While the flag was down, the enemy kept up their most incessant and tremendous fire; the men

were withdrawn from the curtains and northeast bastion, as the enemy's own shot completely protected our rear, except the position they had chosen for their battery.

"Where all behave well it is unnecessary to discriminate. Suffice it to say, every officer and man did his duty; the whole behaved with that coolness and intrepidity which is characteristic of the true American, and which could scarcely have been expected from men, most of whom had never seen an enemy, and were now for the first time exposed nearly three hours to a force of nearly or quite four guns to one.

"We fired during the action between four hundred and five hundred guns, most of them double shotted, and after the first half-hour but few missed effect.

"SEPTEMBER 16TH, 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

"Upon an examination of our battery this morning we find upwards of three hundred shots and shotholes in the inside of the north and east curtains and northeast bastions, of all calibres, from musket ball to 32-pound shot. In the northeast bastion there were three guns dismounted, one of which, a 4-pounder, was broken off near the trunnions by a 32-pound shot, and another much battered. I regret to say that both the 24-pounders are cracked in such a manner as to render them unfit for service.

"I am informed by two deserters from the land force, who have just arrived here, and whom I send for your disposal, that a re-enforcement is expected, when they will doubtless endeavor to wipe off the stain of yesterday.

"If you will send the *Amelia* down we may probably save most of all the ship's guns, as her wreck is lying in six or seven feet of water, and some of them are just covered. They will not, however, answer for the fort, as they are too short.

"By the deserters we learn that the ship we have destroyed was the *Hermes*, but her commander's name they did not recollect. It was the Commodore, and he doubtless fell on his quarterdeck, as we had a raging fire upon it at about two hundred yards distance for some time.

"To Captain Sands, who will have the honor of handing you this dispatch, I refer you for a more particular account of the movements of the enemy than may be contained in

my letters; his services, both before and during the action, were of great importance, and I consider fully justify me in having detained him. Captain Walsh and several men were much burned in the accidental explosion of the two cartridges. They are not included in the list of the wounded heretofore given.

"The enemy's fleet this morning at daybreak were at anchor in the channel, about four miles from the fort. Shortly after it got under weigh and stood at sea. After passing the bar, they hove to, and boats have been constantly passing between the disabled brig and the others. I presume the former is so much injured as to render it necessary to lighten her.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER 1 P. M.

"The whole fleet have this moment made sail and are standing to sea. I have the honor to be, etc.,

"WILLIAM LAWRENCE."

"Major General Andrew Jackson."

I give here General Jackson's letter in reply to Nichol's proclamation to the Louisianians and Kentuckians:

"LOUISIANIANS—The base, the perfidious Britons have attempted to invade your country. They had the temerity to attack Fort Bowyer with their incongruous horde of Indian and negro assassins. They seemed to have forgotten that this fort was defended by freemen. They were not long indulged in this error. The gallant Lawrence with his little Spartan band, has given them a lecture that will last for ages; he has taught them what men can do when fighting for their liberties, when contending against slaves. He has convinced Sir W. H. Percy that his companions in arms are not to be conquered by proclamations; that the strongest British bark is not invulnerable to the force of American artillery, directed by the steady, nervous arm of a freeman.

"Louisianians, the proud Briton, the natural and sworn enemies of all Frenchmen, has called upon you, by proclamation, to aid him in his tyranny, and to prostrate the holy temple of our liberty. Can Louisiana, can Frenchmen, can

Americans, ever stoop to be the slaves or allies of Great Britain?

"The proud, vainglorious boaster, Colonel Nichols, when he addressed you, Louisianians and Kentuckians, has forgotten that you were the votaries of freedom, or he would never have pledged the honor of a British officer for the faithful performance of his promise, to lure you from your fidelity to the government of your choice. I ask you, Louisianians, can we place any confidence in the honor of men who have quoted an alliance with pirates and robbers? Have not these noble Britons, these honorable men, Colonel Nichols and the Honorable Capt. W. H. Percy, the true representatives of their royal master, done this? Have they not made offers to the pirates of Barrataria to join them and their holy cause? And have they not dared to insult you by calling on you to associate, as brethren, with them in this hellish banditti?

"Louisianians, the government of your choice is engaged in a just and honorable contest for the security of your individual freedom and her natural rights. On you a part of America—the only country on earth where every man enjoys freedom, where its blessings are alike extended to the poor and the rich—calls to protect these rights from the invading usurpation of Britain, and she calls not in vain. I well know that every man whose soul beats high at the proud title of freeman; that every Louisianian, either by birth or adoption, will promptly obey the voice of his country; will rally 'round the Eagle of Columbia, secure it from the pending danger, or nobly die in the last ditch in its defense.

"The individual who refuses to defend his rights when called upon by his government deserves to be a slave, and must be punished as an enemy to his country and a friend to her foe.

"The undersigned has been entrusted with the defense of your country. On you he relies to aid him in this important duty; in this reliance he hopes not to be mistaken. He trusts in the justice of his cause and the patriotism of his country. Confident that any future attempt to invade our soil will be repelled as the last, he calls not upon either pirates or robbers to join him in the glorious cause.

"Your Governor has been fully authorized by me to organize any volunteer company, batallion, or regiment which may proffer its services under this call, and is informed of their probable destination. Respectfully submitted,
ANDREW JACKSON."

I am sure readers of American history will approve of this entire record. Every scrap of it being official and new nearly all who read it will feel as I do — that it was a great American battle and a victory of which any nation might be proud, that our people know but little about—the battle of Fort Bowyer.

In my intercourse with men, I have found not half a dozen who had heard of the battle. But official records make it one of the most interesting in American history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GALLANT DEFENSE OF FORT BOWYER — THE DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH ON LAND AND WATER — ITS EFFECTS FAR-REACHING, EVEN INFLUENCING THE REASONABLE TERMS OF THE TREATY OF GHENT — THE SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON PENSACOLA — JACKSON'S EXPRESSED WILLINGNESS TO PERSONALLY BEAR THE POSSIBLE DISAPPROVAL OF HIS TARDY GOVERNMENT.

THE report made by the gallant defender of Fort Bowyer and the report made by General Jackson to the Secretary of War, as shown in the last chapter, in no sense fill up the measure of historic research of a period greatly neglected in American history, but laden with living issues. Some of the biographies of General Jackson give this great event but a passing notice. It is due to history, as well as to the immortal hero, whose genius in war was as wide as the horoscope, to show fully what estimate General Jackson put on the defense of Mobile Bay, which, if at all, had to be defended at the entrance, where stood the old dilapidated Spanish Fort Bowyer.

As rapidly as possible, after he closed up the Creek campaign at Fort Jackson by making the treaty, he commenced to repair this old fort. From the movements of Captain Percy at Pensacola, and the impudence of Colonel Nichols in handling the Indians and runaway negroes, and the great advantage in a strategic point of view which Mobile would be to the British, General Jackson became satisfied he had before him a work of vast moment at the Bowyer; for if Mobile could not be defended at the entrance of the bay it could not be at all. General Jackson impressed upon

Major Lawrence and the men under him that Fort Bowyer must be defended, or the campaign would be a failure. It must be defended, he said, or the Creek campaign would bring no results. While the fort was being repaired, Jackson had put into its defense Maj. William Lawrence, of the Second Regiment, as gallant a soldier as ever stood by a gun, with 160 men under him, scarcely one of whom had ever been seriously on trial. The command was made up of a few regulars, and such forces as Jackson had been able to organize while waiting Coffee's and Carroll's return.

While Jackson found nothing in the fort but some old cannon and cannon balls, there was, it seemed, always a magic in his genius that met every emergency, and when the British ships from Pensacola came in sight Jackson had supplied all the ammunition needed, and on that day Jackson was back in Mobile sending out a schooner with reinforcements. This force did not reach the fort, for the whole was a scene of fire, and the schooner retired to a safe place and waited events.

Little attention as has been paid to this battle, and little as the American people know about it, it was one of the most important in our history, and was one of the most terrific and courageous fights in which Americans ever participated. It was September 12, when, as Jackson had anticipated, both a land and naval force made an attack. The fort had no bomb proof, and mounted but two 24-pounders, six 12-pounders, and twelve smaller pieces, and it was overlooked by some tall hills.

Early in the day of the 12th it was seen that a force under Colonel Nichols had landed on the peninsula and was moving into position. It consisted of 130 marines and 600 Indians. Later in the day four British vessels of war hove in sight, dropped down towards the fort, and cast anchor. These turned out to be the *Hermes*, Captain Percy, twenty-two guns; the *Sophie* in command of Captain Lockyer, 18 guns;

the *Carron*, 20 guns; and the *Chilers*, 18 guns. The whole was under command of Captain Percy, a brave officer and tried soldier.

From the 12th to the 15th the warships remained at anchor, with little stir save some land reconnoissance, but on the morning of the 15th as the fog cleared away all was astir, and Major Lawrence saw the time had come; then it was that in good soldier style he called his men around him, and with warm greetings every man pledged every other man that he would be there when the fort was shot away, dead or alive. The watchword was: "Don't you give up the fort."

Early in the day the ships weighed anchor and stood out to sea, and as soon as the breeze was favorable Captain Percy, leading the squadron, with the courage of a Nelson, ran the *Hermes* right into the narrow channel that leads into the bay and dropped anchor within musket shot of the fort, and turned its broadside to the guns. The other ships of war followed the example of the *Hermes*, and all anchored in the channel within reach of the fort's guns. From the very start the cannonading shook the earth. One single broadside from the southern wing of the fort into Nichol's camp of Indians, who were to do the land fighting, was enough to keep them behind the hills. Jackson was back in Mobile improvising material and men to reinforce the fort when the battle commenced. No man ever spent a day of deeper anxiety.

This wonderful display of amphibious genius in war by the great American Irishman fighting a battle on the sea, is emphasized by American book makers, leaving it without a name and so overshadowed by the glory of New Orleans soon after, that its place in our history is still in the musty records at Washington.

I take the liberty of naming it the "Battle of Fort Bowyer."

Fearing, which turned out to be true, that the recruits he sent out in the morning had not reached the fort before the battle commenced, and knowing the inexperience of many of his men and the powerful odds against them, he could but feel the greatest anxiety. The battle raged till in the night, when a great explosion took place that shook the ground even up to Mobile. It was at once said the British had blown up the fort. While Jackson was not willing to admit this, there came upon him one of those fits of courage and confidence which never belonged to any other man. He said: "If they have blown up the fort we can't give up Mobile; we can only defend it at the entrance of the bay"; and before day he had improvised a command, seized a schooner, and was on his way down to the entrance to meet whatever there might be there. This was Jackson-like. He had said to lose Mobile was to make the Creek campaign a failure, and to defeat all his plans for the future.

Going down the bay, he met Major Lawrence's express and heard the news. Instead of the fort being blown up, Lawrence and his men by well-directed shots had blown up the *Hermes* and sunk her, and had literally shot to pieces all the other ships, and they had gone limping back to Pensacola. So Captain Percy had gone back minus his great ship; Colonel Nichols had gone back minus one eye; they had carried back seventy-two of their command dead and wounded, and the Indians had been left in the woods, like wild hogs, to take care of themselves as best they could.

In the fort, with the exception of four men killed and four wounded, every man was standing to his gun. Two of the guns in the fort had been injured, and others had been disabled. The entire fort had been literally shot to pieces, but not one man had flinched. More than three hundred cannon balls had struck the fort. Two guns had been cracked and two shot off the carriages, while only twelve pieces had been brought into action. The stock of ammu-

nition showed that seven hundred cannon balls had been fired at the ships, and so completely was the *Hermes* shot to pieces that Captain Percy had great difficulty in transferring his wounded to the *Sophie*, which was so crippled that she barely limped away and got out of the reach of the guns in the fort.

The significance of the great victory at Mobile may not be readily perceived. Its place in history can only be appreciated by its environments. It was the first battle ever fought by the British in what is known as the great Southwest. A few troops from the Southwest fought at King's Mountain, but the battle was east of the mountain. In the second place, it was the first victory gained by a land force over the British, though the war had been raging for more than two years. In the third place, fought on the 15th of September, the news reached Europe in time to have its effect in the making of the treaty at Ghent. The entire loss of the Creek Nation as an ally, caused by a backwoods-general whose *genus homo* had hardly been discovered, but who turned out to be, when he came to the water, a sort of amphibious fighter, waked up the other side to what was going on in the South, namely, a real struggle for freedom under a great leader, for, indeed, it was Jackson who made the treaty of Ghent with reasonable terms possible.

But lastly and mainly, it was the opening gun of the short, decisive struggle between Great Britain on one side and a section of the United States, the Southwest, in which was developed the most marvelous heroism in defense of liberty at home when invaded by hostile foes that had been seen. Of course I do not have reference alone to the fighting quality exhibited by the men of the Southwest, but, as well, a prompt readiness to make any sacrifice and meet the enemy with alacrity and cheerfulness, though to the intelligent man who weighs all the facts the fatal end was almost as visible as was the end to the

Spartans who died at Thermopolae. The conditions at the time Jackson made the fight for the defense of Mobile made success over the British in the final struggle only a few weeks off at most — a madman's dream with any other man than Andrew Jackson.

One of the sorest trials that ever came to Jackson's active, impetuous life happened during the six weeks after the victory at Fort Bowyer. He had been made a Major General in the United States Army, but so much was the Government concerned about defending the cities on the Northern frontier, where everything was in favor of the British, and where our soldiers seemed wholly unable to contend with a trained army, that literally no attention was paid to General Jackson, and, indeed, no steps whatever were taken to give him an army. This is passing strange, when we turn back and look at the letters already published in these sketches from Mr. Gallatin and others of our ministers in Europe, all showing that, the French war having closed by the capitulation of Napoleon, the strength of the British army was to be employed in the South — the North, as England regarded it, having already been conquered.

Finding himself in this condition, a major general without an army, the government of Great Britain using a friendly power as an ally, and his own Government refusing to tell him what to do, he had ordered his two trusted generals, Coffee and Carroll, back to Tennessee to raise a third army. Where the enemy might come, when he would strike, the murmuring waves of the sea would not tell. Scouts were of no avail. He could put on a bold front with the treacherous Spaniards at Pensacola and say, "Any further correspondence will be at the mouth of my cannon," and with a few men at the old fort in Mobile Bay he could sink a British ship; but if the British had only known at this time what a skeleton of an army this backwoods general

had behind him, the campaign would have been all that England desired.

It was during these awful days of waiting that the celebrated Jean Lafitte papers came to light. Lafitte had long been regarded as the "pirate of the gulf seas." Forty miles directly south of New Orleans is Grand Terra, in which is the little village of Barrataria, the pirate's home. The British sent a ship to the "home of the pirates," and contracted an alliance with the leader. They made known to him their plans, offering him a large sum of money, all of which Lafitte agreed to, and got possession of their papers with which to form alliances with the Indians and destroy the towns of the coast, ascend the Mississippi River and destroy the country on both sides, and finally meet the army from the Canada line, and thus overrun the entire country. While Lafitte had had the reputation of being a pirate, he was a loyal American. He immediately bundled up all the documents and sent them to New Orleans to Governor Claiborne.

This startled the officials who were consulted. A wide difference of opinion arose as to the honesty of Lafitte's disclosure. The facts were all published. Edward Livingston, who knew Lafitte, believed the papers were genuine, and that Lafitte was loyal, as it afterwards turned out he was.

On October 6th an express reached General Jackson, informing him that General Coffee, with 2,800 Tennesseans, had arrived on the Mobile River. General Jackson immediately took command, having long since decided on his course. He dismounted 1,000 men who had entered the service as cavalry, but who heartily said, "What General Jackson says is law." The horses were put out on the cane, and by pledging his personal credit he provided eight days' rations, and got ready for the move in a remarkably short time with the 2,800 Tennesseans and such troops as he had at Mobile, making in all 3,000 men.

On November 3d he moved his army out of Mobile and in the direction of Pensacola. On the 6th he captured the city, and on the 7th his army was headed for New Orleans, but this is no intelligent sketch of what took place. While General Jackson had decided on his course in reference to invading with an army the territory of a friendly power, when his own Government refused to tell him what to do, he had fully determined to take the responsibility and stand all the punishment that might come to him, giving the Government the opportunity, if it saw proper, to protect itself behind his assumption of authority. Mr. Eaton says General Jackson had fully considered this, and made up his mind that his own punishment was the worst that could come out of it.

General Jackson had a way of doing rash things with great prudence. So, on reaching Pensacola, he stopped on the outside and sent a trusted soldier, under a flag of truce, to the Governor. This officer, who was fired on, returned. The British being in the town and having possession of the forts, General Jackson concluded possibly the Spanish Governor might be practically under duress, and again sent a messenger, setting out with great particularity his purpose; that he meant no unfriendly act to Spain, but demanding the surrender of the forts, which would be restored when conditions justified it; that it was the base of supplies for the British, and that they were arming the Indians, and, therefore, he demanded surrender of the place.

In all General Jackson's military history there is nothing more Jacksonian than two expressions connected with this campaign. When he moved the army, his order to Coffee was: "Rout the British out of Pensacola!" And when the refusal to surrender the forts came back, his order was: "Turn out the soldiers." When the soldiers were turned out, he moved down the streets, attacking the fortifications and capturing them as he came to them. He had about

twenty men wounded, none fatally. Captain Lovel, one of Jackson's best officers, was dangerously wounded while leading his men against the fortifications.

In less than six hours from the time Jackson ordered the soldiers "turned out," he had captured the fortifications of the city, had driven the ships out of the bay, had the British blowing up the Barancas and the other forts, their supplies all destroyed, and every Britain seeking the protection of the Gulf of Mexico. The day's work was only half over when the Spanish Governor was out on the streets begging to see General Jackson, that he might surrender the city, protesting in the most solemn manner that he was not responsible. He promptly turned over the city, with the forts, putting all in the hands of General Jackson, but soon thereafter the main fort, Barancas, was blown up and abandoned by the British.

It is a matter of history that, some weeks afterwards, the British made an offer to the Governor to repair the forts they had destroyed on leaving, but he said that if he needed any assistance he was going to call on General Jackson. After seeing what they saw at Fort Bowyer, and then at Pensacola, the Indians disappeared, and showed no further disposition to ally themselves with the British.



MILL'S STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON.
WASHINGTON, NASHVILLE, AND NEW ORLEANS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MOST COMPLETE, POWERFUL AND HITHERTO SUCCESSFUL NAVAL FORCE THAT GREAT BRITAIN COULD FURNISH PREPARED TO ATTACK NEW ORLEANS — THE MIXED POPULATION OF THE CITY OFFER NO AID TO JACKSON UNTIL HIS POWERFUL APPEAL RECONCILES THE DISAFFECTED ELEMENTS — THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS ONLY MADE POSSIBLE BY THE TENNESSEE TROOPS.

THE rendezvous of the British fleet in Negril Bay, at the western end of the Island of Jamaica, brought together, about November 4, 1814, the armament, the land and naval forces with which New Orleans was to be captured and the South subjugated.

To properly estimate the service rendered his country by General Jackson, the organized forces approaching our shores must be seen. Fortunately for American history, and that final justice, though at a late day, may be done the defender of New Orleans, England has furnished full and complete information as to the armament which he had to contend with. An English writer, known as the "Subaltern," wrote up the campaign of 1813 against Washington, and the campaign of 1814-15 against New Orleans, and for his careful, painstaking report of these campaigns he was complimented by Lord Wellington.

From him the following facts have been gathered:

"It was the rendezvous of the British fleet designed for the capture of New Orleans. The day just named was the one appointed for its final inspection and review, previous to its departure for Lake Borgne. A fleet of fifty armed

vessels, many of them of the first magnitude, covered the waters of the bay. There lay the huge *Tonnant* of eighty guns, one of Nelson's prizes at the battle of the Nile, now exhibiting the pennant of Sir Alexander Cockrane, the Admiral in command of this imposing fleet. Rear Admiral Sir Edward Codrington was also on board the *Tonnant*, a name of renown in the naval history of England. There was the *Royal Oak*, a seventy-four, the ship of Rear Admiral Malcolm; four other seventy-fours, the *Norge*, the *Bedford*, the *Asia*, the *Ramilies*, formed part of the fleet, the last named in command of Sir Thomas Hardy, the beloved of Nelson, to whom the dying hero gasped those immortal words, "Kiss me, Hardy; I die content." There, too, were the *Dictator*, of fifty guns; the *Gorgon*, of forty-four; the *Annide*, of thirty-eight, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, of famous memory; the *Seashore*, of thirty-five, under Capt. James Alexander Gordon, late the terror of the Potomac; the *Belle Poule*, of thirty-eight, a ship of fame. Nine other ships, mounting thirty-eight, thirty-six, and thirty-two guns; five smaller vessels, each carrying sixteen guns; three bomb craft and eleven transports, completed the formidable catalogue. Nor were these all the vessels destined to take part in the enterprise. A fleet from Bordeaux was still on the ocean to join the expedition at the entrance of Lake Borgne, where, also, Captain Percy's squadron from Pensacola, with Nichols and the brave Captain Lockyer, were to effect a junction. And yet other vessels, direct from England, with the general appointed to command the army, were expected.

"The decks of the ships in Negril Bay were crowded with red-coated soldiers. The four regiments, numbering, with their sappers and artillerymen, 3,100 men, who had fought the battle of Bladensburg, burnt the public buildings of Washington, and lost their general near Baltimore the summer before, were on board the fleet. Four regiments, under General Keine, had come from England direct to reinforce this army. Two regiments, composed in part of negro troops, supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the climate of New Orleans, had been drawn from the West Indies to join the expedition. The fleet could furnish, if required, a body of 1,500 marines. General Keine found

himself, on his arrival from Plymouth, in command of an army of 7,450 men, which the marines of the fleet could swell to 8,950. The number of sailors could scarcely have been less than 10,000, of whom a large proportion could, and did, assist in the operations contemplated."

Here was a force of nearly twenty thousand men, a fleet of fifty ships, carrying 1,000 guns, and perfectly appointed in every particular, commanded by officers, some of whom had grown gray in victory.

The greater part of General Keine's army was fresh from the Peninsula, and had been led by victorious Wellington into France, to behold and share in that final triumph of British arms. To these Peninsula heroes were added the Ninety-third Highlanders, recently from the Cape of Good Hope — one of the "praying regiments" of the British Army — as stalwart, as brave, as completely appointed a body of men as had stood in arms since Cromwell's Ironsides gave liberty and greatness to England. Indeed, there was not a regiment of those which had come from England to form this army which had not won brilliant distinction in strongly-contested fields. The *elite* of England's army and navy were afloat in Negril Bay on that bright day of November, when the last review took place.

Here was a fighting force, army and navy, more imposing and more thoroughly equipped than had at any time, in either the Revolutionary War or the then existing war, ever approached the American continent. It was a force of about 20,000 men, about one-half of which could be used as a part of the land forces, though they belonged to the navy. In the command were not only the most eminent soldiers and naval officers England had at that time, but most of the soldiers had distinguished themselves in the long war with France, which had just closed. And in that army were many of the soldiers who had the year before gained victory after victory over our troops along the Canada line,

and who had captured Washington and destroyed the public buildings; then there was a large amount of sentiment. The great *Tonnant*, the prize captured by Nelson in the battle of the Nile, with her eighty guns, was a part of the fleet, and Sir Thomas Hardy, the beloved of Nelson, was in command of one of the ships. Nothing in the way of a land and naval force so imposing had ever crossed the Atlantic.

The "Subaltern" made the following statement about this fleet:

"No man appeared to regard the present, whilst every one looked forward to the future. From the general down to the youngest drummer boy, a confident anticipation of success seemed to pervade all ranks, and in the hope of an ample reward in store for them the toils and grievances of the moment were forgotten. Nor was this anticipation the mere offspring of an overweening confidence in themselves. Several Americans had already deserted, who entertained us with accounts of the alarm experienced at New Orleans. They assured us that there were not present 5,000 soldiers in the State; that the principal inhabitants had long ago left the place; that such as remained were ready to join us as soon as we should appear among them; and that, therefore, we might lay our account with a speedy and bloodless conquest. The same persons likewise dilated upon the wealth and importance of the town, upon the large quantities of Government stores there collected, and the rich booty which would reward its captors — subjects well calculated to tickle the fancy of invaders and to make them unmindful of immediate afflictions, in the expectation of so great a recompense to come.

"It is well known that at the period to which my narrative refers, an alliance, offensive and defensive, subsisted between the government of Great Britain and the heads of as many Indian nations, or tribes, as felt the aggressions of the settlers upon their ancient territories, and were disposed to resent them. On this side of the continent our principal allies were the Choctaws and Cherokees, two nations whom war and famine had reduced from a state of comparative majesty to the lowest ebb of feebleness and distress. Driven

from hunting-ground to hunting-ground, and pursued like wild beasts wherever seen, they were now confined to a narrow tract of country, lying chiefly along the coast of the gulf and the borders of the lakes which adjoin it. For some time previous to the arrival of the expedition, the warriors of these tribes put themselves under the command of Colonel Nichols, of the Royal Marines, and continued to harass the Americans by frequent incursions into the cultivated districts. It so happened, however, that being persuaded to attempt the reduction of a fort situated upon Mobile Point, and being, as might be expected, repulsed with some loss, their confidence in their leader and their dependence upon British aid had begun of late to suffer a serious diminution. Though not very profitable as friends, their local position and desultory mode of warfare would have rendered them at this period exceedingly annoying to us as enemies; it was accordingly determined to dispatch an embassy to their settlements for the purpose of restoring them to good humor, or at least discovering their intentions."

General Jackson, in person, reached New Orleans on the 2d of December, and to meet and contend with this powerful force the troops in or near New Orleans, and its sole defenders as late as the middle of December, were these: Two half-filled, newly raised regiments of regular troops, numbering about 800 men; Major Planche's high-spirited battalion of uniformed volunteers, about 500 in number; two regiments of State Militia, badly equipped, some of them armed with fowling pieces, others with muskets, others with rifles, some without arms, all imperfectly disciplined; a battalion of free men of color; the whole amounting to about 2,000 men. Two vessels of war lay at anchor in the river, the immortal little schooner *Carolina* and the ship *Louisiana*, neither of them manned, and no one dreaming of what importance they were to prove. Commodore Patterson and a few other naval officers were in the city, ready when the hour should come, and, indeed, already rendering yeoman's service in many capacities.

The biographers of General Jackson and other historians have disagreed as to the condition of the population at New Orleans when Jackson got there. Mr. Waldo, I think, gives the best account, and I make the following extracts :

“Jackson arrived at this place upon the 2d of December, 1814. A mere casuist may wonder why the presence of a single individual at an exposed place is an augury of its safety; but it is in vain for casuists, philosophers, or stoics to laugh at a sentiment that is common to our nature. The presence of Washington at Trenton, and of Putnam at Bunker’s Hill, had the same effect upon citizens and soldiers as that of Jackson at New Orleans.

“At no period since the declaration of American Independence in July, 1776, to December, 1814, had an American commander a duty of more importance and difficulty to discharge than had General Jackson at this portentous period. At Mobile, with means apparently wholly insufficient (to use his own language), he had ‘a sickly climate as well as an enemy to contend with.’ At New Orleans he had to contend with the consternation of the citizens, the insolence of judicial power, and the timorous policy of the Legislature of Louisiana, as well as against the most powerful land and naval force that had for forty years menaced any one place in the republic. He had also to contend with the prejudice, the favoritism, and the perfidiousness of foreigners, a vast number of whom had migrated to Louisiana before its accession to the republic by Mr. Monroe’s treaty.

“Although the proclamation of Nichols excites in the mind of an intelligent American reader no feeling but that of ineffable contempt, yet with the mixed population of Louisiana its effects might be essentially different. Although among that population were many native Americans of distinguished talents and patriotism, it is without a doubt the fact that in 1814 a majority of its inhabitants were of foreign extraction, and that much of the most numerous class of foreigners were Frenchmen. They saw the same formidable power that had recently taken the lead in conquering the conqueror of Europe, driving him into exile, and restoring Louis XVIII to the French throne, now menacing

Louisiana with a force that seemed to be irresistible. Spaniards in the same power recognized the restorer of Ferdinand VII. Englishmen dared not take up arms against their own countrymen unless certain of victory. General Jackson was aware that in this discordant mass of people there would be many who would not only neglect to repair to the American standard, but who would give aid and comfort to the enemy. He was also aware that energetic and coercive measures to detect domestic traitors, or to conquer a powerful foe, would meet with resistance from that undefined and frequently unrestrained spirit of liberty which foreigners, recently settled in the republic, almost invariably manifest. But it was in vain for him to wish for a different state of things, or to pursue a course of conduct which a different state would have rendered judicious and expedient. He was compelled to act as circumstances dictated, without the power of changing them. Like a great man in danger, described by a great poet, with elegance, 'Serene and master of himself, he prepared for what might come, and left the rest to heaven.'"

In General Coffee and General Carroll, and the gallant men who he knew would follow him to victory or to death, he could recognize officers and soldiers who would cheerfully unite with him and the small regular force he had under his command at New Orleans.

It was still, however, wholly uncertain how soon an effective force, which would give any hopes of a successful defense of the place, would arrive.

General Jackson addressed the citizens and soldiers of Louisiana in the following impressive manner :

"Natives of the United States: The enemy you are to contend with are the oppressors of your infant political existence; they are the men your fathers fought and conquered, whom you are now to oppose.

"Descendants of Frenchmen! Natives of France! They are English — the hereditary, the eternal enemies of your ancient country, the invaders of that you have adopted, who are your foes. Spaniards, remember the conduct of your

allies at St. Sebastain, and recently at Pensacola, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of avenging the brutal injuries inflicted by men who dishonor the human race. Louisianians, your General rejoices to witness the spirit that animates you, not only for your honor, but your safety; for whatever had been your conduct or wishes, his duty would have led, and yet will lead, him to confound the citizen, unmindful of his rights with the enemy he ceases. Commanding men who know their rights and are determined to defend them, he saluted you as brethren in arms; and has now a new motive to exert all his faculties, which shall be strained to the utmost in your defense.

"Continue with the energy you have begun, and he promises you not only safety, but victory over an insolent foe, who has insulted you by an affected doubt of your attachment to the Constitution of your country. Your enemy is near; his sails already cover the lakes; but the brave are united; and if he finds us contending among ourselves it will be for the prize of valor and fame, its noblest reward."

Considering the nature of the people, and of the troops he had to address, it is difficult to perceive of an appeal more appropriate. The native Americans are pointed to "the oppressors of their infant political existence"; the natives of France to the "eternal enemy of their ancient country, the invaders of the one they had adopted"; Spaniards, too, are reminded of "the brutal injuries inflicted" upon their country "by men who dishonor the human race."

The disaffection of the few is easily checked when the public functionaries discharge the necessary duties devolved upon them; but so far were the legislative and judiciary powers of the State from calling in the power of law to check the growing discontent, that they encouraged it by conniving at it. Governor Claiborne did everything which a patriotic and vigilant executive could do; but a majority of the Legislature, nerveless, timorous, and desponding, hung upon him like an incubus, and paralyzed all his exertions. In regard to this House of Assembly the

Governor might have said, "Mine enemies are those of my household."

From the police of the city of New Orleans no more hopes could be derived than from the majority of the Legislature of the State; and some of its inhabitants were carrying on a treacherous intercourse with the enemy. The writer would not have so confidently stated the facts contained in this chapter unless he had in his possession indubitable evidence of their accuracy. From the mass of testimony, the following is selected from the correspondence between Governor Claiborne and General Jackson. In one letter the Governor says :

"On a late occasion I had the mortification to acknowledge my inability to meet a requisition from General Flournoy, the corps of this city having for the most part resisted my orders, being encouraged in their disobedience by the Legislature of the State, then in session, one branch of which, the Senate, having declared the requisition illegal and oppressive, and the House of Representatives having rejected a proposition to approve the measure. How far I shall be supported in my late orders remains yet to be proved. I have reason to calculate upon the patriotism of the interior and western counties. I know, also, that there are many faithful citizens in New Orleans; but there are others, in whose attachment to the United States I ought not to confide. Upon the whole, sir, I cannot disguise the fact that if Louisiana should be attacked, we must principally depend for security upon the prompt movements of the regular force under your command and the militia of the Western States and Territories. In this movement we are in a very unprepared and defenseless condition; several important points of defense remain unoccupied, and, in case of a sudden attack, this capital would, I fear, fall an easy sacrifice."

In another letter he says :

"I was on the point of taking on myself the prohibition of the trade with Pensacola; I had prepared a proclamation

to that effect, and would have issued it the very day I heard of your interposition. Enemies to the country may blame you for your prompt and energetic measures, but in the person of every patriot you will find a supporter. I am very confident of the very lax police of this city, and, indeed, throughout the State, with respect to the visits of strangers. I think, with you, that our country is filled with spies and traitors. I have written pressingly on the subject to the city authorities and parish judges; I hope some efficient regulations will speedily be adopted by the first, and more vigilance exerted for the future by the latter."

I have carefully and with some labor and research collected the facts in this article, with a view and for the purpose of giving to an interested public, whether now or in the remote future, the part played by Tennessee at the most critical period in American history.

From English history I have collected the facts, showing that the most thoroughly equipped land and naval force that England could command was approaching the Delta when Jackson reached New Orleans — a land and naval force that had taken part in all England's wars of recent date, including Nelson's great victory over the French in the battle of the Nile and at Trafalgar, and including the then recent campaigns of Wellington — and also the flower of the army that had but recently captured Washington and beaten our armies in all the battles of the North from Detroit to Bladensburg.

And then I have shown from the most reliable and authentic sources that when Jackson reached New Orleans on horseback, he had a force hardly sufficient to police the city, with a large part of the city disloyal, the Legislature timid and unwilling to aid the loyal Governor in his preparation to defend the city, a police not to be trusted, and even judges that were jealous and standing on their technical rights, while the British army approached the city to take away all rights.

With these facts staring him in the face, what had General Jackson to look to? He had but one resource. He had 5,300 Tennesseans on the way to New Orleans. Two thousand eight hundred of them under General Coffee had made a forced march across the wilderness, a distance of 450 miles, and reached Mobile a few days before, and had gone immediately to Pensacola, had captured the fortifications, and had driven the British out of the bay, and were now following General Jackson, who had gone ahead to New Orleans.

The other 2,500 had built boats on the Cumberland, and by the almost mysterious blessing of heaven there came a great flood early in November, and these 2,500 men under General Carroll were floating down the Mississippi River when Jackson reached New Orleans.

I have said the great victory over the British at New Orleans was the turning point in the most critical part of American history. Qualifying that, I wish to say that the // Creek campaign, the victory at Mobile Bay, and the victory // at Pensacola, made the victory at New Orleans possible by // Tennessee soldiers, and the Creek campaign had enabled our commissioners at Ghent to get terms which they could afford to accept. The battle of New Orleans came at a time when the citizen soldier quality was at the greatest discount.

All New England was clamoring for peace on any terms. Victory after victory over our army had greatly discouraged our own Government; so much so, that with full knowledge of the purpose of England to concentrate her forces on the South, not a soldier could be sent to Jackson.

It was at a time, too, when the British press and people were heaping ridicule upon us as a nation of cowards. Several of these offensive diatribes I published in a former chapter.

The battle of New Orleans put a new face on the fighting // quality of citizen soldiers; it made volunteer service the

pride of the American people; it made a glorious ending of the War of 1812, instead of a war with nothing but disaster.

It was a daring and courageous running up of the American flag, with a notice that we are able to defend the republic and that our flag must be respected. This great victory over the British, one of three great disasters that England admits as coming to her arms, I am going to show is a Tennessee victory, and that Tennessee skill and courage saved the honor of the nation. This in no sense is intended to reflect upon troops of other States, if they had been there.

England always believed the final overthrow of her arms and the surrender of Cornwallis was due to treachery at home. And for many years before the War of 1812 the Government was bullying and the press was blackguarding the United States.

Up to the close of the war, England had hundreds of our soldiers in prison—Englishmen who had been naturalized—threatening to send them back to England to be tried and hanged for treason. This was what we were fighting about—the right to search our ships and seize our soldiers who had once been Englishmen. On this point nothing was yielded in the treaty of Ghent. By the battle of New Orleans, Jackson put it in the treaty in a more enduring form than if it had been written.

CHAPTER XX.

JACKSON REACHES NEW ORLEANS — CARROLL AND COFFEE
COMING WITH FIVE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED TEN-
NESSEANS — JACKSON'S PRESENCE IN NEW ORLEANS
INSPIRES CONFIDENCE — HOW HE DEALT WITH THE
DELAYED ELEMENTS — MARTIAL LAW.

WHEN General Jackson arrived at New Orleans, December 2, 1814, riding horseback from Mobile, he was in feeble health. He had never seen a well day from the time he left his surgeons, in September, 1813, getting out of bed to take command of the army. The wounds he had received in the fight with the Bentons were most serious—so serious that throughout the Creek campaign, the Mobile and Pensacola campaigns, and down to the time he reached New Orleans, his arm was kept in a sling. His exposure with these wounds in the winter campaign, and the lack of wholesome food during the war in the wilderness against the Indians, had brought on a disease, chronic diarrhea, from which he never recovered.

The public sentiment, the feelings of loyalty or disloyalty of the people at New Orleans at the time Jackson reached there is sharply in issue by his biographers. Mr. Parton denies the disloyalty of the citizens of New Orleans, and says they were misrepresented by Governor Claiborne, and that the disaffection of the Legislature grew out of an old feud between the Governor and the Legislature because the Governor some years before had opposed Burr in his celebrated expedition.

This is an important matter, and, whether Parton in-

tended it as one of his many thrusts at Jackson, it is certain that, if true, it weakens the defense made by Jackson and his friends for declaring martial law, and for the arrest and imprisonment of Hall, and for his having Governor Claiborne to keep a watch on the Legislature to see that it did not surrender the city.

In the last preceding chapter I gave a lengthy extract from one of the biographies of General Jackson, that of Mr. Waldo. Mr. Waldo was a man of high character, and seemingly a careful and painstaking writer. His showing of the condition of New Orleans when General Jackson got there is full and complete, giving not only the facts as he collected them, but publishing a number of Governor Claiborne's letters to General Jackson, showing the alarming condition of affairs as to loyalty on the approach of an enemy. Mr. Waldo wrote in 1817, only two years after the incident of which he writes.

Eaton wrote a book; Reid commenced it, and Eaton finished it in 1818.

Eaton's "Life of Jackson" shows the necessity for martial law. Parton claims there was no need of it. The arguments for and against are too lengthy for the space allotted.

That the Legislature, the police force, and the foreign element were dangerous, and excited in the mind of General Jackson the deepest apprehension and justified him in taking extreme measures, was fully shown by subsequent events—not only by the press and by the judge on the bench, but by the Legislature. When Jackson returned to the city after his great victory, and after driving the British down to the coast, the Legislature passed resolutions commending the officers and soldiers—the officers by name—who had done the fighting, without mentioning the name of the general in command. They wanted it understood that they intended to snub General Jackson.

The question of martial law will again come under review in connection with the arrest of Captain Tonaillier, the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the imprisonment of Hall.

On entering New Orleans, he seemed to be possessed of almost superhuman wisdom, and with an energy made doubly mysterious by his extreme feebleness. The greatest mystery in Jackson's character was his faith, but never was it so signally shown as at New Orleans. Mr. Waldo is right when he says philosophers and stoics need not go to speculating about the effect of a great man's presence on the people. This was most marked in the case of General Jackson on reaching the city. The first thing he did was to accept an invitation to dinner from his old friend, Mr. Livingstone, as shown in a former chapter, which caused Mrs. Livingstone to exclaim to a number of young Creole ladies who were with her that day, "What on earth shall we do with this backwoods general," but after a dinner and two hours' talk Mrs. Livingstone says they all decided he was the most charming gentleman they had ever met.

The dining over, General Jackson and Mr. Livingstone, whom he appointed one of his aides, and such engineers as could be found in the city, mounted their horses, all in readiness, for an inspection of localities. General Jackson readily decided that the British gunboats must not be allowed to pass Ft. Phillips, an old Spanish fort down the river that had been well selected for defense against an enemy coming into and ascending the river. The man selected for the defense of this fort was Maj. W. H. Overton. The old fort was rapidly put in condition for storing ammunition and doing effective work when the enemy undertook to pass.

General Jackson's resources, expedience and foresight in preparing to meet great emergencies, including the capacity for knowing when they were coming, were never more

strikingly exemplified than in supplying the two old dilapidated Spanish forts with men and guns at Mobile Bay and at the mouth of the Mississippi.

From the day Jackson arrived until the great battle of January 8th, it is doubtful if any general in any country, or in any age, in the same time ever did the same amount of intelligent and successful work in preparing to fight a great battle. It is certain that history furnishes no instance of such a campaign with such success, accomplished with such resources and such disparity in numbers.

The man who had come to save New Orleans from the rapacity and cruelty which had followed the trail of the army on the Canadian line, or sacrifice his own life with the life of every man who would stand by him to the last moment, proceeded at once with an intelligence, a foresight, and a vigilance perhaps never found in any other general in preparing for a great battle. He exhausted all available resources in getting ready with a small force of militia, poorly equipped, with no record behind them except as Indian fighters and squirrel hunters, to fight a great army of the most renowned soldiers in the world. The preparation to fight this battle, coupled with his deliberately formed purpose as to what he would finally do in a certain event, as truly shows his character, perhaps, as anything in his whole life. While he had made up his mind to sacrifice himself and his army or drive the British back to sea, and believing that this terrible ordeal might come, he determined by herculean effort he would give his soldiers the benefit of all the means of defense which skill and labor could provide. His genius in war enabled him to determine in what way the British army would approach the city, and what special moves would be made to break the center or flank him. Two things he decided on: First, that every available man, citizen, or soldier, who did not have a gun or could not be furnished with one, should be

put to work in strengthening the lines of defense; second, that the great battle should not be fought until he got ready.

The reader will carefully note the evidence, which goes to prove his purpose, that if the British army reached the city, it should do it over his dead body, he and his brave soldiers sleeping on the same bloody field.

The victories in the North in 1813 and 1814 over our armies had brought dishonor on a country that he loved more than his life; the vandalism in burning all our public buildings at Washington, and public records; the general massacre at Frenchtown; the preparation they were making to send hundreds of prisoners which they had taken—Englishmen found in our army—back to England to be tried for treason and hung, because England in her self-importance said, "Once an Englishman, always an Englishman." But above all, and more than all, Jackson did not intend to survive the occupation of the Southland by a people whom he intensely hated as a nation of land pirates, whose limit to conquest and subjugation of other countries and other people was determined alone by the question of big guns and great ships. Jackson believed in the freedom of all men, and hated England for its subjugation of helpless people.

There were other reasons of a personal nature which operated on General Jackson through his whole life. The great, the oft-told story of Ireland's wrongs at the hands of the British nation, was an open book to him. His grandfather died at the massacre of Carrickfergus. His father and mother fled from Ireland on account of British oppression. His two brothers, though mere boys, had given up their lives in defense of the country to which they had fled, and to which the British had pursued them. One of them by personal indignities by British officers, while he himself a thirteen-year-old boy, barely escaped with his

life. Then he had seen his mother driven into the woods, where she was hiding from Lord Rawdon and Colonel Tarleton, the illustrious specimens of British nobility in command of armies, and finally dying in a hospital. Whether this personal matter had anything to do with his feelings or not, it certainly never carried him into anything beyond the duties and obligations of a soldier.

About December 14 the news came to General Jackson that the British gunboats had captured Commodore Patterson's entire fleet of six gunboats, and had passed into Lake Borgne, and were within a few miles of the city. On this news reaching the city, the most intense excitement and alarm were produced. Never was the supreme magnetic power of General Jackson more strikingly shown than at this time. To all he said, "Be not alarmed; I have soldiers you have not yet seen; we will save this city from the despoiler; we will drive him back to the sea."

While General Jackson had only been in the city then twelve days, his very presence was more than confidence and his words more than inspiring. Of all the soldiers who have reached distinction, General Jackson was the greatest pen soldier — no general ever wrote as much — and thereby kept himself so much in touch with his army and the people he was defending. At this critical moment he issued the following proclamation:

"To the Citizens of New Orleans:— The Major General commanding has, with astonishment and regret, learned that great consternation and alarm pervade your city. It is true the enemy is on our coast and threatens an invasion of our territory, but it is equally true, with union, energy, and the approbation of heaven, we will beat him at every point his temerity may induce him to set foot upon our soil. The General, with still greater astonishment, has heard that British emissaries have been permitted to propagate seditious reports among you; that the threatened invasion is with a view of restoring the country to Spain,

from a supposition that some would be willing to return to your ancient Government. Believe not such incredible tales—your Government is at peace with Spain. It is the vital enemy of your country, the common enemy of mankind, the highway robber of the world that threatens you, and has sent his hirelings among you with false report to put you off your guard, that you may fall an easy prey to him; then look to your liberties, your property, the chastity of your wives and daughters. Take a retrospect of the British army at Hampton and other places, where it has entered our country, and every bosom which glows with patriotism and virtue will be inspired with indignation, and pant for the arrival of the hour when we shall meet and revenge those outrages against the laws of civilization and humanity.

“The General calls upon the inhabitants of the city to trace this unfounded report to its source, and bring the propagator to condign punishment. The rules and articles of war annex a punishment of death to any person holding secret correspondence with the enemy, creating false alarms, or supplying him with provisions; and the General announces his unalterable determination rigidly to execute the martial law in all cases which may come within his province.

“The safety of the district entrusted to the protection of the General must and will be maintained with the best blood of the country, and he is confident that all good citizens will be found at their posts with their arms in their hands, determined to dispute every inch of ground with the enemy; that unanimity will pervade the country generally; but should the General be disappointed in this expectation, he will separate our enemies from our friends—those who are not for us are against us, and will be dealt with accordingly.”

At the time General Jackson issued this proclamation to the citizens of New Orleans there was the wildest excitement in the city, and great danger, apparently, of serious trouble. And it was at this time that the question arose of martial law.

Commodore Patterson suggested to Governor Claiborne that the Legislature should suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. The Legislature refused to comply with the Governor's recommendation, but, instead, proceeded to pass some laws about salaries, which they foolishly believed would be a remedy for the ills in the city. Thereupon General Jackson determined to take all power into his own hands, and the very day that he issued the proclamation he declared martial law. In conversing with Major Eaton years afterward he said :

"I very well knew the extent of my powers, and that it was far short of that which necessity and my situation required. I determined, therefore, to venture boldly forth and pursue a course correspondent to the difficulties that pressed upon me. I had an anxious solicitude to wipe off the stigma cast upon my country by the destruction of the Capitol. If New Orleans were taken, I well knew that new difficulties would arise and every effort be made to retain it; and that if regained, blood and treasure would be the sacrifice. My determination, therefore, was formed—not to halt at trifles, but to lose the city only at the boldest sacrifice, and to omit nothing that could assure success. I was well aware that calculating politicians, ignorant of the difficulties that surrounded me, would condemn my course; but this was not material. What became of me was of no consequence. If disaster did come, I expected not to survive it; but if a successful defense could be made, I felt assured that my country, in the objects attained, would lose sight of and forget the means that had been employed."

Martial law was declared and the whole city turned into a camp. General Jackson put into the army every man that could be raised, even criminals out of jail, and it was about this time that Lafitte appeared with two companies from Barrataria, and was accepted by General Jackson, at first reluctantly, but, finally, under advice of Livingstone.

While General Jackson was trying to pacify the people by a proclamation and using every effort to organize some forces in the city, his main dependence, Coffee and Carroll, had not reached him. Notwithstanding the courage displayed in getting ready to fight with what force he had, even if it became necessary before Coffee and Carroll got there, it is perfectly manifest that his dependence was upon the Tennessee soldiers all the way through.

As on all other occasions, that day and that night he was using his pen writing a letter back to the commander at Fort Bowyer to hold his position, and to the officers at Fort Phillips, the point he had selected as the place of defense in keeping the British back in their attempt to flank him in coming up the river. He wrote, acquainting that officer with the arrival of the enemy, and ordering him to hold the fort while a man remained alive to point a gun. To General Carroll, who was coming down the river with 2,500 men, he sent a steamboat to hurry him, and wrote to General Carroll a short note, saying:

"I am resolved, feeble as my force is, to assail the enemy on his landing, and perish sooner than he shall reach the city;" and to General Coffee, who was on his way with his men, he wrote and sent by special messenger: "You must not sleep until you reach me, or arrive within striking distance. Your accustomed activity is looked for. Innumerable defiles present themselves where your services will be all important. An opportunity is at hand to reap for yourself and your men the approbation of your country."

When the messenger reached Coffee he was 150 miles from New Orleans. Getting the message and learning the facts, Coffee selected 1,200 of his best men—that is, the strongest and those who had horses that could stand it—and traveled 150 miles in two days. The first day he traveled 70 miles, and the next day he traveled 80 miles. This, perhaps, has no parallel in history.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIEUTENANT JONES WITH A SMALL FORCE FIGHTS SO GAL-
LANTLY THAT THOUGH DEFEATED THE DEFENSE WILL
LIVE IN HISTORY — COFFEE AND CARROLL SENT FOR —
“DON’T STOP TILL YOU REACH ME,” SAID JACKSON —
COFFEE MAKES A PHENOMENAL MARCH OF ONE HUN-
DRED AND FIFTY MILES IN TWO DAYS — MAJ. H. H.
OVERTON GIVEN COMMAND OF FORT PHILLIPS — UNPAR-
ALLELED NIGHT BATTLE OF DECEMBER 23^D.

THE loss of the five gunboats on the 14th of Decem-
ber must not be passed over without giving the
facts. We have now reached the point where every
incident, as well as every day, is a great big chapter. The
battle in which Lieutenant Jones lost his entire navy—
five little boats, all captured in his effort to keep the enemy’s
gunboats out of Lake Borgne—is one of the incidents in
this great conflict which no American historian would pass
by with a mere notice of the result.

It was one of many incidents, crowding one on another,
which shows how Jackson had inspired every man in his
army with the spirit of resistance. Lieutenant Jones, with
five little gunboats manned with 182 men with 23 guns,
met the British fleet of 43 boats, manned with 1,200 men
and 43 guns. Eaton’s “Life of Jackson” gives the follow-
ing account of this sanguinary sea fight:

“The enemy, coming up with the two gunboats in ad-
vance of the line, and relying on their numbers and sup-
posed superior skill, determined to attack. For this pur-
pose several of their barges bore down on No. 156, com-

manded by Lieutenant Jones, but failed in the attempt; they were repulsed with an immense destruction, both in their officers and crew, and two of their boats sunk; one of them with 180 men went down, immediately under the stern of No. 156. Again rallying with a stronger force than before, another desperate assault was made to board and carry, at the point of the sword, which was again repelled with considerable loss. The contest was now bravely waged and spiritedly resisted. Lieutenant Jones, unable to keep on the deck from a severe wound he had received, retired, leaving the command with George Parker, who no less valiantly defended his flag until, severely wounded, he was forced to leave his post. No longer able to maintain the conflict, and overpowered by superior numbers, they yielded the victory, after a contest of forty minutes, in which everything was done that gallantry could do, and nothing unperformed that duty required. The commandant was ably supported by Lieutenants Spedder and McEver, of Nos. 162 and 123, and by Sailing Masters Ulrick and Deferris, of Nos. 163 and 5. The two former were wounded—McEver severely in both arms, one so badly as to be compelled to have it amputated. It is unnecessary to take up the time of the reader in commendation of this Spartan band; their bravery and good conduct will long be remembered and admired, and excite emotions much stronger than language can paint. The great disparity of force between the combatants added to the advantages the enemy derived from the peculiar construction of their boats, which gave them an opportunity to take any position that circumstances had directed, while the others lay wholly unmanageable, presents a curious and strange result; that, while the American loss was but six killed and thirty-five wounded, that of their assailants was not less than 300. The British have never afforded us any light upon the subject; but from every information and from all the attendant circumstances of the battle, it was even believed to have exceeded this number, of which a large proportion was officers.

“Early on the 15th expresses were sent off, up the coast,

in quest of General Coffee, to endeavor to procure information of the Kentucky and Tennessee divisions, which it was hoped were not far distant, and to urge their speedy approach. In his communication to Coffee the General observes, 'You must not sleep until you arrive within striking distance. Your accustomed activity is looked for. Innumerable defiles present themselves, where your riflemen will be all important. An opportunity is at hand to reap for yourselves and your brigade the approbation of your country.'

"In obedience to the order he had received at Mobile, to occupy some central position, where his horses might be subsisted, and whence he might act as circumstances might require, Coffee had proceeded as far as Sandy Creek, a small distance above Baton Rouge, where he had halted. His brigade, on its march, had been greatly exposed and had encountered many hardships. The cold season had set in, and for twenty days it had rained incessantly. The waters were raised to uncommon heights, and every creek and bayou had to be bridged or swum. Added to this, their march was through a poor country, but thinly settled, where little subsistence was to be had, and that procured with much difficulty. He had been at this place eight or ten days, when, late on the night of the 17th, the express, dispatched from headquarters reached him. He lost no time in executing the order, and, directing one of his regiments, which, for the greater convenience of foraging, lay about six miles off, to unite with him, he was ready in the morning, and marched the instant it arrived. In consequence of innumerable exposures, there were at this time 300 on the sick list.

"Coffee, perceiving that the movement of his whole force in a body would perhaps occasion delays ruinous to the main object in view, ordered all who were well mounted and able to proceed to advance with him, while the rest of his brigade, under suitable officers, were left to follow on as fast as the weak and exhausted condition of their horses would permit. His force, by this arrangement, was reduced to 800 men, with whom he moved with the utmost industry. Having marched eighty miles the last day, he

encamped on the night of the 19th within fifteen miles of New Orleans, making in two days a distance of 150 miles. Continuing his advance early the next morning, he halted within four miles of the city to examine the state and condition of his arms, and to learn, in the event the enemy had landed, the relative position of the two armies.

"These brave men, without murmuring, had now traversed an extent of country nothing short of 800 miles, and under trials sufficiently severe to have appalled the most resolute and determined. They had enrolled themselves, not as volunteers sometimes do, to frolic, and by peaceable campaigns gain a name in arms; they had done it knowing that an enemy, if not already at hand, was certainly expected, with whom they would have to contend, and contend severely. Great reliance was had on them by the commanding general, and their good conduct in the different situations in which they had acted with him was a proof of how much they deserved it."

When the news of this disaster—the loss of the five gunboats—reached New Orleans, it created the wildest excitement, indeed, alarm, because to get into Lake Borgne was to land the army in a few miles of the city. But when General Jackson rode into the city, having been out inspecting his works, and found the streets full of women and children, all looking into the face of the man of iron, and said: "Don't be alarmed; they will never enter your city. If they do, it will be over my dead body," the words went flying over the city and did much to allay the excitement.

Already a steamboat had been sent up the river to discover the prospect of Carroll reaching the city, but no report had been made. A messenger was sent, who reached Coffee on the 17th above Baton Rouge, and delivered General Jackson's message; so that early on the morning of the 20th General Coffee reported to General Jackson with 800 men. The balance came up in two or three days. This to Jackson was joy enough for one day. But his deepest feeling was found in the utterance, "O, that Carroll would

come!" Mark the incidents in the history of the army that fought the battle of New Orleans—the Tennessee army.

When Jackson found, in July, that as Major General no army was going to be given him, that every soldier the Government had or could enlist was needed to save the North from England's victorious armies, he at once took steps for raising an army of Tennesseans. It will be remembered that he was then closing up the treaty with the Creek Indians and had no army. He had one man in Tennessee on whom he could rely; that was Governor Blount.

Ever since he refused to obey the orders—rather suggestion—of Governor Blount and abandon the Creek campaign for the want of supplies, and wrote the letter which changed Governor Blount's mind and made the campaign a great success, Governor Blount had stood ready to obey Jackson's orders in all military matters. Fortunately, at this critical period in the history of the Southwest—in fact, critical period in the history of the whole country—the people of Tennessee had come to believe General Jackson was a champion, the like of whom had not been seen, and that Carroll and Coffee were his vice-regents. Besides, they had come to love and listen to their Governor, who had so promptly surrendered his own judgment and so heartily indorsed Jackson's suggestion to press the Creek campaign. Hence, when Jackson found that he was in charge of the country where the British were going to make their final great effort, and without an army, he simply used these men, Coffee, Carroll and Governor Blount, to raise him an army in Tennessee.

Coffee raised 2,800 men, and in the early days of October, under orders, started across the wilderness to reach Jackson at Mobile. After an arduous campaign, and much suffering in the want of supplies for both men and horses,

he reached Mobile, fought the battle of Pensacola, and reached New Orleans on December 19, marching in all more than 800 miles. Carroll had gone actively to work and raised 2,500 men. They assembled at Nashville, and in the early days of November he had his boats built for descending the river. Many of both commands were of the best families in the State. Carroll did not expect water before winter, but worked night and day until the boats were built. While Coffee had been ordered to cross the wilderness and come to Jackson at Mobile, Carroll had been ordered to descend the river to New Orleans.

In the early days of November there came a great rain, lasting several days and promising to make a tide. This was most uncommon; indeed, rarely ever known before. There had been little or no expectation of getting off before December, and the volunteers were, many of them, at their homes. But the vigilance of Carroll, who had now been made a major general, when he found there was a prospect of a flood, brought together his entire army, prepared for the long voyage to New Orleans, and on November 13th, the rise in the river being sufficient, the hurriedly improvised flatboats, carrying 2,500 volunteers, cut cable and swung out into the Cumberland, leaving on the bank a vast crowd of women and children waiving their handkerchiefs wet with tears.

From the 13th of November to the 21st of December, Carroll, with his Tennesseans, was floating, paddling, and pushing his boats. He had a splendid body of men, but practically without arms; at least not more than one-sixth of the men were armed with guns that could be relied on. After he struck the Ohio he overtook a boat loaded with guns, guns shipped by the Government from Pittsburg, but allowing the boatmen the privilege of trading, which caused inexcusable delay. Carroll took charge of this

boat, took the guns and armed his men, and, moving with all possible haste, he arrived at New Orleans on the 21st of December.

Upon the whole the facts in connection with raising the army to fight the battle of New Orleans, and the seeming miraculous coincidences connected with the preparation to fight it, can but strongly impress the reader with what General Jackson often said, "Fear not; heaven will smile on us." The incredibly short time in which Carroll and Coffee raised an army of 5,300 men, the orders having been given in July, when Jackson found the Government was not going to give him an army; the rapid march of Coffee across the wilderness, reaching in time to drive the British out of Pensacola, destroy their supplies, and then reaching New Orleans on the 19th of December, traveling one day eighty miles, seems almost incredible.

Carroll raised in the same time 2,500 men, finished his boats near the middle of November, just as the unprecedented great November flood came, and on the way captured a flatboat loaded with guns, and arrived in New Orleans on the 21st, only two days before the sanguinary battle of the 23d, which undoubtedly enabled Jackson to hold the British army in check until he got ready to fight, is almost marvelous.

It is painful to record that in making the contract for the shipment of two boat loads of arms from Pittsburg to New Orleans, the Government had given the contract to flatboat captains, because they proposed to carry them something cheaper than the steamboat captain proposed. These flatboats were trading boats. The second boat came into New Orleans after the battle, and Jackson arrested the captain.

Jackson always said, and so reported to the President, that if he had had arms he would have captured the entire British army before they got to the ships.

From December 14th until Coffee and Carroll reached him, Jackson's condition was extremely critical; nobody knew it as well as himself. Two parts of regiments, with a few dragoons from Mississippi Territory under Captain Hinds, and a few untrained Louisiana militia, such as could be gotten together in New Orleans, was his entire force in front of the best trained armies in the world. Jackson had, first, by his commanding presence and confidence in the success of the right, to avert a panic, which threatened to spread over the entire city. In the second place, he was in constant touch with his outposts, his pickets on the lakes and on all the roads, that he might be notified of the first landing of troops, for being now in Lake Borgne, they might land within seven to nine miles of the city. In the third place, he had his entire force, with all available material, working on his defenses, which he superintended in person. In addition, he was constantly conferring with his subordinates and men as to what was meant by war, and what was expected of a soldier when his country was invaded, and especially invaded by such a set of land pirates, as he called the British, whose colonial policy was to conquer a country and put an army over the people, and then compel the people to support the army that was keeping them in subjection.

The reader has already seen how Jackson imbued Captain Lawrence, in command of Fort Bowyer, with the spirit of dying at his post, so that when the British ships came in sight he called up his men, and they all pledged each other that the last man would be there when the fort was shot away.

When he put Maj. W. H. Overton in command of Fort Phillips, the fort below New Orleans, to keep the British from ascending the river, the orders were to stay on the fort as long as there was one man to point a gun, and a more gallant defense was never made by man, not one gun-

boat getting by—they were shot to pieces or turned back as they came.

After Major Overton got his orders, he ran a pole up on the fort, nailed the flag to it so it would not come down, so there would be no such thing as surrender, and when the fighting was all over all not killed were standing by their guns. So with Lieutenant Jones, with 182 men fighting 1,200 men. He surrendered only when his five little boats had been shot to pieces, killing twice as many of the enemy as he had men. This watching and working continued from the 14th to the 23d, when an event occurred which, I think, is without a parallel in history.

The scene which occurred on the night of December 23d has been written up, and written at, by all Jackson's biographers and many others, but it was a scene never to be put on paper. At the close of a long article by Alexander Walker, who wrote "Jackson and New Orleans," a book of 200 pages, after showing how Jackson's outposts had been surrounded and captured, and how one of them, Major Villere, had made his escape, introduces the opening scene of the immortal 23d as follows:

"During all the exciting events of his campaign Jackson had barely the strength to stand erect without support; his body was sustained alone by the spirit within. Ordinary men would have shrunk into feeble imbeciles or useless invalids under such a pressure. The disease contracted in the swamps of Alabama still clung to him. Reduced to a mere skeleton, unable to digest his food, and unrefreshed by sleep, his life seemed to be preserved by some miraculous agency. There, in the parlor of his headquarters, in Royal Street, surrounded by his faithful and efficient aides, he worked day and night, organizing his forces, dispatching orders, receiving reports, and making all necessary arrangements for the defense of the city."

Jackson was thus engaged at 1:30 P. M., on December 23, 1814, when his attention was drawn from certain documents he was carefully reading by the sound of horses galloping down the streets with more rapidity than comported with the order of a city under martial law. The sounds ceased at the door of his headquarters, and the sentinel on duty announced the arrival of three gentlemen who desired to see the General immediately, having important intelligence to communicate.

"Show them in," ordered the General. The visitors proved to be Dussau de la Croix, Maj. Gabriel Villere, and Colonel de la Ronde. They were stained with mud and nearly breathless with the rapidity of their ride.

"What news do you bring, gentlemen?" eagerly asked the General.

"Important! Highly important!" responded Mr. de la Croix. "The British have arrived at Villere's plantation, nine miles below the city, and are there encamped. Here is Major Villere, who was captured by them, who has escaped, and will now relate his story."

The Major accordingly detailed in a clear and perspicuous manner the occurrences we have already related, employing his mother tongue, the French language, which de la Croix translated to the General. At the close of Major Villere's narrative, the General drew up his figure, bowed with disease and weakness, to its full height, and with an eye of fire and an emphatic blow upon the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed, "By the eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!" Then, courteously inviting his visitors to refresh themselves, and sipping a glass of wine in compliment to them, he turned to his secretary and aides and remarked: "Gentlemen, the British are below; we must fight them tonight! Fight them tonight! By the eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!"

It was 1 o'clock in the evening when General Jackson

said this. The army he depended on, under Coffee and Carroll, was in camp four miles up the river. Orders were immediately issued, and in two hours the army, including the troops in the city, was moving to the scene, nine miles down the river. Was there ever another man that would have made this order? Jackson did not know whether there were 5,000 men or 20,000. But they are not going to sleep on our soil, and we will fight them tonight.

Commodore Patterson was sent down the river in command of the *Carolina*, and his gun—he only had one—fired in the night, was to be the signal. Jackson, with his regulars and New Orleans militia, was to attack in front on the bank of the rivers, and Coffee was sent to the rear to attack and drive in the right wing. The signal was given and with terrible effect, mowing down the British, who had not waked up to the situation. I make the following extracts from Eaton about this night battle:

“Jackson, convinced that an early impression was essential to success, had resolved to assail them at the moment of their landing, and ‘attack them in their first position.’ We have, therefore, seen him, with a force inferior by one-half to that of the enemy, at an unexpected moment, break into their camp, and with his undisciplined yeomanry drive before him the pride of Europe. It was an event that could not fail to destroy all previous theories and establish a conclusion our enemy had not before formed, that they were contending against valor inferior to none they had seen—before which their own bravery had not stood, nor their skill availed them; it had the effect of satisfying them that the quantity and kind of troops it was in his power to yield must be different from what had been represented; for, much as they had heard of the courage of the man, they could not suppose that a general, having a country to defend and a reputation to preserve, would venture to attack, on their own chosen ground, a greatly superior army, and one which, by the numerous victories achieved, had already acquired a fame in arms; they were convinced that his

force must greatly surpass what they had expected, and be composed of materials different from what they had imagined.

"Coffee's brigade, during the action, imitating the example of their commander, bravely contended, and ably supported the character they had established. The unequal contest in which they were engaged never occurred to them, nor for a moment checked the rapidity of their advance. Had the British known they were mere riflemen, without bayonets, a firm stand would have arrested their progress, and destruction or capture would be the inevitable consequence; but this circumstance being unknown, every charge they made was crowned with success, producing discomfiture and routing and driving superior numbers before them. Officers, from the highest to inferior grades, discharged what had been expected of them. Ensign Leach, of the Seventh Regiment, being wounded through the body, still remained at his post, and in the performance of his duty."

Eaton says the American troops actually engaged did not amount to 2,000 men, that they were contending with a force of 4,000 or 5,000, and that Jackson lost twenty-four killed, 115 wounded, and seventy-four prisoners, while the British loss was 400.

This fight bewildered the British; they did not know what to make of it—a gun, a long cannon, from the river pouring shot into their camp; soldiers in front and in the rear rushing in on them with a fury they had never dreamed of, shooting at first, then using knives and their guns as bludgeons, until it became a hand-to-hand fight and until the British were driven under the bank of the river, the firing from the boat having ceased on account of the mixing up and the desperate hand-to-hand struggle between the contending forces. The "Subaltern" who was in this terrible night battle has written it up at great length, but his account is not materially different from the American.

It will be observed that Carroll was not in this fight. Jackson had left him to watch the city and the roads into it, in the belief that the British might attempt a flank movement. In this fight the Americans had no bayonets, but fought with knives, such as Tennessee soldiers then carried. The British fought with bayonets. The wounded and dead on both sides conclusively showed the character of the battle.

CHAPTER XXII.

JACKSON TOUCHED WITH A GENIUS OF WAR BROUGHT RELIEF — HOW THE NIGHT BATTLES SHOCKED THE BRITISH ARMY — NOLTE'S STORY ABOUT THE COTTON BALES A FALSEHOOD; NO COTTON BALES USED — JACKSON READY FOR THE FIGHT ON THE 27TH OF DECEMBER — TOOK SOME REST AFTER FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS WITHOUT REST — THE BATTLE OF THE 28TH OF DECEMBER.

IF this country has onerated any man with greater responsibilities than were put on General Jackson in defending New Orleans against the British army, the evidence has not been given to the public; and if any public man, in civil or military life, has discharged a great public duty with more intelligent fidelity and courage than he did, history does not proclaim it. His beloved country had been at war for two years with the most war-like nation in the world. The enemy had attacked and literally overcome, beaten on every field where the issue had been joined, the American troops, and this in the most populous parts of the United States, and where the Government had put forward all its strength to oppose the invaders. Such had been the victories of the trained armies of England over our raw militia in the North, that we were fast losing the reputation, as a people of martial spirit, which we had when the Revolution closed; and the English press, from the *London Times* down to the doggerel makeshifts, was berating us as a nation of cowards—ready to get up a war, but too cowardly to fight.

The war had been brought on by a few bold men in Congress, who fully appreciated our unprepared state to fight England, but who were not willing longer to bear the in-

dignities heaped upon us. Every ship we had was landlocked; our seamen were in loathsome prisons, taken from our ships that had been captured under the pretended right of search, and some on their way to England to be tried and hanged as traitors, having once been British subjects.

Madison and Jefferson, one President and the other ex-President, had been doubtful and slow about bringing on the war, owing to the unprepared state, and at the very time Jackson was exerting all his power to rescue the nation from dishonor and prevent subjugation, all New England was clamoring for peace. And from the time of the capitulation of Napoleon our ministers abroad were notifying the President of the immense preparations being made by England to send an army and navy to the South. But such was the condition in the North that no troops could be spared and sent to Jackson. He was made major general, and told to defend the Southern coast.

England had only one ally in the South — the Creek Nation — the most warlike tribe of Indians at that time on the continent. This great fighting tribe inhabited the country between the settlements, the Tennessee River country and the Gulf Coast, but Jackson, of his own motion and without help from the Government, had completely suppressed this ally before the critical moment now under consideration came. At the time Jackson closed up the Jackson treaty with the Creek Indians, there was absolutely no force with which to protect New Orleans and defend the Southern coast.

It can be said, and ought to be written in letters that will live forever, that Jackson — Jackson, solitary and alone, and by force of his own character, backed only by a will power as resistless as commanding, and with which every movement was touched with the genius of war — organized the army that saved the entire nation from the deepest humiliation.

When Jackson fought the battle of Pensacola and turned his troops in the direction of New Orleans, there was not force enough in that city to protect it against one single British regiment. And, in fact, until the 5,300 Tennesseans under Carroll and Coffee reached New Orleans, Jackson had nothing he could rely on but the magic of his dominating presence. If the enemy had moved upon him at any time after he reached New Orleans he would have gone into the city, perhaps over the dead body of the great soldier, but certainly into it, and with only a bare pretense of resistance.

The battle of the 23d of December, the night battle — led by Jackson in person — was a shock to the British army. The whole army seemed to be stunned by it, and so the "Subaltern" puts it. They were dumbfounded; they did not know what to make of it. As the "Subaltern," in a long and carefully written account of it, shows, the British officers came to the conclusion (friends who had slipped out of New Orleans and come over to them had told them stories about Jackson's scant and ragged army) that Jackson must have an immense force; that, while they had heard much of Jackson's dash and courage, they did not believe any general who did not have an immense army behind him would have risked such an attack as that on the night of the 23d.

Before daylight on the 24th, Jackson ordered Carroll up to renew the fight of the 23d, but on receiving reliable information that the enemy was largely reinforced, he adopted the policy of strengthening his defenses and waiting the assault of the enemy.

Among other losses in the celebrated night battle was that of Colonel Lauderdale, of Coffee's brigade, an officer on whom every reliance was placed. He fell at his post. He had entered the service and descended the river with the volunteers under General Jackson in 1812, passed through

all the hardships of the Creek War, and had ever manifested a readiness when the country needed his services. Young, brave, and skillful, he had furnished ample evidence of his capacity as an officer. His death was generally regretted, but especially did General Jackson deplore his loss. He never had a better soldier.

The rising sun of the 24th found Jackson's army at work on the fortifications for the coming battle. Bringing up and landing new troops constantly, there was no mistaking the purpose of the enemy, and Jackson instantly realized that the entire force would, and perhaps very soon, undertake to enter the city. The line of his defense had already been chosen.

A florid and unreliable writer named Nolte worked up a story, weaving himself into it, about Jackson's breastworks of cotton bales, which has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, and since I have been writing this chapter I saw in a city paper a recognition of the cotton-bale story. Here is the way Nolte tells it:

"Jackson, who at once adopted the plan, was anxious to lose no time. It was intimated to him that in the city he could procure plenty of cotton at from 7 to 8 cents per pound, but that it would cost a whole day to bring it to the spot. He was then told that not far from the camp, and in the rear of his position, there lay a bark in the stream, laden with cotton, for Havana. The name of this vessel was *Pallas*, unless my memory, after a lapse of thirty-eight years, deceives me, and she was to have sailed before the arrival of the British force. Her cargo consisted of 245 bales, which I had shipped previously to the invasion, and the remainder, about sixty bales, belonged to a Spaniard named Fernando Alzar, resident at New Orleans. It was only when the cotton had been brought to the camp and they were proceeding to lay the first bales in the redoubt that the marks struck my attention and I recognized my own property. Adjutant Livingstone, who had been my usual legal counsel at New Orleans, that evening inspected Battery No.

3, where the men were arranging some bales. I was somewhat vexed at the idea of their taking cotton of the best sort, and worth from 10 to 11 cents, out of a ship already loaded and on the point of sailing, instead of procuring the cheaper kind, which was to be had in plenty throughout the suburbs of the city at 7 or 8 cents, and said as much to Livingstone.

"He, who was never at a loss for a reply, at once answered, 'Well, Mr. Nolte, if this is your cotton, you, at least, will not think it any hardship to defend it.' This anecdote, which was first related by myself, gave rise to the story that Jackson, when a merchant was complaining of the loss of his cotton, had ordered a sergeant to hand the gentleman a rifle, with the remark, 'No one can defend these cotton bales better than their owners can, and I hope you will not leave the spot.'"

There was some experiment made with cotton bales, but the question of fire and smoke occurred to General Jackson, and it was abandoned; not one cotton bale was used as a means of defense; not one was used in any of the battles.

There was below the city what was once known as the Roderiquez Canal. It had extended from the swamp to the river, a distance of more than one mile, but parts of it, however, were filled with dirt. When the fog of the morning of the 24th cleared away, Jackson's army was behind this canal. Not only the army, but every available man in the city, every shovel, was brought into requisition. This canal, a great big ditch, was rapidly cleaned out, and the part of it next the river for a considerable distance, which had been closed up, was reopened, so that the ditch extended entirely across the plain at the narrowest place.

This 24th day of December, 1814, should be called the day of chronicles. In the first place, it was the day of all work. Never did 5,000 men do more digging and shoveling in one day, while the coerced labor of the city brought timbers, barrels, fence rails, and all conceivable material

out of which to build the breastworks on the side of the ditch next the city. In the second place, it was the beginning of the test of Jackson's wonderful endurance, which, if true, is the most remarkable illustration of great endurance under great excitement on record.

The story is not always credited, but it comes from Livingstone and Reed, who were Jackson's aides and with him every day. Here is the account given:

"The anxiety and excitement, produced by the mighty object before him, were such as overcame the demand of nature, and for four days and four nights he was without sleep and was constantly employed. His line of defense being completed on the night of the 27th, he, for the first time since the arrival of the enemy, retired to rest and repose. Edward Livingstone, in careless, familiar conversation, used to say 'three days and three nights.' 'Nor, during these days,' the same gentleman was accustomed to say, 'did the General once sit at table or take a regular meal. Food was brought to him in the field, which he would oftenest consume without dismounting.' When Mr. Livingstone, fearful of the consequences of such unremitting toil upon a constitution severely shattered, would remonstrate with him and implore him to take some repose, he would reply: 'No, sir; there's no knowing when or where these rascals will attack. They shall not catch me unprepared. When we have driven the red-coated villains into the swamp, there will be time enough to sleep.' "

In the third place, this 24th day of December, 1814, Saturday, was the day on which the treaty of Ghent was signed and peace made. And here I want to say again that the commissioners were all of the opinion that Jackson's victories in the Creek Nation the winter before made this treaty possible. In the fourth place, that Saturday, the 24th, General Packenham, accompanied by Major General Gibbs, arrived from England to take command of the army.

It has generally been a matter of surprise that, after the battle of the 23d, the British army was inactive until the 8th of January — fifteen days — while Jackson was fortifying, and under such circumstances that the general in command of the British army must have known what he was doing. The least vigilance, by the use of glasses or by his scouts, would have shown the most determined activity on the part of Jackson. While the British commander has been criticised on account of his delay, and the American public especially has been unable to account for it, there has been a great lack of information as to what was done. General Packenham arrived and took command of the army on the 24th. The disaster of the night before had left the army with a bewildered outlook. This is shown by the "Subaltern" in describing a dinner by the officers on the 25th.

The first thing General Packenham did was to give orders that heavy guns must be brought up and the *Carolina* destroyed. She was in the river and throwing shot in such a way as to satisfy General Packenham that, while this boat and the *Louisiana*, just above, were in the river, he could not move his army along the road up the river bank and attack Jackson and reach New Orleans. These big guns were brought up from the ships and put in position. This was the 27th. A most gallant defense was made, but this is the report made by Captain Henley:

"Finding that hot shot were passing through her cabin and filling-room, which contained a considerable quantity of powder, her bulwarks all knocked down by the enemy's shot, the vessel, in a sinking condition, and the fire increasing, and expecting every moment that she would blow up, at a little after sunrise I reluctantly gave orders for the crew to abandon her, which was effected with the loss of one man killed and six wounded. A short time after I had gotten the crew on shore I had the extreme mortification of

seeing her blown up. It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the able assistance I received from Lieutenants Norris and Crawley and Sailing Master Haller, and to say that my officers and crew behaved on this occasion, as well as on the 23d, when under your own eye, in a most gallant manner. Almost every article of clothing belonging to the officers and crew, from the rapid progress of the fire, was involvd in the destruction of the vessel."

General Jackson, from his headquarters, witnessed the terrific attack on the *Carolina*, and soon discovered that the end of the boat which had done such service on the night of the 23d had come. The *Louisiana* was higher up the river, but not out of reach of the big guns, and while the shooting to pieces of the *Carolina* was going on, by an extraordinary effort Jackson had the *Louisiana* pushed further up the river and saved until some other move should be made.

While this was going on, General Jackson's greatest concern was about strengthening and increasing his fortifications. The army, as well as the General, saw the time had come. Never was a better day's work done. The "Subaltern" shows a most extraordinary state of things on the night of the 27th in the British army. The soldiers got no rest; that Jackson's Indian fighters kept the whole army in commotion; they would in squads run in on the lines and fire in on sleeping squads, causing great excitement throughout the army. This was probably increased by a remembrance of the 23d, that they killed their pickets and shot the roundsmen. He shows that one of these Indian fighters killed three sentinels at one post — killing one, getting his gun, removing the body a short distance and waiting until his place was supplied, and that he piled up three sentinels and left.

The morning of the 28th was a bright and balmy day. Jackson early in the morning discovered by the use of his

glasses that General Packenham was preparing for his final attack. All Jackson's early biographers say he was never better pleased. Besides the spirit of "fight on first sight," which was his nature, as his whole life shows, he was now ready, as he believed, to meet the enemy. The *Carolina* being disposed of, the captain and his marines were in the ranks. Jackson had a way of using seamen as soldiers, soldiers as seamen, cavalry as infantry, and infantry as cavalry.

Not getting ready on the 27th, Packenham had his army early to rest for the next day, but the "Subaltern" gives the account of the night's rest in the following graphic language:

"Sending down small bodies of riflemen, the American General harassed our pickets, killed and wounded a few of the sentinels, and prevented the main body from obtaining any sound or refreshing sleep. Scarcely had the troops laid down when they were aroused by a sharp firing at the outposts, which lasted only till they were in order, and then ceased; but as soon as they had dispersed and had once more addressed themselves to repose, the same cause of alarm returned and they were again called to their ranks. Thus was the entire night spent in watching, or, at least, in broken and disturbed slumbers, than which nothing is more trying, both to the health and spirits of an army.

"An enemy was to them an enemy, whether alone or in the midst of 5,000 companions, and they therefore counted the death of every individual as so much taken from the strength of the whole. In point of fact, they no doubt reasoned correctly, but to us at least it appeared an ungenerous return to barbarity. Whenever they could approach unperceived in proper distance of our watch fires, six or eight riflemen would fire among the party that sat around them, while one or two, stealing as close to each sentinel as a regard to their own safety would permit, acted the part of assassins rather than that of soldiers, and attempted to murder them in cold blood; for the officers likewise, in going their rounds, they constantly lay in wait, and thus by

a continued dropping fire, they not only wounded some against whom their aim was directed, but occasioned considerable anxiety and uneasiness throughout the whole line."

This gives an insight into Jackson's generalship only found in the reports of the enemy. It was strategem of the highest order, and was kept up nightly until the final battle on the 8th of January.

While in some way or by some means the battle of the 28th is scarcely known to the American people as a feature in this wonderful campaign, the British historian, the "Subaltern," so complimented by Lord Wellington for writing what he saw, gives an account of this battle, which is a most interesting chapter in American history.

I cannot do better than to give his account, which, coming from a British writer who witnessed it and was a soldier in it, will not be taken as more than fair to the American army. Here is what he says:

"The enemy's corps of observation (Hinds' dragoons) fell back as we advanced, without offering in any way to impede our progress, and it was impossible, ignorant as we were of the position of the enemy's main body, at what moment opposition might be expected. Nor, in truth, was it a matter of much anxiety. Our spirits, in spite of the troubles of the night, were good, and our expectations of success were high; consequently, many rude jests were bandied about and many careless words spoken, for soldiers are, of all classes of men, the freest from care, and on that account, perhaps, the most happy. By being continually exposed to it, danger with them ceased to be frightful; of death they have no more terror than the beasts that perish; and even hardships, such as cold, wet, hunger, and broken rest, lose at least part of their disagreeableness by the frequency of their occurrence.

"Moving on in this merry mood, we advanced about four or five miles without the smallest check or hindrance, when at length we found ourselves in view of the enemy's army poster in a very advantageous manner. About forty yards

in their front was a canal, which extended from the morass to within a short distance of the high road. Along their line were thrown up breastworks, not indeed completed, but even now formidable. Upon the road, and at several other points, were erected powerful batteries, whilst the ship, with a large flotilla of gunboats, flanked the whole position from the river.

"When I say that we came in sight of the enemy I do not mean that he was gradually exposed to us in such a manner as to leave time for cool examination and reflection. On the right, indeed, he was seen for some time, but on the left a few houses built at a turning in the road entirely concealed him; nor was it till they had gained that turning point and beheld the muzzles of the guns pointed towards them that those who moved in this direction were aware of their proximity to danger, but that danger was, indeed near, they were quickly taught; for, scarcely had the head of the column passed the houses when a deadly fire opened from both the battery and the shipping. That the Americans are excellent marksmen, as well with artillery as with rifles, we have had frequent calls to acknowledge; but, perhaps, on no occasion do they assert their claims to the title of good artillerymen more effectually than on the present. Scarcely a ball passed over or fell short of its mark, but all striking in the midst of our ranks, occasioned terrible havoc. The shrieks of the wounded, therefore, the crash of firelocks of such as were killed caused at first some little confusion, and what added to the panic was that from the houses beside bright flames suddenly burst out. The Americans, expecting this attack, had filled them with combustibles for the purpose, and, directing against them one or two guns loaded with redhot shot, in an instant set them on fire. The scene was altogether very sublime. A tremendous cannonade mowed down our ranks and deafened us with its roar, whilst two large chateaus and their outbuildings almost scorched us with the smoke which they emitted.

"The infantry, however, was not long suffered to remain thus exposed, but, being ordered to quit the path, and to form the line in the fields, the artillery was brought up and opposed to that of the enemy. But the contest was in every respect unequal, since their artillery far exceeded ours, both

in numerical strength and weight of metal. The consequence was that in half an hour two of our field pieces and one field mortar were dismounted, many of the gunners were killed, and the rest, after an ineffectual attempt to silence the fire of a shipping, were obliged to retire.

"In the meantime, the infantry having formed line, advanced under a heavy discharge of round and grape shot till they were checked by the appearance of the canal. Of its depth they were, of course, ignorant, and to attempt its passage without having ascertained whether it could be forded might have been productive of fatal consequences. A halt was accordingly ordered, and the men were commanded to shelter themselves as well as they could from the enemy's fire. For this reason they were hurried into a wet ditch of sufficient depth to cover their knees, where, leaning forward, they concealed themselves behind some high rushes which grew upon its brink, and thus escaped many bullets which fell around them in all directions.

"Thus fared it with the left of the army, whilst the right, though less exposed to the cannonade, was not more successful in its object. The same impediment which checked one column forced the other likewise to pause, and, after having driven in an advance body of the enemy, and endeavoring without effect to penetrate through the marsh, it also was commanded to halt. In a word, all thought of attacking was for the day abandoned, and it now only remained to withdraw the troops from their present perilous situation with as little loss as possible.

"The first thing to be done was to remove the dismounted guns. Upon this enterprise a party of seamen was employed, who, running forward to the spot where they lay, lifted them, in spite of the whole of the enemy's fire, and bore them off in triumph. As soon as this was effected, regiment after regiment stole away, not in a body, but one by one, under the same discharge which saluted their approach. But a retreat thus conducted necessarily occupied much time. Noon had long passed before the last corps was brought off, and when we again began to muster twilight was approaching."

In addition to the "Subaltern," a British officer named Hill wrote about this battle of the 28th, in which he said :

"In spite of our sanguine expectations of sleeping that night in New Orleans, evening found us occupying our negro hut at Villeres, nor was I sorry that the shades of night concealed our mortification from the prisoners and slaves. As for our allies, the Indians, they had not increased in number. The countless tribes promised by Colonel Nichols had not yet appeared ; the five or six redskins I have already named hung about headquarters. The prophet, to avoid censure at the fallacy of his predictions, contrived to get gloriously drunk, nor was the King of the Muscogies in a much more sober state. His Majesty had consoled himself for the ill fortune of the day by going from hut to hut imploring rum and asserting that he hungered for drink."

I have been thus particular in giving the facts about this battle of the 28th, and especially giving what English writers have said about it, because so little attention has been paid to it by American writers generally, that but little is known of it by our people. It was like the battle of the 23d — a most sanguinary battle, with very considerable loss to the enemy and a complete victory. The battle scarcely known by the American people to have been fought was a bigger battle than any fought in the Spanish War or in the Philippine War.

The truth is, we have scarcely known anything as to General Jackson's campaign, except that he destroyed the Creek Nation, captured Pensacola, and fought the battle of New Orleans. Indeed, Jackson had the British whipped before he got to them, and his great generalship was displayed in getting ready to fight the final battle.

This battle of the 28th, like the night battle of the 23d, as given by British officers and correspondents who were in it, and were eye witnesses, gives us new American history.

The final great victory of the 8th of January, like a great light in the heavens that obscures lesser lights — so the world-wide victory of the 8th hid away the triumphant victories of the 23d, the 28th, and the 1st of January, until the truth is gathered up from the vanquished soldiers who witnessed them, and came to tell the story as they saw it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE "SUBALTERN" A WITNESS — WALKER, AUTHOR OF "JACKSON AND NEW ORLEANS," BECOMES A WITNESS — THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST OF JANUARY — THE GREAT BATTLE CONTEST FROM THE 23D OF DECEMBER UNTIL THE 8TH OF JANUARY — IT WAS A CONTINUOUS FIGHT.

THE "Subaltern" says that during the last three days of the year the British army remained inactive, without an effort to fortify its position or to annoy the enemy. In this the "Subaltern" was evidently mistaken, because every hour of the three days was consumed in getting heavy guns in position. "Some attempts," he says, "were set on foot to penetrate the woods on the right of the line, and to discover a way through the morass, by which the enemy's left might be turned. But all this," he says, "proved fruitless, and, a few valuable lives having been sacrificed, the idea was laid aside." Then he goes on: "In the meanwhile the American General directed the whole of his attention to the strengthening of his line. Day and night we could observe numerous parties at work upon his lines, whilst from the increased number of tents, which might almost every hour be discerned, it is evident that strong reinforcements were constantly passing into his camp." (In this he was mistaken, as no reinforcements came.)

"Nor did he leave us totally unmolested. By giving his guns a great degree of elevation, he contrived at last to reach our bivouac, and thus we were constantly under a cannonade, which, though it did little execution, was extremely annoying. Besides this, he now began to erect

batteries on the opposite side of the river, from which a flanking fire could be thrown across the entire front of his position. In short, he adopted every precaution which prudence could suggest, and for which the nature of the ground was so admirably adapted"—a great compliment from the enemy.

This is the recognized British chronicle of the days on which the fate of a nation seemed to be turning. He shows that, while the British army was already so beaten that it did nothing during these three days, General Jackson was not only vigilant, but intelligently working for the great conflict which must come. It was during these three days that he put all his soldiers who had no guns at work building a second line of defense, two miles nearer the city, so that if driven from his first line he could fall back to that line and make another stand. These three days were in the time that his officers say he did not sleep and took his meals on horseback. It was at this time that a member of the Legislature asked General Jackson what he would do if he had to give up New Orleans, when his reply was: "If I thought one hair of my head knew what I was going to do, I would pull it out."

But years afterward General Jackson told Major Eaton that if he had been driven from his position, he would have burned the city and retreated up the river, fighting over every inch of the ground. General Jackson fully believed from the Lafitte papers, which turned out to be genuine, and from the cruel and savage conduct of the British army in the North, that the whole South would be laid in ruins unless he could check the army; and that the plan was to take New Orleans, then ascend the river and take and divide up the country, forming a junction with the victorious armies of the North. Indeed, as it turned out, there were civil officers already appointed to hold the important positions at New Orleans and other cities, and these civil

officers were a part of the fleet that left Jamaica. The collector of revenue brought all his family, five daughters, who were to be substituted for Creole society. The fear that Jackson might, if defeated, make a Moscow of New Orleans, caused the belief that the Legislature was about to surrender the city, causing Jackson to guard it while he whipped the British.

Jackson believed the British meant, by a coalition with the Indians, to subjugate the country, and on this issue New Orleans was nothing. He intended, if driven from his lines of defense, to call out every man in the Southern States that could get a gun, raise new armies, cut off their supplies, and defend the liberties of the people as long as one man could carry a gun. Jackson impressed Carroll and Coffee — in fact, all his followers, indeed, his private soldiers, to a certain extent — that the country must be defended, or as soldiers they must all die; that death was the soldier's inheritance and rightful reward, if it came in the line of duty in defending his country.

In the Creek War, in the forts, in all the battles in defense of New Orleans, it is undoubtedly true that Jackson inspired both officers and men under him with a courage of desperation as no other general ever did in this country.

The battle of the 8th of January is a mystery. It is difficult to believe the well-established facts. Historians have been slow to admit the facts as they are. In these chapters I am undertaking to account for this marvelous triumph by untrained militia over one of the best armies England ever sent into the field, and I trust my readers will not be impatient to have me reach that memorable day in our history, because to know and be satisfied about the result of the 8th, and the complete triumph of General Jackson, contending with more than double his number, and how it was done, the whole facts must be given, though it may seem tedious. No writer that I have found has satisfac-

torily accounted for this marvelous chapter in war. Jackson, by a generalship that has no counterpart, whipped this great battle before he got to it. If I take what may seem to be more time than necessary in reaching the final struggle, let it be remembered that nothing like it is recorded in history.

Two thousand dead British, and less than a dozen men lost on the American side, is the wonder in war's record, the loss from the time of landing being more than 3,000.

One of the most graphic, as well as reliable, of all the writers on this eventful period is Mr. Walker, in "Jackson and New Orleans." He describes the three days between the 28th of December, 1814, and the 1st of January, 1815, when the two armies were confronting each other on a level plain, as follows:

"These wily frontiersmen," continued Mr. Walker, "habituated to the Indian mode of warfare, never missed a chance of picking up a straggler or sentinel. Clad in their dusky, brown homespun, they would glide unperceived through the woods, and, taking a cool view of the enemy's lines, would cover the first Briton who came within range of their long, small-bored rifles. Nor did they waste their ammunition. Whenever they drew a bead on any object it was certain to fall. The cool indifference with which they would perform the most daring acts would be amazing.

"The plain between the two hostile camps was alive day and night with small parties on foot and horse, wandering to and fro in pursuit of adventure, on the trail of reconnoiterers, stragglers, and outpost sentinels. The natural restlessness and nomadic tendency of the Americans were here conspicuously displayed. After a while there grew up a regular science in the conduct of these modes of vexing, annoying, and weakening the enemy. Their system, it is true, is not to be found in Vauben's, Steuben's, or Scott's Military Tactics, but it nevertheless proved to be quite effective. It was as follows: A small number of each corps, being permitted to leave the lines, would start from their position,

and all converge to a central point in front of the lines. Here they would, when all collected, make quite a formidable body of men, and, electing their own commander, would proceed to attack the nearest British outpost, or advance in extended lines, so as to create alarm in the enemy's camp and subject them to the vexation of being driven to arms, in the midst of which the scouting party would be unusually lucky if it did not succeed in 'bagging' one or two of the enemy's advanced sentinels.

"In such incessant scouting parties and volunteer operations as we have described a majority of Jackson's command were engaged during a greater part of the night. So daring were these attacks that on more than one occasion the six-pounders were advanced from the lines and drawn within cannon shot of the outposts, when they would be discharged at the sentinels or any living object, generally with some effect, and always with great terror to the British camp, causing a general apprehension that the Americans were advancing to attack them in full force.

"After midnight the skirmishers would return to their camp and resign themselves to sleep, using for their beds brush collected from the swamp; and the Tennesseans, who were encamped on the extreme left, lying on gunwales or logs raised a few inches above the surface of the water or soft mire of the morass. About two hours after day-break, a general stir would be observable in the American camp; this was for the general muster. Drums were then beaten and several bands of music, among which that of the Orleans battalion (Planche's) was conspicuous, would animate the spirits of the men with martial strains that could be heard in the desolate and gloomy camp of the British, where no melodious notes or other sounds of cheerfulness were allowed to mock their misery; where not even a bugle sounded, unless as a warning or a summons of the guard to the relief of some threatened outpost."

During these three days Packenham brought up thirty big guns from the fleet, and they were put in position. These guns were moved in the night, and on the last night they were placed so as to be seen by Jackson's troops next

morning. They were twenty long eighteens and ten twenty-fours. The "Subaltern" says, speaking of the night of the 31st:

"One-half of the army was ordered out and marched to the front, passing the piquets, and halting about three hundred yards from the enemy's line. Here it was resolved to throw up a chain of works, and here the greater part of the detachment, laying down their firelocks, applied themselves vigorously to their tasks, while the rest stood armed and prepared for their defense. The night was dark and our people maintained a profound silence, by which means not an idea of what was going on existed in the American camp. As we labored, too, with all diligence, six batteries were completed long before dawn, in which were mounted thirty pieces of heavy cannon; when, falling back a little, we united ourselves to the remainder of the infantry and lay down behind the rushes in readiness to act as soon as we should be wanted.

"In the erection of these batteries a circumstance occurred worthy of notice on account of its singularity. I have already stated that the whole of this district was covered with the stubble of sugar cane, and I might have added that every storehouse and barn attached to the different mansions scattered over it was filled with barrels of sugar. In throwing up these works, the sugar was used instead of earth. Rolling the hogsheads towards the front, they were placed upright in the parapets of the batteries, and it was computed that sugar to the value of many thousand pounds sterling was thus disposed of."

The first day of January, 1815, is a memorable day in this memorable campaign. The battle of the 28th, overshadowed by the immortal 8th, is scarcely known to the American public, but it was a great victory for him who said, "Don't be alarmed; if the British get into New Orleans it will be over my dead body." Then came three days of waiting — with Jackson's army waiting, but working like beavers. Early on the morning of the 1st, General

Jackson ordered a grand review. Up to half-past nine an immense fog obscured the armies from each other. This parade was in full view of the British army when the fog arose. The "Subaltern" says:

"When the fog disappeared, being only three hundred yards away, we could perceive all that was going on with great exactness. The different regiments were on parade, and, being dressed in holiday suits, presented a really fine appearance. Mounted officers were riding backwards and forwards through the ranks; bands were playing and colors floating in the air; in a word, all seemed jollity and gala."

As the fog cleared away, Jackson's army saw thirty pieces of artillery only three hundred yards away, all in position to sweep the field. At a signal from the central battery, the whole of the thirty guns opened fire full upon the American lines. This produced some confusion; but Jackson's guns were also in position, and, Parton says, Patterson's guns on the other side of the river were in position to do service in the coming battle.

Before the battle commenced, Jackson walked from battery to battery, his men everywhere cheering him. Mr. Parton says:

"Vain are all words to convey to the unwarlike reader an idea of this tremendous scene. Imagine fifty pieces of cannon, of large caliber, each discharged from once to thrice a minute; often a simultaneous discharge of half-a-dozen pieces, an average of two discharges every second; while plain and river were so densely covered with smoke that the gunners aimed their guns from recollection chiefly, and knew scarcely anything of the effect of their fire."

When the firing ceased and the smoke cleared away and the British position was disclosed, the British batteries presented formless masses of soil and broken guns. The author of "Jackson and New Orleans" says:

"Never was work more completely done, more perfectly finished and rounded off. Earth and heavens fairly shook with prolonged shouts of the Americans over this spectacle. Still the remorseless artillerists would not cease their fire. The British infantry would now and then raise their heads and peep forth from the ditches in which they were so ingloriously ensconced. The level plain presented but a few knolls or elevations to shelter them, and the American artillerists were as skillful as riflemen in picking off those who exposed ever so small a portion of their bodies. Several extraordinary examples of this skill were communicated to the writer by a British officer who was attached to Packenham's army. A number of the officers of the Ninety-third, having taken refuge in a shallow hollow behind a slight elevation, it was proposed that the only married officer of the party should lie at the bottom, it being deemed the safest place. Lieutenant Phaups was the officer indicated, and laughingly assumed the position assigned him. This mound had attracted the attention of the American gunners, and a great quantity of shot was thrown at it. Lieutenant Phaups could not resist the anxiety to see what was going on in front, and, peeping forth, with not more than half of his head exposed, was struck by a twelve-pound shot and instantly killed. His companions buried him on the spot on which he fell, in full uniform. Several officers and men were picked off in a similar manner."

The "Subaltern" says of this battle:

"Once more we were obliged to retire, leaving our heavy guns to their fate; but as no attempt was made by the Americans to secure them, some of our soldiers returned after dark, and such as had not been destroyed were removed.

"Of the fatigue undergone during these operations by the whole army, from the General down to the meanest sentinel, it would be difficult to form an adequate conception. For two whole nights and days not a man had closed an eye, except such as were cool enough to sleep amidst showers of cannon balls, and during the day scarcely a moment had been allowed in which we were able so much as to break our

fast. We retired, therefore, not only baffled and disappointed, but, in some degree, disheartened and discontented. All our plans had as yet proved abortive; even this, upon which so much reliance had been placed, was found to be of no avail, and it must be confessed that something like murmuring began to be heard through camp. And, in truth, if ever any army might be permitted to murmur, it was this. In landing they had borne great hardships, not only without repining, but with cheerfulness; their hopes had been excited by false reports as to the practicability of the attempt in which they were embarked; and now they found themselves entangled amidst difficulties from which there appeared to be no escape, except by victory. In their attempts upon the enemy's line, however, they had been twice foiled; in artillery they perceived themselves to be so greatly overmatched that their own could hardly assist them; their provisions, being derived wholly from the fleet, were both scanty and coarse, and their rest was continually broken. For not only did the cannon and mortars from the main of the enemy's position play unremittingly upon them, both day and night, but they were likewise exposed to a deadly fire from the opposite bank of the river, where no less than eighteen pieces of artillery were now mounted, and swept the entire line of our encampment. Besides all this, to undertake the duty of a picket was as dangerous as to go into action. Parties of American sharpshooters harassed and disturbed those appointed to that service from the time they took possession of their posts until they were relieved, whilst to light fires at night was impossible, because they served but as certain marks for the enemy's gunners. I repeat, therefore, that a little murmuring could not be wondered at."

This is the British account of Jackson's great victory of the 1st of January.

The period of Jackson's life from the time he entered New Orleans, on the 2d of December, 1814, until he fought the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, about forty-three days, has been generally regarded by the public as an interregnum in his military career.

Jackson's genius in war was displayed in his Natchez campaign, in the Creek War, at Mobile, and in his Pensacola campaign, and in the great battle of the 8th. Lord Wellington said his Creek Campaign immortalized him; but in the forty-three days, obscured, almost completely overshadowed by his great triumph on the 8th, when carefully considered, will be found his transcendent genius.

The final great battle was an event in war which stands out before the world as a milestone on the great highway of time, to be seen by all who will turn and look; but on the part of the Commanding General it was the genius of one day, one great act, one great deed. A single display of genius may be misleading; conditions in a great battle may sometimes turn the scale without genius. But there can be no mistaking the genius of a man who can go into a city in the throes of a deadly conflict, subdue the hostile, harmonize the disaffected, restrain the lawless, give confidence to the faltering, quicken the step of friends, and convert the whole into a military camp in a few days; and then bring an army, improvised by himself, without help from his Government; an army whose inspiration is confidence—confidence in the one single man who leads them; an army of citizens, an army from the field and the shop, an army of volunteers, an army whose patriotism is quickened by the genius of him who calls them.

There can be no mistaking the genius of the man who can, by his asking, summon such an army from his own State, his fellow citizens—men who are citizens and not soldiers, not of the army, not inured to war; citizens who will obey his call, cross a wilderness or improvise boats and descend a river, and when reaching their beloved leader, half-clad and half-armed, without a word, on an hour's notice, obey his commands, attack in the open field in the night, with hunters' guns and hunters' knives, an army made up of Wellington's soldiers of double their number,

and drive it into hiding, and so daze it as to be able to build breastworks before he recovers; and then five days after renew the punishment, and three days after increase it — so crippling, confounding, and discouraging this proud army of old England that when the final struggle comes it is retreating in twenty-five minutes after the first gun is fired — an army whipped before the great battle commences. There is no debating the genius of such a man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST OF JANUARY — STILL VICTORY—
A TERRIBLE WOUND MAKES LIFETIME FRIENDS — JACK-
SON'S TWO "BACKDOWNS" — THE KENTUCKY TROOPS —
THE ENEMY REINFORCED — JANUARY 7TH ALL DONE
THAT COULD BE; JACKSON READY AND COMPOSED —
THIS GOVERNMENT HAS NEVER LAID A SLAB OVER HIS
GRAVE.

A PLEASING incident, illustrative of the noble and gentle traits of humanity, which had its origin in the battle of the 1st of January, may serve as an agreeable relief to the narrative of deadly conflicts between hostile armies, which the chapters I am now writing show.

Among the loyal citizens of New Orleans who rallied to the support of Jackson when he reached the city were two young men, Judah Touro and Bezin D. Shepherd. They were marchants. Mr. Touro had come from Massachusetts, and Mr. Shepherd from Virginia. They enrolled themselves for service under General Jackson, and reported for duty. Mr. Touro was attached as a private to the Louisiana Militia, and Mr. Shepherd to Captain Ogden's horse troop. Commodore Patterson asked and obtained an order to have Mr. Shepherd transferred to him, and made him one of his aides. During the terrible cannonade of the 1st of January, and when even the bravest accepted shelter from flying missiles, Mr. Touro volunteered his services to carry shot and shell from the magazine to Humphrey's Battery, and while the missiles flew around him he fearlessly performed the dangerous work he had chosen. In the course of the day he was struck on the thigh by a twelve-pound shot,

inflicting a ghastly wound, which tore off a large portion of the flesh.

About this time Commodore Patterson sent his aide, Shepherd, with special orders across the river to the main army; and on reaching the bank he met a friend, who told him his friend Touro was dead. Inquiring where he was, Shepherd was informed that he had been taken to an old building in the rear of Jackson's headquarters. Forgetting his orders, Mr. Shepherd went immediately to the place and found he was not dead, but, as the surgeon said, in a dying condition. Disregarding what the surgeon said, Shepherd got a cart, put him in it, administered stimulants, and took him to his own house. He then procured nurses, and by the closest attention Mr. Touro's life was saved. Mr. Shepherd returned late in the day, having performed his mission, to find Commodore Patterson in a bad humor, and, speaking severely to him, the latter said: "Commodore, you can hang or shoot me, and it will be all right; but my best friend needed my assistance, and nothing on earth could have induced me to neglect him."

Hearing all, the Commodore was reconciled.

These men both became millionaires and both lived into old age. Mr. Touro was always known as "the Israelite without guile." He died in 1854, leaving an immense estate, giving one-half of it to charities — charities selected with great discrimination — and the entire other half he gave to the man who had saved his life. Mr. Shepherd appropriated almost the entire half given to him in improving and beautifying the street on which they had both lived, and it is, and long has been, known as "Touro Street the Beautiful."

After the battle of the 1st of January, which was Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were days of intense anxiety; there was no sign of the British army moving, and the question with General Jackson was (he

having driven the enemy under the hill in the night battle of the 23d, and then driven him from the line of defense on the 28th and on the 1st of January, both times with great loss), What will he do? Will the general in command make another attack on the line, or seek some other mode of getting into the city?

It was known to General Jackson that about this time the British army was reinforced with 1,700 men, under Major General Lambert. On the 4th, the long-looked-for Kentucky troops, 2,300, under General Thomas and General Adair, arrived. General Jackson had counted much on the Kentucky troops. His old friend, Isaac Shelby, who was Governor at the time, was himself a great soldier, and thoroughly in sympathy with Jackson in the great struggle by which he was hoping to save the Southwest from invasion and subjugation; but it was published that Kentucky, as a State, had men ready to fight, but no resources to arm and equip them, and what was done was by private subscription. In the long march which these troops had made without winter clothing, with much bad weather, and greatly distressed for a supply of food until they captured a boat-load of flour, they reached New Orleans in a deplorable condition. All the biographers of General Jackson, as well as the author of "Jackson and New Orleans," describe them as destitution itself. One of them says they were without the means of cooking their food, as they had only one small cooking vessel to every eighty men.

Mr. Parton says:

"On Wednesday morning, January 4, the long-looked-for Kentuckians, two thousand two hundred and fifty in number, reached New Orleans. Seldom has a reinforcement been so anxiously expected; never did the arrival of one create keener disappointment. They were so ragged that the men, as they marched shivering through the streets, were observed to hold together their garments with their

hands to cover their nakedness; and what was worse, because beyond remedy, not one man in ten was well armed, and only one man in three had any arms at all. It was a bitter moment for General Jackson when he heard this; and it was a bitter thing for those brave and devoted men, who had formerly hoped to find in the abundance of New Orleans an end of their exposure and destitution, to learn that the General had not a musket, a blanket, a tent, a garment, a rag, to give them. A body of Louisiana Militia, too, who had arrived a day or two before from Baton Rouge, were in a condition only less deplorable. Here was a force of nearly three thousand men, every man of whom was pressingly wanted, paralyzed and useless for want of those arms that had been sent on their way down the river sixty days before. It would have fared ill with the captain of that loitering boat if he had chanced to arrive just then, for the General was wroth exceedingly. Up the river go new expresses to bring him down in irons. They bring him at last, the astonished man, but days and days too late; the war was over. The old soldiers of this campaign mention that the General's observations upon the character of the hopeless captain, his parentage, and upon various portions of his mortal and immortal frame, were much too forcible for repetition in these piping times of peace."

Never did women work more untiringly than did the ladies of New Orleans work to make some clothing for these almost clothless soldiers; but the guns were lacking, and could not be had. These men had never had one day of drilling; they were totally without experience in war. No proper defense has been made for what took place on the 8th, and which led to General Jackson's hasty report to the President on the 9th, saying the "Kentuckians ingloriously fled." In an order issued and read to the army next day, General Jackson qualifies his report and gives the Kentuckians credit for being brave soldiers. This is about the only thing General Jackson ever took back.

In one of the following chapters on the great battle the facts will be given, because it is due to the history of this great State, and of the Kentuckian from the time Boone went there down to the present time, to say that there is one thing that he does know how to do — that is, fight; and while like other men he may have man's ordinary weaknesses, there is one infirmity he is free from — he is not a coward.

While it is true, as far as I know, that General Jackson never took back anything he said, except his words in his report to the President that the Kentuckians in the great battle of the 8th “ingloriously fled,” it is true that on one occasion he did back down. “Back down” is a very hard saying to apply to “Old Hickory,” but he did. Among the many good anecdotes in the life of the great hero, all of which I have omitted so far in these articles, there is none probably better than the “back down” anecdote, and it may be a relief from the scenes of war to tell it.

General Jackson probably had more friends that he would fight for and who would fight for him than any man known to the American people; it is also true that he had his enemies, and about as large a crop as any other public man. Among his thousands and thousands of friends, any one of whom he would have fought for, he had some special friends who were dearer to him than life. Among these were Coffee, Carroll, Gordon, and William P. Anderson. The first three had been drawn to him as officers under him in the Creek War and at New Orleans in their devotion to him and their gallantry in war. The fourth, Col. William P. Anderson, a business man of high character and great influence in Tennessee in its early history, had long been the business partner of Jackson in locating and perfecting titles to land, and Jackson had great respect for him — indeed, was much attached to him; but, like Jackson, Anderson had his enemies.

One day after the wars were over, down at the old Inn on the west side of the Square, where Jackson and his comrades were wont to meet and talk over the past, Jackson heard a man, whom he did not know, abusing Colonel Anderson — saying very hard things about him, going into detail, making out quite a bill of particulars. After listening to him, Jackson went off and wrote down what he said about Anderson, reciting the several charges made, and then went to the man and said to him: "Sir, I don't know you, but I listened to what you said about my friend, Colonel Anderson, and I have written it down; and, sir, I want you to sign it, so there will be no mistake about it." The accuser happened to be one who had some idea of his rights, and promptly replied: "Sir, what I said I said, and I shall stand by it; but I am not going to sign any papers."

Whereupon General Jackson turned to his friend, Col. Thomas Kennedy Gordon, who was sitting in the room (Gordon was the man who, in the Creek War, when the mutiny took place and when Jackson said, "If only two men will stay with me, I will stay here and die in the wilderness," stepped out and said, "General, I will stay with you"), and said: "That man over there said some hard things in the company of gentlemen about my old friend, Col. William P. Anderson; and I wrote down what he said and asked him to sign it, and he refuses to do it; and I have come to ask what I shall do about it." It was handed to Gordon, and he read it carefully and said, "And you say, General, he won't sign it." "No," said the irate General, "he positively refuses to sign it, and I come for your advice." Gordon again carefully read the paper, and repeated his surprise that the man refused to sign it, but said, "General, I don't care to shoulder that fellow's responsibility, but this paper has got so much truth in it that somebody ought to sign it, and I will just sign it myself." The curtain fell and Jackson retired, but the same everlasting friend of Gordon.

The days of waiting between the battle of the 1st and 8th of January were days of intense anxiety with General Jackson. The new troops from Kentucky could be of little or no service to him, while on the other hand the enemy had been reinforced by 1,700 soldiers, under Major General Lambert, all of whom had seen service. Old guns, gathered up, were being repaired as fast as possible, but this amounted to but little, for, including the Kentuckians and the Louisiana Militia just arrived, Jackson had nearly three thousand men who could be of no service, as his report to the Secretary of War shows.

The arrival of Major General Lambert, with 1,700 men, revived the spirits of the British army. What General Packenham was going to do was the question. Five days after the battle of the 1st, Jackson became satisfied General Packenham was going to renew the attack on his lines. Having been beaten in the open field and repulsed and driven back in two general assaults on his lines, Jackson was in doubt up to that time whether it would be a renewal or an attempted flank movement, getting in his rear. During these days, using some of his best men, he was making observations, which, on the 6th, satisfied him a renewal of the attack on his lines was to be made. Though in doubt, there had been no let up in the work of strengthening his fortifications and putting his guns in position. It was said his pale face lighted up when his trusted reconnoiterers brought the unmistakable evidence of an immediate attack. This was what he desired.

The new scheme of General Packenham, as the "Subaltern" in his final report says, "was worthy, for its boldness, of the school in which Sir Edward had studied his profession. It was determined to divide the army — to send part across the river, who would seize the enemy's guns and turn them on themselves, whilst the remainder should at the same time make a general assault along the

whole entrenchment. But before his plan could be put into execution it would be necessary to cut a canal across the entire neck of land from the Bayou de Catiline to the river, of sufficient width and depth to admit of boats being brought up from the lake. Upon this arduous undertaking were the troops immediately employed. Being divided into four companies, they labored by turns, day and night; one party relieving another after a stated number of hours, in such order as that the work should never be entirely deserted. The fatigue undergone during the prosecution of this attempt no words can sufficiently describe; yet it was pursued without repining, and, at length, by unremitting exertions, they succeeded in effecting their purpose by the 6th of January."

Saturday, the 7th of January, was, in one sense, a quiet day with General Jackson. All that could be done had been done, and late in the evening he asked his old friend, General Adair, who had arrived only three days before, to go with him and look at the fortifications. Mr. Parton says that General Adair, after looking at the long line of hastily constructed and irregular fortifications, had no great opinion of Jackson's generalship, as he afterwards expressed himself.

These fortifications, it will be remembered, including the ditch and the embankment, had all been made in fourteen days, fighting three battles while doing it, besides carrying on an irregular warfare every night. After going from battery to battery, General Jackson asked General Adair what he thought of the situation. General Adair said:

"There is one way, and but one way, in which we can hope to defend them. We must have a strong corps of reserve to meet the enemy's main attack, wherever it may be. No single part of the lines is strong enough to resist the united force of the enemy. But, with a strong column held in our rear, ready to advance upon any threatened point, we can beat them off."

"During the 2d and 3d," wrote Commodore Patterson to the Secretary of the Navy, "I landed from the ship and mounted, as the former ones, on the banks of the river, four more twelve-pounders, and erecting a furnace for heating shot, to destroy a number of buildings which intervened between General Jackson's lines and the camp of the enemy and occupied by him. On the evening of the 4th I succeeded in firing a number of them and some rice stacks by my shot, which the enemy attempted to extinguish, notwithstanding the heavy fire which I kept up, but which at length compelled them to desist. On the 6th and 7th I erected another furnace and mounted on the banks of the river two more twenty-pounders, which had been brought up by the exertions of Colonel Caldwell, of the drafted militia of the State, and brought within and mounted on the intrenchments on this side of the river one twelve-pounder, in addition to which General Morgan, commanding the militia on this side, planted two brass six-pound field pieces in his lines, which were incomplete, having been commenced only on the 4th. These three pieces were the only cannon on the firing lines. All the others being mounted on the bank of the river, with a view to aid the right of General Jackson's lines on the opposite shore, and to flank the enemy should they attempt to march up the road leading along the levee, or erect batteries on the same, of course could render no aid in defense of General Morgan's lines. My battery was manned in part from the crew of the ship, and in part by militia detailed for that service by General Morgan, as I had not seamen enough to fully man them."

— That General Jackson, cool as he was on the evening of the 7th, was a most determined man, and with the coolest desperation had made up his mind that the morrow must bring victory or the sacrifice of himself and his army in the struggle.

The manner in which the war had been conducted by the

British armies in the North — the vandalism in burning the public buildings at Washington, the murder of prisoners at Frenchtown, the savage-like exhibitions of licentious brutality of the soldiers at some of the towns where they entered in the campaign of 1813-14, had filled the coolest head in America with a zeal that was as resistless as a forest fire, and Jackson on the night of the 7th, cool as he seemed, “meant victory or death” in a sense that was neither fiction nor poetry.

That Jackson knew from prisoners captured, papers found on them, of the countersign given to the soldiers by General Packenham, may not be sufficiently established; but he did know what had been done in other cities in the North where the army was displaying its savage traits with a licensed freedom not known among the civilized nations of Europe. But Mr. Reid, who was in Jackson’s army and one of his aides, and Mr. Eaton, who wrote a life of Jackson in 1817, and Mr. Waldo, who wrote his life in 1818, took pains to get up the proof on this national shame. In the “Life of Jackson” by Eaton and Reid, they say:

“Inducements were held out, than which nothing more inviting could be offered to an infuriated soldiery. Let it be remembered of that gallant but misguided General, who has been so much deplored by the British nation, that to the cupidity of his soldier he promised the wealth of the city as a recompense for their gallantry and desperation; while, with brutal licentiousness, they were to revel in lawless indulgence, and triumph uncontrolled, over female innocence. Scenes like these our nation, dishonored and insulted, had already witnessed; she had witnessed them at Hampton and Havre-de-Grace; but it was reserved for her yet to learn that an officer of high standing, polished, generous and brave, should induce his soldiers to acts of daring valor — permit them, as a reward, to insult, injure, and debase those whom all mankind, even savages, reverence and respect. The history of Europe, since civilized warfare

began, is challenged to afford an instance of such gross depravity — such wanton outrage on the morals and dignity of society. English writers may deny the correctness of the charge — it certainly interests them to do so — but its authenticity is too well established to admit of doubt, while its criminality is increased from being the act of a people who hold themselves up to surrounding nations as examples of everything that is correct and proper.

“The events of this day afford abundant evidence of the liberality of the American soldiers, and show a striking difference in the troops of the two nations. While one were allured to acts of bravery and duty by the promised pillage and plunder of the inhabitants, and the commission of crimes abhorrent in the sight of earth and heaven, the other fought but for his country, and, having repelled her assailants, instantly forgot all enmity, viewed his fallen foe as a brother, and hastened to assist him, even at the hazard of his own life.”

And Mr. Waldo, in his “Life of Jackson,” speaking of the 1,500 dead and dying British piled up on the field after the battle of the 8th, says :

“Humanity must weep over such a scene; and in the death and anguish of the comparatively innocent soldiers of England, for a season forget the wicked cause in which they fell — the cause of tyranny against freedom. Even the patriotic soldiers of our beloved republic, in beholding the banks of the majestic Mississippi converted into an outspread sepulcher for veteran foemen, who had one common origin with themselves, must have dropped a manly tear. But how soon will reflection compel them to pour forth the most indignant imprecations against the British Government, whose systematic injustice first occasioned the war, and against the British officers, whose vandalism and barbarity even charity itself can never forgive. It must crimson with a blush every Englishman, who reads the history of the nineteenth century, when he finds it recorded that an officer, the pride of England, confident of capturing one of the finest cities in America, gave as a countersign, upon the

day his army was to enter it, 'Booty and Beauty.' The hard earnings of patient industry were to be ravished from the defenseless citizens, and their wives and daughters to be subjected to the diabolical lust of a full-gorged soldiery. The innocent and accomplished females of New Orleans, who had spent days of labor and nights of watchfulness in alleviating the toils of their valiant countrymen while stationed under the banners of the republic, were to suffer more than ten thousand deaths could inflict before the very eyes of those who had blessed them for their bounty, but who could no longer extend to them protection. Well may the English reader exclaim with an ancient poet, '*Quis temperet a lachrivmis, talia fando*' ('who can refrain from tears in relating such deeds'); and well may the patriotic sons of Columbia, when thinking of their implacable enemy, resolve to be:

'Fire to fire, flint to flint, and to outface
The brow of bragging horror.' "

English writers, without evidence, have denied the charges here made, but they were established; the counter-sign — the crying shame of a great nation — was found in the pockets of dead soldiers after the battle of the 8th of January.

Who saved New Orleans from the awful scene that awaited a triumph over Jackson? It was the immortal hero and his Tennesseans, the men who came at his bidding.

There is no reflection on other soldiers in this great struggle. All did their duty, but the facts show that Jackson was literally without an army until the Tennesseans got there. I beg to say, and I would write it in letters, were it in my power, that would live as long as the name of Tennessee is spoken, that Tennesseans won this unprecedented victory. That the reader may see the Tennessean as he appeared, and as he was, in the second great struggle for American freedom, I give here a description of Coffee's command, as the author of "Jackson and New Orleans"

saw it. It would answer as well for Carroll's command; in fact, for the whole 5,300 independent volunteer fighters:

"Coffee," says this graphic writer, "was a man of noble aspect, tall and herculean in frame, yet not destitute of a certain natural dignity and ease of manner. Though of great height and weight, his appearance on horseback, mounted on a fine Tennessee thoroughbred, was striking and impressive. His soldiers, who had been hardened by long service, possessed remarkable endurance, and that useful quality of soldiers of taking care of themselves in an emergency. They were all practiced marksmen, who thought nothing of bringing down a squirrel from the top of the loftiest tree with their rifles. Their appearance, however, was not very military in their woolen hunting shirts of dark or dingy color, and copperas-dyed pantaloons, made, both cloth and garments, at home by their wives, mothers, and sisters; with slouching wool hats, some composed of the skins of foxes and raccoons, the spoils of the chase, to which they were addicted almost from infancy; with belts of untanned deerskin, in which were stuck hunting knives and tomahawks; with their long, unkempt hair and unshorn faces, Coffee's men were not calculated to please the eyes of the martinet, of one accustomed to regard neatness and primness as essential virtues of the good soldier. The British were not far wrong when they spoke of them as a *posse comitatus*, wearing broad beavers, armed with long duck guns. But the sagacious judge of human nature could not fail to perceive beneath their rude exterior those qualities which, in defensive warfare at least, are far more formidable than the practiced skill and discipline of regulars."

These brave Tennesseans, in the estimation of New Orleans, were something more than a *posse comitatus* after they saved that grand city. Clinton Ross, in Chalmette, says a British officer, who had been taken prisoner and was using his tongue freely in a smart way, sending his compliments to General Jackson in reference to taking care of his

baggage for a few days, evidently was not pleased with the looks of the "*comitatus*" crowd, when Mademoiselle de Renior said to him: "I'd rather be the wife of a Tennessean, roughly clad as he is, than a countess." And the author says her eyes flashed finely as she delivered that tribute to the good fighters who had marched fifteen hundred miles to be with Jackson at New Orleans.

If ever a chastisement of a proud nation came in time, it is to be found in "Jackson Day" at New Orleans — a nation that measures the rights of other peoples by the number of great ships and big guns they can bring to their defense. And if ever a country needed a living witness of the abiding martial spirit in the people, it was when Jackson at New Orleans met the criminals from Frenchtown, Hampton and Havre-de-Grace, and from the vandalism at Washington. Will not Tennessee build a monument to Jackson and his brave soldiers?

The descendants of a race of men, whose deeds of valor and intellectual prowess put them at the very front, we must be painfully conscious of our indifference to their memories. Jackson's tomb is in decay. A few noble women are trying to rescue it, working with but little support to preserve and perpetuate the reputation of the living, for Jackson is immortal. While Packenham, the vanquished, whose lifeless body Jackson sent back to St. Paul, is made the subject of England's greatest appreciation of public services by a work of art for all England to see, Jackson, the victor, who with raw troops freed his country of an invading army, which afterward, under Wellington at Waterloo, conquered the world's conqueror, is by the Government for which he did so much left, so far as it is concerned, without a stone to mark his resting place. And his own State, whose very name he immortalized, niggardly commits his memory to a few loving women, who, like the women after the crucifixion, in sadness and sorrow, looked after the body, are

doing what they can to rescue the tomb of Tennessee's immortal hero.

To Jackson and his heroes Tennessee must some day erect a monument that will silently tell the story of heroism as long as children shall stop to look.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRESENT GENERATION KNOWS BUT LITTLE OF THE WAR OF 1812 — PARTON ON THE FIRST THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS OF 1815 — THE TRUTH TOLD AND PARTON HAS CREDIT — THE AWFUL SUSPENSE AT WASHINGTON — JACKSON AND THE HALL OF FAME.

MEN of the present generation, as a rule, do not know the history of the War of 1812. They do not know that one man from the Southwest, by one speech in Congress, brought on the war as the only relief from national humiliation and disgrace by the bullying spirit of both England and France; one wanting to fight Cornwallis' defeat over, and the other mad because we did not become its ally in the war with England. As a rule, they do not know that Jackson, with an army of Tennesseans, raised by himself, armed and equipped and paid by the State of Tennessee, by conquering England's ally in the Southwest — the Creek Nation — made the treaty of Ghent possible. As a rule, they know that Jackson, with Tennesseans mainly, whipped the battle of New Orleans, but they do not know the genius, the unequalled genius, displayed in preparing for that battle, and especially in demoralizing the British army before the final issue came. With the purpose of showing the scope of the great victory and its effect upon the entire nation, I make here an extended quotation from Mr. Parton's "Life of Jackson." This is the sketch:

"If an old man of perfect memory were asked to name the time when the prospects of the Republic were shrouded in the deepest gloom, and the largest number of people despaired of its future, his answer, I think, would be: 'The

first thirty-seven days of the year 1815.' It was the dead of winter. Whatever evils the war had brought on the country were then most acutely and most generally felt. The Capitol of the nation was in ruins. Congress was as factious, ill-tempered, and unmanageable as parliamentary bodies invariably are when there is most need of united and efficient action. The twenty-six staid and respectable old gentlemen, styled the 'Hartford Convention,' had recently met, and the Administration papers were denouncing them as traitors, and filling the country with the wildest misrepresentations of their character and designs. And it must be owned that the tone of the New England press was such as almost to justify such misrepresentations. 'Is there,' said the *Boston Gazette*, 'a Federalist, a patriot in America, who conceives it his duty to shed his blood for Bonaparte, for Madison and Jefferson, and that host of ruffians in Congress who have set their faces against us for years, and spirited up the brutal part of the populace to destroy us? Not one. Shall we, then, any longer be held in slavery and driven to desperate poverty by such a graceless faction?' 'No more taxes from New England,' said many editors, 'till the Administration makes peace,' as though the badgered and distracted Administration had not been directing its best energies to that very object for nearly a year past.

"The great British expedition, moreover, so long mustering in the West Indies, so long delayed, cast a vague but prodigious, shadow before it. The inactivity of the enemy in the North was itself a cause for alarm. Gallatin's warning letter of June, 1814, had put New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore on their guard, but as the autumn passed without the reappearance of a hostile force in the Northern waters, the conviction gained ground that something overwhelming was in contemplation against the defenseless South and Southwest. Portentious paragraphs from the newspapers of the West Indies and Canada confirmed his opinion. In October, General Wilkinson felt so sure that New Orleans would fall into the hands of the enemy, that he wrote successively to three of his friends there, and finally to Secretary Monroe, urging the instant removal of certain plans and charts which he had left in the town, and

which would be of fatal value, he thought, to the British General.

"At that day, the reader must keep in mind, New Orleans was as many days' journey from Washington as New York now is from San Francisco (1,859 miles). Fancy the whole country in breathless expectation today of an attack upon San Francisco by a vast armament that had been for months gathering at the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco left, necessarily, to its own resources, with some vaguely known Indian fighter from the mines in command of its militia. With what feelings should we read, in such a posture of affairs, the heading in the newspapers, 'Fifteen days later from California.' This was 1859.

"It so chanced that the 8th of January was the day on which it was first whispered about Washington that the President had received news of the arrival of the British fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi. The *National Intelligencer* of the day before contained 'a rumor' that a fleet with 14,000 troops on board had been seen off the coast of Florida. The next issue of that paper, January 9th, announced as a certainty that this fleet had reached the coast of Louisiana. From that time, the eyes of the country, as the papers of the day expressed it, were fixed upon New Orleans, not hopefully. It is not an overstatement of the case to say that there was not one well-informed man in the Northern States who believed that New Orleans could be successfully defended. The Administration papers tried to put the best face upon the matter, but all the consolation that even the *Intelligencer* could afford its readers was contained in this mild remark: 'Appearances justify the expectation of the British expedition not being ineffectually resisted.' The *Federal Republican*, of Georgetown, D. C., commented upon the news thus: 'This great city (New Orleans) has shared the fate of Washington, or General Jackson has immortalized himself.' The Western members of Congress, some of whom knew General Jackson personally, said, with great confidence, that whatever the result of the campaign might be, Jackson would do all that man could do to defend the city. Tennessee men went further than this, and offered to bet on his success.

"After a week of gossip and foreboding, came news of the gunboat battle and its disastrous result, also rumors of a great armament hovering on the Atlantic coast. 'We are a lost country,' said the Federal papers in doleful concert. 'A wicked Administration has ruined us. New Orleans having fallen an easy prey, the British General will leave a few acclimated black regiments to garrison that city, and bring the Wellington heroes around to the Chesapeake. Baltimore will again be overrun. Philadelphia and New Orleans will next be attacked, and who shall say with what result? See to what a pass Jefferson and French Democracy have brought a deluded country.' The Democratic papers still strove, though with evident faint heart, to talk hopefully, a fact which the Federal editors adduced as the very extreme of party perversity. 'They have ruined the country, and yet in this last dire extremity they will not own it.'

"January 21, the *Intelligencer* published accounts of the landing of General Keane, and of the night battle of December 23. But, unluckily, the news was like a continued story in the newspapers, which leaves off at the precise moment when the reader gasps with desire to have the tale proceed. The mail closed at New Orleans at daylight on the morning of the 24th. No dispatch was received from the General, therefore, but merely some hasty letters from people in New Orleans, particularly one already given in these pages, which left the army in the field expecting to renew the combat at dawn of day. Still it was encouraging to know that the city had not fallen, and that Jackson had so decisively announced his presence to a confident foe.

"Then followed ten weary days and nights of suspense, without one word from the seat of war. Bad news, too, and worse rumors from other quarters; news of the capture of the frigate *President*, a few days out of New York; news of the appearance of a great fleet off Savannah, the town expecting assault from three thousand troops, martial law proclaimed, and universal alarm news of the dangerous illness of Secretary Monroe, worn out by the anxious toil of his position; dreadful rumors respecting New England and the Hartford Convention; rumors that the President had received the very worst news from New Orleans, but

concealed it for purposes of his own; rumors that the British had made 'fearful havoc' among Jackson's troops; rumors that Charleston was threatened; rumors of British men-of-war off Montauk Point, and the capture of fishermen in Long Island Sound. To the gossips of that day, the country must have seemed hemmed in on every side by unknown fleets at the North, by indubitable Wellington heroes at the South. 'Not a fishing smack,' said a Federal paper, 'can venture out of harbor in the East without being immediately picked up by the enemy's cruisers.' 'See what Jefferson, and French Democracy,' etc.

"To add to the gloom that prevailed in Washington and elsewhere, a snowstorm of remarkable violence and extent set in on the 23d of January, and continued for three days. The roads were blocked up in every direction, far and near. On the last day of the month, three Southern mails were overdue at Washington, and every soul in the place was worn out with mere hunger for news. A mail struggled in at last through the snow, and brought simply dispatches from General Jackson detailing the gunboat battle and the night attack of the 23d. The dispatches were comforting, however, as they made certain what was before uncertain, and were instinct with Jackson's own resolution and confidence. A few hours later another mail arrived with news of the grand reconnaissance of December 28, and of the battle of the batteries on the 1st of January; but also of General Packenham's arrival with exaggerated reinforcements. 'New Orleans is not yet taken,' said the Western members and the Republican editors. 'It is merely a question of time,' replied the Federalists; 'the next mail will finish New Orleans and you.'

"During the next few days the most intense and painful solicitude prevailed in all circles; a solicitude in which patriotism, partisan and humane feelings were strangely blended. Few people in Washington could more than hope for Jackson's final triumph, and that faintly. C. J. Ingersoll, Republican member of Congress, tells us that the evening before the arrival of the next mail he was closeted with a naval officer, when the standing topic of the siege of New Orleans was amply discussed between them. Maps were examined, the means of defense were enumerated,

comparisons of the contending armies made. The officer demonstrated to his own satisfaction, and probably convinced Mr. Ingersoll, that the defense of the city was impossible.

"The next day Mr. Ingersoll, in his character of Administration member, was listening in silent ecstasy to the reading of General Jackson's dispatch, recounting the victory of January 8th, which Mr. Madison had sent down to the House in order that his political friends might enjoy the first reading of it. How many things have been demonstrated to be impossible just before they were done!

"Washington was wild with delight. The Mayor, while yet the news was only known to official persons, issued his proclamation recommending the illumination of the city. That evening the town was blazing with light, and the whole population was abroad, now thronging about the White House, cheering the President, then surging around the houses of the secretaries and the residences of the leading supporters of the war, rending the air with shouts. Modern readers vividly remember the news of Buena Vista, and can imagine the scenes which the saloons and streets of Washington presented on February 4, 1815. The next issue of the *National Intelligencer* cannot be glanced over to this day without exciting in the mind something of the feeling which is wont to express itself by three times three and one cheer more. The great news was headed in the moderate *Intelligencer's* largest type: 'Almost Incredible Victory.'

"Then came a brief summary of the events of the 8th; how the enemy in prodigious force had attacked our intrenchments, and had been repulsed by General Jackson and his brave associates with unexampled slaughter. Then followed two dispatches from the General, with letters from other officers. The entire first page was filled with victory; editorial comments succeeding, joyful, but moderate. On the wings of the *Intelligencer* the news flew over the country, kindling everywhere the maddest enthusiasm. 'A general illumination,' says John Binns, in his autobiography, 'was ordered in Philadelphia. Few, indeed, there were, yet there were a few, who, on that night, closed their window-shutters and mourned over the defeat of the enemies of their

country. I had early intelligence of this joyful news, and gladly, by an extra, spread it abroad. I put the scene painters to work, and had a transparency painted which covered nearly the whole front of my house. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and there was that evening from nine to twelve inches' depth of snow on the ground. That, however, did not prevent men, women, and children from parading the streets, and delighting their eyes by looking at the illuminations and the illuminated transparencies, which made the principal streets of our city as light as day. My transparency represented General Jackson on horseback at the head of his staff, in pursuit of the enemy, with the motto, 'This day shall ne'er go by, from this day to the ending of the world, but he, in it, shall be remembered.'

"The opposition journals far surpassed even those of the Administration in heaping laudations upon the name of Jackson, since they were anxious to keep their readers in mind that in the honors of this great triumph the Administration had no share. Jackson, and Jackson alone, aided by his gallant troops, had won the battle. To Jackson and the army be all the glory! Who is this Jackson? Where was he born? What State claims him? Where had he been all his life? What is his business and standing? To such questions as these, uttered by tens of thousands of Northern people, who knew little of Jackson but his name, editors and correspondents gave such answers as they could gather or invent. Wonderful things were told of him. 'He is a lawyer of Tennessee, the most elegant scholar in the Western country.' 'He was born in Ireland.' 'He was born in South Carolina.' 'No, he was born in England, where his parents and a brother or two are still living, near Wolverhampton, where I saw them a few years ago.' But all agreed that he had defended New Orleans in a most masterly manner, gained the most splendid victory of the war, and wrote a perfect model of a clear, eloquent, and modest dispatch."

This statement of Mr. Parton's is gladly published in full, and if it were possible I would gladly condone and forgive all the misstatements scattered through the book — even

the last chapter, which is a studied perversion of Jackson's life; and especially do I overlook the misstatement in this extract, which is more than an insinuation — that Mr. Livingston did all of Jackson's writing. How any man writing the life of General Jackson, and seeing the situation as Parton puts it in this extended extract, could get his mind made up to write Jackson down an ignoramus, and incapable of filling any place of importance, I cannot see.

It seems to me that Mr. Parton, after he wrote this scene — for the whole story is the most marvelous in American history — might with loving forgiveness have passed over many of the incidents in Jackson's life which he has given to the discredit of the hero he here describes.

After writing this sketch, which is now with pleasure incorporated in this book, every reader will say that Mr. Parton was capable of writing a book acceptable to the American people, and even to the warm, devoted friends of General Jackson in the South; and this sketch taken from Parton's "Life of General Jackson," and considered with other parts of the book, will necessarily bring up the paradoxical statements so often made by Mr. Parton that Jackson was self-willed and listened to nobody, and then again the repeated statements that one or two men with flattery could control him and lead him as they pleased. It is but an illustration that Mr. Parton has done what very few men could do — write a book, give it all as truth, and make its pages absolutely self-contradictory from start to finish; but, nevertheless, this chapter will be read with great interest. It is a picture; it is a painting; it is a scene on the stage that presents to the mind the most trying period; and the most dreaded crisis with the greatest relief — and — all done suddenly by one man — that is anywhere to be found in the history of this country from the time of the first settlement down to this day.

Certainly no such gloom, no such despondency, no such

dread of coming news, has ever been seen and felt on this continent as was at Washington and throughout the country when everybody was waiting to learn what the backwoods man from Tennessee had done in the way of arresting, checking, or attempting to check a calamity that had swept over the North — had visited Bladensburg, Detroit, Frenchtown, and finally the Capitol, driving out and taking down the flag. It took a brave man to say he hoped that Jackson would succeed; certain great leading facts were known and painfully realized by the American people at that time. These facts were, briefly: That we had declared war against England, substantially over the protest of Mr. Jefferson, the ex-President, and Mr. Madison, the then President, because they did not believe we had sufficiently recovered after the long war of the Revolution to maintain ourselves in a contest with England. It was known from one end of the country to the other that the war on our side had been a war of disasters, and that there was not a ray of light from any quarter, except what Jackson had done in the Creek Nation, fighting England's most powerful ally, and then his battle at Mobile Bay and his capture of Pensacola; and with the many it was not known whether going into a Spanish territory, as Jackson did, was going to help us, and whether it might not complicate our relations very much. It was well known that New England was against war, and that the President had constantly been kept in great suspense as to whether New England's influence would not finally turn everything against us.

It was well known that the English press, such papers as the *London Times* and the *London Sun*, and the magazines, were writing us down as a nation of cowards ready to bring on a fight, but too cowardly to go into it and fight it out like men.

It was well known at Washington, through the letters of Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, Mr. Gallatin, and the other commis-

sioners in Europe, that Napoleon had capitulated, and that this released one of the finest armies that the world ever saw — the army that had followed Wellington in his campaign in Spain, and crossed the Pyrenees Mountains into France; and especially by the letter of Mr. Gallatin to the President, that a great fleet had been prepared, and that the soldiers from Wellington were being organized for a campaign against the South, and at the very time news had reached Washington that it was believed in England that New Orleans had been taken, and, as one of the lords of England expressed it in speaking to the King of France, “that the Southwest and all the cities on the coast were practically prisoners of war in their own country.”

There was not a ray of hope nor the slightest preparation for defense anywhere except from this Backwoodsman that Madison had made a Major General in the United States Army, and that without giving him an army, leaving him dependent entirely upon such force as he could raise in his own State. Perhaps no great nation ever had a darker day than that very day that Mr. Parton describes in this chapter.

I am not willing to send this chapter to the press without giving expression to a feeling of injustice mingled with indignation, more keenly felt by two papers received and read since I commenced the revision of this chapter, for I am now making the second revision of the book. These papers are an article in the *Nashville Daily News* of this date — the 5th of May, 1903 — and a letter from a lady in New York — both reviewing and complaining of the omission in leaving Jackson out of the Hall of Fame. The *News* says:

“It was provided that fifty names should be inscribed on the tablets at the beginning, and five names each succeeding fifth year until the year 2000, when the list of 150 will have been completed.

"The council of the New York University selected an electorate of one hundred eminent citizens, each of whom was to vote for fifty candidates . Of the 100 judges, 97 voted. The number of names that had been submitted as candidates by popular nomination was 252. No candidate receiving less than fifty-one votes could be accepted, and but twenty-nine received the required number. These were as follows:

"George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David G. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Becher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray."

This Hall of Fame was built by a donation of \$100,000 by an unknown person for great Americans.

I have no purpose in putting into a book that may possibly go down to future generations an act of one hundred eminent citizens — made an electorate body to select names — that cannot be described as less than an ignoble sectional prejudice, except to perpetuate a knowledge of the act. This ignoble omission has but one fitting prototype in American history. When General Jackson drove the British army back to the sea and into their ships down at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and returned and came into the city that he had saved from a vandal army's victory over "booty and beauty," the Legislature in session passed a resolution thanking all commanding officers by name — except General Jackson. But for this the Legislature had a reason; Jackson had found it necessary to put a squad of soldiers at the Capitol to keep that body from surrendering the city while he whipped the attacking army.

This exhibition of prejudice against the South is an offense to public decency, and unworthy any portion of the American people.

At a time when a powerful invading army had humiliated the northern section of our common country as never before, and when threatened national dishonor was visible on every man's brow—and despair in every woman's face—the President driven into the country and the flag pulled down from the Capitol, this great soldier, great American, friend of the entire country, as if by a writ of restitution restored the President to his national home and put him in possession, and put the flag back on the Capitol, having sent the invading generals, Packenham and Gibbs, back in coffins and General Keane back on crutches, with a fourth of the army of invasion dead. But the Hall of Fame for "Great Americans" is no place for Jackson. He was a South man.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JACKSON'S PATRIOTIC ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW ORLEANS — FULL OF HISTORY — THE HONOR PAID JACKSON BY THE PEOPLE — THE SPEECH OF THE REV. DUBOURG AND JACKSON'S REPLY.

IN closing up the record of General Jackson in the Indian and British wars of 1812, and before I take up his campaign against the Seminole Indians in 1818, and out of which came that battle of giants between Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun, and a dozen other men of less note, but of great power, on one side, and the man of destiny on the other, I beg to show what a mighty man of valor can be, and is, when the rage of battle is over.

After the British had been followed up and driven from the soil that Jackson said they should not sleep on, and into their ships, and before the army marched back to the city, the great soldier prepared an address to be read at the head of each command, which I here give in full:

"Citizens and Fellow Soldiers: The enemy has retreated, and as your General has now leisure to proclaim to the world what he has noticed with admiration and pride, your undaunted courage, your patriotism and patience, under hardships and fatigues. Natives of different States, acting together for the first time in this camp, differing in habits and in language, instead of viewing in these circumstances the germ of distrust and division, you have made them the source of honorable emulation, and from the seeds of discord itself have reaped the fruits of an honorable union. This day completes the fourth week since 1,500 of you attacked treble your number of men, who had boasted of their discipline and their services under a celebrated leader

in a long and eventful war, attacked them in their camp the moment they had profaned the soil of freedom with their hostile tread, and inflicted a blow which was a prelude to the final result of their attempt to conquer or their poor contrivances to divide us. A few hours was sufficient to unite the gallant band, though at the moment they received the welcome order to march they were separated many leagues in different directions from the city. The gay rapidity of the march and the cheerful countenance of the officers and men would have induced the belief that some festive entertainment, not the strife of battle, was the scene to which they hastened with so much eagerness and hilarity. In the conflict that ensued the same spirit was supported, and my communications to the executive of the United States have testified the sense I entertained of the merits of the corps and officers that were engaged. Resting on the field of battle, they retired in perfect order on the next morning to these lines, destined to become the scene of future victories, which they were to share with the rest of you, my brave companions in arms. Scarcely were your lines a protection against musket shot when, on the 28th, a disposition was made to attack them with all the pomp and parade of military tactics, as improved by those veterans of the Spanish war.

"Their batteries of heavy cannon kept up an incessant fire, their rockets illuminated the air, and under their cover two strong columns threatened our flanks. The foe insolently thought that this spectacle was too imposing to be resisted, and in the intoxication of his pride he already saw our lines abandoned without a contest. How were these menacing appearances met? By shouts of defiance; by a manly countenance not to be shaken by the roar of his cannon or by the glare of fireworks rockets; by an artillery served with superior skill and with deadly effect. Never, my brave friends, can your General forget the testimonials of attachment to our glorious cause, of indignant hatred to our foe, of affectionate confidence in your chief, that resounded from every rank as he passed along your line. This animating scene dampened the courage of the enemy; he dropped his scaling ladders and fascines, and the threatened attack dwindled into a demonstration which served

only to show the emptiness of his parade, and to inspire you with a just confidence in yourselves.

"The new year was ushered in with the most tremendous fire his whole artillery could produce; a few hours only, however, were necessary for the brave and skillful men who directed our own to dismount his cannon, destroy his batteries, and effectually silence his fire. Hitherto, my brave friends, in the contest on our lines, your courage had been passive only; you stood with calmness a fire that would have tried the firmness of a veteran, and you anticipated a nearer contest with an eagerness which was soon to be gratified.

"On the 8th of January the final effort was made. At the dawn of day the batteries opened and the columns advanced. Knowing that the volunteers from Tennessee and the militia from Kentucky were stationed on your left, it was there they directed their chief attack.

"Reasoning always from false principles, they expected little opposition from men whose officers even were not in uniform, who were ignorant of the rules of dress, and who had never been caned into discipline. Fatal mistake; a fire incessantly kept up, directed with a calmness and unerring aim, strewed the field with the bravest officers and men of the column which slowly advanced, according to the most approved rules of European tactics, and was cut down by the untutored courage of American militia. Unable to sustain this galling and unceasing fire, some hundreds nearest the entrenchment called for quarter, which was granted, the rest retreating, were rallied at some distance, but only to make them a surer mark for the grape and cannister shot of our artillery, which, without exaggeration, mowed down whole ranks at every discharge, and at length they precipitately retired from the field.

"Our right had only a short contest to sustain with a few rash men, who fatally for themselves forced their entrance into the unfinished redoubt on the river. They were quickly dispossessed, and this glorious day terminated with the loss to the enemy of their commander-in-chief and one major general killed, another major general wounded, the most experienced and bravest of their officers and more than 3,000 men killed, wounded, and missing, while our ranks,

my friends, were thinned only by the loss of seven of our brave companions killed and six disabled by wounds — wonderful interposition of Heaven, unexampled event in the history of war.

“Let us be grateful to the God of battles, who has directed the arrows of indignation against our invaders, while he covered with his protecting shield the brave defenders of their country.

“After this unsuccessful and disastrous attempt, their spirits were broken, their force was destroyed, and their whole attention was employed in providing the means of escape. This they have effected, leaving their heavy artillery in our power, and many of their wounded to our clemency. The consequences of this short but decisive campaign are incalculably important. The pride of our arrogant enemy humbled, his forces broken, his leaders killed, his insolent hopes of our disunion frustrated, his expectation of rioting in our spoils and wasting our country changed into ignominious defeat, shameful flight and a reluctant acknowledgment of the humanity and kindness of those whom he had doomed to all the horrors and humiliation of a conquered State.

“On the other side, unanimity established, disaffection crushed, confidence restored, your country saved from conquest, your property from pillage, your wives and daughters from insult and violation, the Union preserved from dismemberment, and perhaps a period put by this decisive stroke to a bloody and savage war. These, my brave friends, are the consequences of the efforts you have made, and the success with which they have been crowned by Heaven.

“These important results have been effected by the united courage and perseverance of the army, but which the different corps, as well as the individuals that compose it, have vied with each other in their exertions to produce. The gratitude, the admiration of their country, offers a fairer reward than that which any praises of the General can bestow, and the best that of which they can never be deprived — the consciousness of having done their duty and of meriting the applause they will receive.”

This address is a great state paper, deeply touching in the affectionate relation between the commander, whose brain planned, and the private soldier who obeyed his orders with a willing step that immortalized both. It is great in its patriotism, which is the highest estate that citizen life can reach. It is great in the wide reach and far-seeing effect of what the Commanding General and his private soldiers had done for their country and posterity, great in giving the credit to his soldiers.

All in all, it was a day in our history that will quicken the pulse of patriots for ages. From a dread forecast that hung as a dark cloud of hopeless despair over every patriot home from the Eastern shore to the great waters on the West, the sun rose on a new day. From defeat there came victory. From a nation in a righteous war, with untrained soldiers, beaten down with veterans and superior numbers on every field, the enemy's greatest army was literally driven into the sea. In a single day the insulting press had been silenced, and the answer to the oft-repeated charge that we were a nation of braggarts to bring on a war, but cowards in the fight, given in such blunt language, that up to this time, no British quill-driver has repeated the slander.

It is true the treaty of Ghent had been made, brought about by the victories in the Creek Nation at Mobile and at Pensacola, but in deep humiliation our commissioners had consented to a treaty without securing any concession on the main cause of the war, the right of search on the high seas, and the treaty was signed without it. But "Old Hickory" at New Orleans put it in the treaty in more enduring form than it could have been done by Clay, Adams, Bayard, Gallatin, and Russell at Ghent. Jackson put it in with blood letters, and after three generations have passed away, no British lord nor British sea captain nor British general in quest of somebody's country has ever whispered the right to search American ships on the high seas.

Why the address to the army, which contains more American history than any paper of its length that was ever written, in my opinion, was not thought worthy a place in Parton's "Life of Jackson," I do not know. The refusal of Mr. Parton to publish this address in the voluminous book he wrote is like his refusal to publish the "Exposition," the only paper Jackson had asked to be put in his life when written, the highest possible negative evidence of unfairness.

This address tells the whole story. It discloses the secret of a great victory by raw militia over a trained army of more than double their number, which so astounded army officers in all parts of the world that nothing but a thousand confessions by the officers of the vanquished army has verified the story told by the victors.

Without General Jackson's concise statement in this address, of the way he cut this great army to pieces by piece-meal, demoralizing the entire British army and giving confidence to his own men, thus giving him the victory when the final issue came, the mystery of the victory would be a mystery still.

The American people at the time I am writing, to say nothing of strangers, do not know how General Jackson won the victory of the 8th of January. Even reading people do not seem to understand that the shan't-sleep-on-our-soil night battle of the 23d of December, 1814, giving the British the entree of war by Tennessee Indian fighters who used hatchets and butcher knives, was the unique, victorious opening of a fighting campaign that lasted every day and every night up to the 8th, and including a succession of hand-to-hand triumphs that actually pounded into the heads of the British soldiers such a surprise that when the battle of the 8th came their generals, in a desperate effort to lead a demoralized army to the front, were all killed, and the soldiers were fleeing to their ships, confessing a defeat that they of all men knew most about.

The shan't-sleep-on-our-soil night battle of December 23d, the battle of the 28th, and the battle of the 1st of January, with the backwoodsmen of Tennessee every night out hunting roundsmen and pickets like they hunted coons — Jackson's unprecedented tenacious fighting, day and night, with part of his army, while with the balance he improvised a line of defense under the very nose of Packenham's great army — is what whipped the British before the final battle came. It is worthy of notice that this is now conceded by British authorities.

The facts in this address solve the mystery; besides, it contains more patriotic fervor and a higher system of tactics in war, a brotherhood between the General and his soldiers, than had been found in the orders of any general in any time — the pronouncement of a system that carried an army through a campaign which had no parallel in the drudgery of service, the obedience of orders, and the triumphs of victory, with but one deserter in the entire campaign.

Eaton's "Life of Jackson" gives the following account of Jackson's triumphant march back into the city, after he had driven the enemy to their ships:

"On the 20th, General Jackson, with his remaining forces, commenced his march back to New Orleans. The general glow excited at beholding his entrance into the city at the head of his victorious army was manifested by all those feelings which patriotism and sympathy inspire. The windows and streets were crowded to view the man who, by his vigilance, decision, and energy, had saved the country from the fate to which it had been exposed. It was a scene well calculated to excite the tenderest emotions. But a few weeks since, and every bosom throbbed for its safety. Fathers, sons, and husbands, urged by the necessity of the times, were toiling in defense of their wives and children. A ferocious soldiery, numerous and skilled in the art of war, to whom every indulgence had been promised, were

straining every exertion to effect their object. Every cannon that echoed from the line was perhaps the signal of their approach and the commencement of indescribable horrors.

"But those feelings had subsided; the painful scenes, which had lasted so long, were gone. The tender female, relieved from the anguish of danger and suspense, no longer trembled for her safety and her honor; a new order of things had arisen; joy sparkled in every countenance, while scarcely a widow or orphan was seen to cloud the general transport. The Commanding General, under whose banners everything had been achieved, deliberate, cool, and sparing of the lives of the brave defenders of their country, had dispelled the storm which had so long threatened to involve the ruin of thousands, and was now returning safe and unhurt, with those who had with him maintained the contest. His approach was hailed with acclamations; it was not the kind of applause which, resulting from fear, is sometimes extended by the subject to some conqueror or tyrant returning in triumph, but that which was extended by citizens to a citizen, springing from affection, and founded in the honest sincerity of the heart. All greeted his return and hailed him as their deliverer.

"But amidst the expressions of thanks and honors and congratulations heaped upon him, he was not unmindful that to an energy above his own and to a wisdom which controls the destiny of nations he was indebted for the glorious triumph of his arms. Relieved from the arduous duties of the field, his first concern was to draw the minds of all in thankfulness and adoration to that sovereign mercy, without whose aid and inspiring counsel vain are all earthly efforts. The 23d having been appointed a day of prayer and thanksgiving for the happy deliverance effected by our arms, he repaired to the Cathedral. The church and altar were splendidly adorned, and more than could obtain admission had crowded to witness the ceremony. A grateful recollection of his exertions to save the country was cherished by all; nor did the solemnity of the occasion, even here, restrain a manifestation of their regard or induce them to withhold the honor so nobly earned. Children, robed in white and representing the different

States, were employed in strewing the way with flowers, and as he passed sang the beautiful ode, 'Hail to the Chief.' "

It is pleasing to dwell on cheerful, happy, joyous New Orleans, when this great delivery came, and with the greatest pleasure I give here an entire chapter from "Jackson's Memoirs," by Mr. Waldo, a Massachusetts man, who wrote a little book three years after the battles of New Orleans. At the same time I make my grateful acknowledgments for this valuable little book, in which the early life and military career of General Jackson are so justly given. This book is out of print, and after most diligent search I have only been able to find one copy. Here is the extended extract:

"The attention of the reader is now to be called from scenes of carnage, wounds, death, defeat and victory, to one, the most deeply interesting that can possibly be presented to view of men. He is to be suddenly transported from those appalling scenes which, if tears are permitted to soil the purity of heaven, must make the angels weep, to one which must make them rejoice.

"General Jackson, his gallant officers and his troops, although loaded with earthly honors and greeted with the acclamations of a grateful and protected people, did not omit to render that homage which is due to that Almighty Being who 'reigns in the armies of heaven above, as well as in the earth beneath.' A day of thanksgiving and solemn praise was appointed by the General. It was upon the 23d of January. The solemn rites were performed in the Cathedral in New Orleans. To behold a war-worn veteran like General Jackson, surrounded by his war-worn officers and troops, prostrated upon the altar of adoration and offering to the God of battles that glory which the world had bestowed upon them, must have moved the heart of apathy itself. It is totally impossible for one who was not a witness of the scene to have a conception of its solemn grandeur. The solemn peals of the organ, in unison with vocal praises, sent up to heaven the grateful acknowledgments of a preserved people.

“‘Grim visag’d war had smooth’d its wrinkled front,’ tears of exquisite joy rolled down the cheeks of soldiers and citizens, and the hearts of all were swollen with gratitude to the King of kings and Lord of lords. The Republic was safe; a vaunting foe was overthrown, and although the memories of the few who had fallen in the sanguinary field ‘in sad remembrance rose,’ it was a subject of inexpressible consolation that almost all the soldiers who had formed the impregnable rampart upon the plains of the Mississippi were now assembled in the city which owed its preservation to their valor and to the blessing of heaven.

“Upon this occasion the Rev. Dr. Dubourg, the minister apostolic of the Diocese of Louisiana, delivered to the General an address replete with the pious effusions of the Christian and the elegancies of the scholar. Although it has long been before the public, I cannot omit to enrich this volume by inserting a part of it, together with the impressive answer of General Jackson. While they will be read with rapture by the Christian, they cannot fail to excite the admiration of the patriot.

“The venerable minister of the gospel thus addressed the hero of New Orleans, and the gallant officers and soldiers who had followed him to victory, and now joined him in adoration: ‘General, while the State of Louisiana, in the joyful transports of her gratitude, hails you as her deliverer and the asserter of her menaced liberties; while grateful America, so lately wrapped up in anxious suspense on the fate of this important city, is re-echoing from shore to shore your splendid achievements, and preparing to inscribe your name on her immortal rolls, among those of her Washingtons; while history, poetry, and the monumental arts will vie in consigning to the admiration of the latest posterity a triumph perhaps unparalleled in their records; while thus raised by universal acclamation to the very pinnacle of fame, how easy it had been for you, General, to forget the Prime Mover of your wonderful successes, and to assume to yourself a praise which must essentially return to that excellent source whence every merit is derived. But, better acquainted with the nature of true glory, and justly placing the summit of your ambition, in approving yourself the worthy instrument of heaven’s merciful

designs, the first impulse of your religious heart was to acknowledge the interposition of Providence, your first step a solemn display of your humble sense of his favors. Still agitated at the remembrance of those dreadful agonies from which we have been so miraculously rescued, it is our pride to acknowledge that the Almighty has truly had the principal hand in our deliverance, and to follow you, General, in attributing to his infinite goodness, the homage of our unfeigned gratitude. Let the infatuated votary of a blind chance deride our credulous simplicity; let the cold-hearted atheist look for the explanation of important events to the mere concatenation of human causes; to us the whole universe is loud in proclaiming a Supreme Ruler who, as he holds the hearts of men in his hand, holds also the thread of all contingent occurrences.

“To him, therefore, our most fervent thanks are due for our late unexpected rescue. It is Him we intend to praise, when considering you, General, as the man of his right hand, whom he has taken pains to fit out for the important commission of our defense. We extol that fecundity of genius by which, under the most discouraging distress, you created unforeseen resources; raised, as it were, from the ground hosts of intrepid warriors, and provided every vulnerable point with ample means of defense. To Him we trace that instinctive superiority of your mind, which at once rallied around you universal confidence; impressed one irresistible movement to all the jarring elements of which this political machine is composed; aroused their slumbering spirits, and diffused through every rank the noble ardor which glowed in your bosom. To Him, in fine, we address our acknowledgments for that consummate prudence which defeated all the combinations of a sagacious enemy, entangled him in the very snares which he had spread for us, and succeeded in effecting his utter destruction without exposing the lives of our citizens. Immortal thanks be to His Supreme Majesty for sending us such an instrument of his bountiful designs. A gift of that value is the best token of the continuance of his protection, the most solid encouragement to sue for new favors. The first, which it emboldens us humbly to supplicate, as nearest our throbbing hearts, is that you may long enjoy

the honor of your grateful country; of which you will permit us to present you a pledge, in this wreath of laurel, the prize of victory, the symbol of immortality. The next is a speedy and honorable termination of the bloody contest in which we are engaged. No one has so efficaciously labored as you, General, for the acceleration of that blissful period; may we soon reap that sweetest fruit of your splendid and uninterrupted victories.' "

The General thus replied to this solemn and impressive address. His allusion to the "cypress leaf," a symbol of grief and woe, is inimitably fine. Cypress groves were constantly in view of the rival armies during their sanguinary conflicts, and they will hereafter remind Englishmen of the carnage committed amongst his infatuated countrymen invading our soil by the gallant armies of the Republic in defending it:

"Reverend Sir: I receive with gratitude and pleasure the symbol crown which piety has prepared. I receive it in the name of the brave men who so effectually seconded my exertions; they well deserve the laurels which their country will bestow.

"For myself to have been instrumental in the deliverance of such a country is the greatest blessing that heaven could confer. That it has been effected with so little loss; that so few tears should cloud the smiles of our triumph, and not a cypress leaf be interwoven in the wreath which you present, is a source of the most exquisite pleasure. I thank you, reverend sir, most sincerely for the prayers which you offer up for my happiness. May those your patriotism dictates for our beloved country be first heard; and may mine, for your individual prosperity, as well as that of the congregation committed to your care, be favorably received; the prosperity, wealth and happiness of this city will then be commensurate with the courage and other qualities of its inhabitants."

Here is a man whose burning patriotism and heroic courage prompted the dismissal of surgeons when bloody wounds had scarcely been staunched, and took command of an army that came at his own bidding and destroyed the British ally, the great Creek nation, in five pitched battles; then turned on another ally in disguise, a Spanish province, making it sue for peace—all his own work; then when his Government in its dreadful extremity could not spare him even a pretext for an army; who himself raised an army of volunteers and gained a victory over one of the best armies England ever sent to the field; saved a great American city from spoilation, with all that comes to helpless women when in the hands of civilized men with the habits of barbarians; and at the same time saved the whole nation from humiliation, which it had almost reached through defeat.

Suppose, under some strange, uncovered, lurking spirit of unfriendliness the Government, whose honor this one man saved, has for eighty-five years been persistently unmindful of the obligation due his name, what is Tennessee going to do?

Will not Tennessee proudly build, at some day, a monument to this great hero and the brave Tennessean who saved a nation's honor and made the very name of Tennessee chivalric?

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT ONE O'CLOCK JACKSON SAID, "RISE; THE ENEMY WILL BE ON US; I MUST GO AND SEE COFFEE" — CARROLL WAS GIVEN THE CENTER; THE ASSAULT WAS THEN MADE — PACKENHAM WAS KILLED; GIBBS TOOK HIS PLACE; HE WAS KILLED; LAMBERT TOOK GIBBS' PLACE AND WAS SHOT FROM HIS HORSE — THE ACCOUNTS GIVEN BY THE BRITISH OFFICERS — THE ATTACK ON CARROLL'S LINES MUCH LIKE NAPOLEON'S ATTACK ON WELLINGTON'S RIGHT WING.

JACKSON looked at his watch. It was past one. "Gentlemen," said he to his dozing aides, "we have slept enough. Rise. The enemy will be upon us in a few minutes. I must go and see Coffee."

This is not the introduction to a story of fiction. It is exactly what was said by the hero of "Jackson Day," when he awoke out of a short nap at one o'clock on the morning of the 8th. It was not information brought by an express from General Morgan that the fight was on; the express was a request for more troops on the right, the west bank of the river. On the evening of the 7th, running up to a late hour in the night, Jackson's vigilance in the use of scouting and reconnoitering parties had put him in full possession of the enemy's movements for the coming day. With him "the hour has come." All had been done that could be, and he was so constituted that when duty was performed, courage and confidence, trusting in Providence, made him serene, no matter what was threatened.

Long before day his army was in line of battle, every command falling in its place with a regularity that would have marked the movements of trained soldiers. That

each command knew its place is attested by an accident which occurred after the battle, the hapless fate of a deserter from Jackson's army. On the evening before the battle a deserter went over to the enemy and become the confidant of the officers in command as to Jackson's line of battle. Information as to the weak place in the line was greatly desired, for it was the consensus of opinion with the commanding officers that with Jackson's line once broken the victory was won.

The deserter gave the information that Jackson was massing his troops on the wings, believing the attempt would be a flank movement; and to prove this, he said, the center was to be defended by some poorly armed, raw militia, with ragged clothes, and wearing coon and fox-skin caps.

When the battle commenced Jackson, sure enough, had Carroll's coon and fox hunters wearing the sign of the backwoods on their heads, with Adair's ragged Kentuckians, scarcely armed at all, for a support. So General Pakenham, whether because of this information or not, concentrated his best troops on the center, confident of breaking the line. After the battle was over the British took up this deserter and hung him as a spy, for being sent by General Jackson to mislead them into a trap which the General had set for them.

All the accounts of the attack from British sources, show that while Jackson's army came to its work at the opening of the battle in perfect order, the British army came in great confusion, and there are facts indicating what I have so often said in these chapters—that by the battles of the 23d and 28th of December and the 1st of January, and including Jackson's mode of harrassing the enemy at night, he had the enemy whipped before he fought the final battle. To illustrate, Colonel Mullins, in command of the Forty-fourth Regiment, after orders had been given and his posi-

tion taken, said: "My regiment has been ordered to execution; their dead bodies are to be used as a bridge for the rest of the army to march over." This officer after the war was cashiered, and on his trial the facts came out. It was his regiment that was ordered to carry to the front the fascines and ladders for crossing the ditch and scaling Jackson's mud bank, as the British officers called it when preparing for the attack. His failure to bring them up was one of the grounds of his arrest.

But Colonel Dale, colonel of the Forty-Third—the praying Highlanders, the most distinguished of all the regiments in the army for fighting—on moving his regiment into position, and when asked by the physician of his regiment, "What do you think of it?" made no reply in words, but giving the doctor his watch and letter said: "Give these to my wife; I shall die at the head of my regiment."

Captain Cook, of the British army, who had been thrown out, but was getting into position just before, says, in reference to the opening scene of the battle:

"The mist was slowly clearing off and objects could only be discerned at 200 or 300 yards distant, as the morning was rather hazy. We had only quitted the battery ten minutes when a congreve rocket was thrown up, but whether from the enemy or not we could not tell; for some seconds it whizzed backwards and forwards in such a zig-zag way that we all looked up to see whether it was coming down upon our heads. The troops simultaneously halted, but all smiled at some sailors dragging a two-wheeled car a hundred yards to our left, which had brought up ammunition to the battery, who, by common consent, as it were, let go the shaft, and let go the instant the rocket was let off. (This rocket, although we did not know it, proved to be the signal to begin the attack.) All eyes were cast upward, like those of so many philosophers, to descry, if possible, what would be the upshot of this noisy harbinger breaking in upon the silence that reigned around. During all my military service I never remember a body of troops thrown

at once into such a strange configuration, having formed themselves into a circle and halted, both officers and men, without any previous word of command, each man looking earnestly as if by the instinct of his own imagination, to see in what particular quarter the anticipated firing would begin."

And here is what Captain Cook said, in his own words, about what was taking place in less than thirty minutes after the battle was commenced:

"The echo from the cannonade and musketry was so tremendous in the forests that the vibration seemed as if the earth were cracking and tumbling to pieces, or as if the heavens were rent asunder by the most terrific peals of thunder that ever rumbled; it was the most awful and grandest mixture of sounds to be conceived; the woods seemed to crack to an interminable distance; each cannon report was answered one hundred fold, and produced an intermingled roar surpassing strange. And this phenomenon can neither be fancied nor described, save by those who can bear evidence of the fact. The flashes of fire looked as if coming out of the bowels of the earth, so little above its surface were the batteries of the Americans. We had run the gauntlet from the left to the center, in front of the American lines, under a cross-fire, in hopes of joining in the assault, and had a fine view of the sparkling musketry and the liquid flashes from the cannon. And, melancholy to relate, all at once many soldiers were met, wildly rushing out of the dense clouds of smoke, lighted up by a sparkling sheet of fire which hovered over the ensanguined field. Regiments were shattered, broken and dispersed; all order was at an end. And the dismal spectacle was seen of the dark shadows of men, like skirmishers, breaking out of the clouds of smoke which slowly and majestically rolled along the even surface of the field. And so astonished was I at such a panic that I said to a retiring soldier, 'Have we or the Americans attacked?' for I had never seen troops in such a hurry without being followed. 'No,' replied the man, with the countenance of despair and out of breath, as

he ran along, 'we attacked, sir.' Still the reverberation was so intense towards the great wood that any one would have thought the great fighting was going on there instead of immediately in front.

"Lieut. Duncan Campbell, of our regiment, was seen to our left, running about in circles, first staggering one way, then another, and at length fell on the sod, helpless upon his face, and in this state several times recovered his legs and again tumbled, and when picked up was found to be blind from the effects of a grape shot that had torn open his forehead, giving him a slight wound in the leg, and had also ripped the scabbard from his side and knocked the cap from his head. While being borne insensible to the rear, he still clenched the hilt of his sword with a convulsive grasp, the blade thereof being broken off close at the hilt with grape shot, and in a state of delirium and suffering he lived for a few days.

"The first officer we met was Lieutenant Colonel Stovin, of the staff, who was unhorsed, without his pack, and bleeding down the left side of his face. He at first thought that the 200 men were the whole regiment, and he said: 'Forty-Third, for God's sake, save the day!' Lieutenant Colonel Smith, of the rifles, and one of the Pakenham staff, then rode up at full gallop from the right (he had a few months before brought to England the dispatches of the capture of Washington) and said to me, 'Did you ever see such a scene? There is nothing left but the Seventh and Forty-Third. Just draw up here for a few minutes and show front that the repulsed troops may reform.' For the chances were now, as the greater portion of the actually attacking corps were stricken down and the remainder dispersed, that the Americans would become the assailants. The ill-fated rocket was discharged before the British troops moved on. The consequence was that every American was warned by such a silly signal, to be laid on the parapets, ready to be discharged to the fullest effect.

"The misty field of battle was now inundated, and wounded officers and soldiers were going to the rear from the right, left and center; in fact, little more than 1,000 soldiers were left unscathed out of the 3,000 that attacked the American lines (meaning the center), and they fell like the

very blade of grass beneath the sides of the mower. Packenham was killed, Gibbs was mortally wounded and his brigade dispersed like the dust before the whirlwind, and Keane was wounded. The command of his Majesty's forces at this critical juncture now fell to Major General Lambert, the only general left, and who was in reserve with his fine brigade."

And here is what Captain Hill says of the first repulse by Carroll's troops, and which is put at twenty-five minutes after the attack was made:

"Hastily galloping to the scene of confusion, we found the men falling back in great numbers. Every possible means was used to rally them. A majority of those retreating were wounded, and all complained that not a fascine or ladder had been brought to the front to enable them to cross the ditch.

"Just at this time General Packenham rode up from his post in the rear and strove to restore them to order, and said, 'For shame; recollect you are British soldiers.'"

The "Life of Jackson," written by Eaton and Reid, the latter of whom was Jackson's aide and with him in the battle, gives this account of the attack on Carroll's line:

"The British batteries, which had been demolished on the 1st of the month, had been re-established on the preceding night, and heavy pieces of cannon mounted to aid in their intended operations. These now opened and showers of bombs and balls were poured upon our line, while the air was lighted with their congreve rockets. The two divisions, commanded by Sir Edward Packenham in person and supported by Generals Keane and Gibbs, pressed forward, the right against the center of General Carroll's command, the left against our redoubt on the levee. A thick fog, that obscured the morning, enabled them to approach within a short distance of our entrenchment before they were discovered. They were now perceived advancing with firm,

quick, and steady pace, in column, with the front of sixty or seventy deep. Our troops, who had for some time been in readiness and waiting their appearance, gave three cheers, and instantly the whole line was lighted with the blaze of their fire. A burst of artillery and small arms, pouring with destructive aim upon them, mowed down their front and arrested their advance. In our musketry there was not a moment's intermission. As one party discharged their pieces, another succeeded, alternately loading and appearing; no pause could be perceived—it was one continued volley. The columns already perceived their dangerous and exposed situation. Battery No. 7, on the left, was ably served by Lieutenant Spotts, and galled them with an incessant and destructive fire. Batteries Nos. 6 and 8 were no less actively employed, and no less successful in felling them to the ground. Notwithstanding the severity of our fire, which few troops for a moment could have withstood, some of these brave men pressed on and succeeded in gaining the ditch in front of our works, where they remained during the action, and were afterwards made prisoners. The horror before them was too great to be withstood, and already were the British troops seen wavering in their determination and receding from the conflict.

“At this moment Sir Edward Pakenham, hastening to the front, endeavored to encourage and inspire them with renewed zeal. His example was of short continuance; he soon fell mortally wounded, in the arms of his aide-de-camp, not far from our line. General Gibbs and General Keane also fell, and were borne from the field dangerously wounded. At this moment General Lambert, who was advancing at a small distance in the rear with the reserve, met the columns precipitately retreating and in great confusion. His efforts to stop them were unavailing—they continued retreating until they reached the ditch, at the distance of 400 yards, where, a momentary safety being found, they were rallied and halted.

“The field before them, over which they had advanced, was strewn with the dead and dying. Danger hovered still around; yet, urged and encouraged by their officers, who feared their own disgrace involved in the failure, they again moved to the charge. They were already near enough to

deploy, and were endeavoring to do so, but the same constant and unremitted resistance that had caused their first retreat continued yet unabated. Our batteries had never ceased their fire. Their constant discharges of grape and canister and the fatal aim of our musketry mowed down the front of the columns as fast as they could be formed.

"Satisfied nothing could be done, and that certain destruction awaited still further attempts, they forsook the contest and the field in disorder, leaving it almost entirely covered with the dead and the wounded. It was in vain their officers endeavored to animate them to further resistance and equally vain to attempt coercion.

"The panic produced from the dreadful repulse they had experienced; the plain, on which they had acted, being covered with innumerable bodies of their countrymen; while, with their most zealous exertions, they had been unable to obtain the slightest advantage, were circumstances well calculated to make even the most submissive soldier to oppose the authority that would have controlled him."

The British officers who witnessed the battle and have written about it — men like Cook, Hill, and the "Subaltern" — have given substantially the same account of it that Reid and the author of "Jackson and New Orleans," who saw it, have; and taking all that is said, it was a battle lasting from the 23d of December, 1814, to the 8th of January, 1815, and instead of one never-to-be-forgotten day, it was a continuous battle lasting over that period, including both the 23d and 8th, making fifteen days and every night.

Jackson said at two o'clock on the evening of the 23d, when the young Creole brought him the news that the British had landed at the head of Lake Borgne: "They shan't sleep on our soil; we will fight them tonight." Immortal words!

And, according to the "Subaltern," they never had one night's sleep until they got back to their ships. Jackson organized night bands, made up of tried men; had them,

in the dead of night, stealthily approach each other from different parts of his army, sometimes with only rifles, but sometimes with a cannon, and then organize, kill or run in their pickets, then shoot into the camp, arousing the whole army, with no more sleep for the night, and this was so varied as to keep the British army in a state of consternation during the entire fifteen days.

In some respects the series of attacks on Jackson's lines resemble the series of assaults made by Napoleon on Wellington's right wing, or solid square, at the battle of Waterloo, the difference being that, while Napoleon was trying to break the line, a solid square on the right, knowing that unless the line could be broken the day was lost, just as Packenham was trying to break the Jackson line, believing that to break the line was to win the battle. The difference is that Napoleon's assault was made and repeated through one entire day only, while Packenham's assaults on Jackson's line lasted fifteen days. Instead of the American people having one grand holiday in honor of Jackson's victory on the 8th, they should have a sort of Lent, running over the fifteen days, in memory of the men that for these days willingly offered their lives for their country, and made the welkin ring with three cheers from one end of the line to the other when old England's army came in sight at the final struggle. There should be fifteen days of thankfulness to Almighty God for his providence in delivering us from the humiliation of defeat and subjugation by a nation that long since decided that the rights of all people can, so far as it is concerned, only be determined by the size and number of its guns.

But to the battle. It's a short story. General Gibbs' division of 3,000 men was sent to the extreme right (Jackson's left), evidently to do what Jackson anticipated when he put Coffee with his Tennessee troops in the swamps to prevent the flank movement; but, for some reason, prob-

ably finding that the fortifications had been extended into the swamp, or perhaps under orders to unite all forces to break the center, General Gibbs was soon in person at the center, as if, for the moment, all thought of everything was abandoned except to break through at the point believed to be the weakest. General Pakenham himself was in command. As the fog cleared away, it being now good daylight, when the front of the column, sixty to seventy men deep, could be seen, only a few hundred yards away. Carroll's men gave three cheers, and the half-clad and poorly-armed Kentuckians' Carroll's support in the rear, gave three cheers, but not a gun was fired. Carroll, like Jackson, was always with his troops in a critical moment. Carroll had given strict orders. The soldiers, the men wearing home-made clothes and caps made of coon skins, kept one eye on the advancing enemy and one on Carroll—men and guns ready, and as cool as if at a deer stand as the antler bounds in sight, unconscious of his fate.

When the time came Carroll gave the command. It rang down the line. The command was, "Fire!"

One who witnessed it described the scene, and here is what he says:

"At first, with a certain deliberation; afterwards in hottest haste; always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapons. The summit of the embankment was a line of spurting fire, except where the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise was peculiar and altogether indescribable—a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man who heard it. Along the whole line it blazed and rolled, the British batteries showering rockets over the scene, Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert. Ask on one to describe it. Our words were mostly made before such a scene had become possible."

There was confusion before the assault was made, described by the British officers who wrote it up, on account of Colonel Mullins, the Forty-fourth Regiment, with the ladders and fascines, not coming up, until General Gibbs, who had taken command and was now at the heads of the columns, shouted, "Here comes the Forty-fourth;" adding, in an undertone, as was shown on the trial of Mullins, "If I live till tomorrow I will hang Mullins on the highest tree in the cypress swamp."

Under the terrible fire from Carroll's riflemen and the heavy guns that had been well placed along the line, this column, bravely led by Gibbs, steadily moved forward. Along both lines of opposing armies it was one continued roar, that fairly shook the earth. The British officers, as well as all their writers, had confidently believed that by such an assault by regulars Jackson's raw militia would give way and the victory would be won, and it is but fair to say that any European general would have come to the same conclusion.

But the slaughter of this advancing column by raw militia is one of the wonders of war's record. It was the spirit of Jackson, the man who had never known fear; who was as cool as when Dickerson shot him through the body as he was when he said, "They shan't sleep on our soil; we will fight them tonight." He had a power over men that will never be known until the mystery of mind over mind will be more fully revealed. He made all men chivalrous; his presence was omnipresence. His presence infused his spirit in the army and all who came in reach of it. There was a power beyond magnetism. It was a divinity that the great God had imparted to him as a commander of men, that may be unfolded in the future, in the advancing science of psychology, or in the opening vision of the hereafter.

When he said to the brave commander at Fort Bowyer and his men, "At any sacrifice the British ships must be kept

out of the Bay," the men came together and entered into a solemn pledge, one with the other, that when the fort was shot away their bodies should be there, dead or alive; and after it was all over and Jackson came to the fort, the answer was, like the God-protected prisoners in jail, "We are still here"—part dead, part alive, but they were all there.

And when he put Captain Overton in command at Fort Phillips and told him not to surrender, the Captain took the flag and nailed it so high that it could not be pulled down, which meant no surrender, and when the struggle ended the flag was still nailed up and not a gunboat had passed up the Mississippi.

And when he said to Coffee and Carroll, "Go back to Tennessee and raise me an army for New Orleans," they went. Jackson's name was enough; the army came.

And when he said to the women and children of New Orleans, "These invaders shall never enter your city; if they do, it will be over the dead bodies of me and all my soldiers," it was accepted as the solemn pledge of every man in the army.

The part of the line attacked, Carroll's command, had been thoroughly drilled. They were not shooting at the British as an army; they were shooting under orders—each at the man that seemed to be in front. So dreadful was the slaughter with the advancing column that the author of "Jackson and New Orleans" says one could walk a quarter of a mile on dead bodies when the retreat commenced. Just twenty-five minutes after the first gun General Packenham rode to the front to rally the men. His horse was shot and his arm shattered. Mounting another horse, he was riddled, and died in a few minutes under a tree that is still standing. Major General Gibbs took his place and rode to the front. He was instantly shot from his horse and died. The remaining Major General, Keane, took

command, and he was shot off his horse, was taken to the rear terribly wounded, but recovered. Then General Lambert, who had but recently reached the army, came with the reserve, with his 1,700 men who had been held for an emergency. This fine command moved up with steady step, in front of which was the old guard, 1,000 men, making 2,700. The old guard was the praying Highlanders, led by the gallant Col. D. Dale. This regiment, which had followed Wellington in Spain and across the Pyrennes and fought in many battles, for some reason halted as they approached Carroll's line. Their brave colonel was killed, as he said he would be, at the head of the command, and with him 544 of his command were left on the field dead or wounded. Like all the other commands that had faced Carroll's Tennesseans, the remnant of the praying Highlanders, with Lambert's reserve, was soon in full retreat.

On the 9th, the day after the battle, Jackson reported to the Secretary of War that the enemy had left 1,500 dead and wounded on the field; but on the 10th he made a second report that, on getting fuller reports, he found the dead and wounded amounted to 2,600.

(The story of this battle is only half told. It will be concluded in the next chapter.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DRIVING THE BRITISH ARMY TO THEIR SHIPS — JACKSON RETURNED — JACKSON'S REWARD FOR HAVING THE LEGISLATURE GUARDED — GENERAL COFFEE REPLIES TO A RESOLUTION HONORING HIM AND OTHER OFFICERS — MAJOR OVERTON IN DEFENDING FORT PHILLIPS — THE ENFORCEMENT OF MARTIAL LAW — NEWSPAPER ATTACK BY LOUILLIER — HIS ARREST — THE ARREST OF JUDGE HALL.

AFTER driving the British back to the sea, they having escaped by crowding into their ships, they remained, seemingly undecided as to what was to be done, while Jackson returned in triumph, as shown in the last preceding chapter. What makes Jackson's life a romance beyond that of the life of any other one of the world's great generals, as it is believed it is, is its conflicts without a break in its triumphs. From infancy to the grave, his life was a struggle. Disease and personal injuries ceased only when the grave opened.

That General Jackson was combative in a sense must be conceded; that he maintained the right as he saw it, in both public and private life, fearless of consequences in a degree that scarcely has an equal, will be conceded by all who read his character. His devotion to principle, standing by the right, coupled with a love of country and regard for his personal honor, at any cost, mark him as among the highest, if not the highest, type as a citizen among our public men.

It can be said of Andrew Jackson, and will not be denied by any close student of his career, that when his country or his personal honor was involved, his life did not weigh a

feather in shaping his course. This made enemies, and gave him the reputation of being combative. Whoever hews to the line, whoever stands for the right in public and private life, may have his friends, but will certainly have his enemies. As a soldier, his conflicts with the Government he was serving would signalize his disobedience and consign him to disgrace, were it not that all his conflicts were in matters vital to the government, and in which he risked all, sometimes his life, in the right and final success of his disobedience, and in every instance was successful—so successful that an act of disobedience came finally to make a *prima facie* case of right which stood until investigation proved the mistake.

In the fearless discharge of duty, which marked every day and every deed of this great hero's life, and in the conflicts which this heroism brought, nothing is more striking than what came into his life at the time of his triumphant entrance into the city that he had saved from the spoliation, rapine, revenge and lust which had marked the entrance into the cities of Spain, as well as the entrance into the cities of the Northern States, by the very men that composed the army of General Packenham.

Incensed as was the Legislature of Louisiana at the declaration of martial law, and because Jackson had ordered Governor Claiborne at the head of a regiment to have some soldiers stand guard over the body to see that it did not undertake to surrender the city while he was keeping the British out, the shouts of a rescued people on Jackson's entrance into the city had not died away when the Legislature passed resolutions complimenting by name all the officers of high rank in the army except the General in command. The list included Generals Coffee, Carroll, Thomas, Adair, Colonel Hinds, and others. To emphasize the intended insult, certified copies of these resolutions handsomely done up were sent through the Governor of the

State to the respective officers so complimented. To the copy sent that gallant officer, General Coffee, who, with his men, had for four days remained in the swamp and slept on brush piles to keep above the water, he sent a reply containing a well-merited rebuke. He said: "While we indulge the pleasing emotions that are thus produced, we should be guilty of great injustice, as well to merit as to our own feelings, if we withheld from the commander-in-chief, to whose wisdom and exertions we are so much indebted for our success, the expression of our highest admiration and applause. To his firmness, his skill and his gallantry, to that confidence and unanimity among all ranks produced by those qualities, we must chiefly ascribe the splendid victories in which we esteem it a happiness and an honor to have borne a part."

This pussillanimous attempt to minimize the deeds and the fame of the city's benefactor and the successful defender of the nation's honor, passed without notice and without a word by General Jackson. A few days after this a paragraph appeared in the *Louisiana Gazette* to the effect that a flag had just arrived from Admiral Cochrane to General Jackson, officially announcing the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the United States and the British Commissioners in the Netherlands, and requiring a suspension of arms. There was not a word of truth in this statement, and General Jackson at once sent to the editor of the paper the following communication, which in all General Jackson's political contests became so famous as his autocratic muzzling of the press:

"SIR: The Commanding General having seen a publication which issued from your press today, stating that 'a flag had just arrived,' etc., requires that you will hasten to remove any improper impression which so unauthorized and incorrect a statement may have made.

"No request, either direct or virtual, has been made to

him by the commander of either the land or naval forces of Great Britain for a suspension of arms. The letter of 'Bathurst to the Lord Mayor,' which furnishes the only official information that has been communicated, will not allow the supposition that a suspension of hostilities is meant or expected, until the treaty signed by the respective commissioners shall have received the ratification of the Prince Regent and of the President of the United States.

"The Commanding General again calls upon his fellow-citizens and soldiers to recollect that it is yet uncertain whether the articles which have been signed at Ghent for the re-establishment of peace will be approved by those whose approbation is necessary to give efficiency to them. Until that approbation is given and properly announced, he would be wanting to the important interests which have been confided to his protection if he permitted any relaxation in the army under his command. How disgraceful, as well as disastrous, would it be, if, by surrendering ourselves credulously and weakly to newspaper publications—often proceeding from ignorance, but more frequently from dishonest designs—we permitted an enemy, whom we have so lately and so gloriously beaten, to regain the advantages he has lost and triumph over us in turn.

"The general order issued on the 19th expresses the feelings, the views, and the hopes which the Commanding General still entertains. Henceforward, it is expected that no publication of the nature of that herein alluded to and censured will appear in any paper of the city, unless the editor shall have previously ascertained its correctness, and gained permission for its insertion from the proper source."

Let it be remembered that up to this time the British army in the ships at the mouth of the Mississippi River, while safe at sea, was making efforts to ascend the river, and up to the 19th of January the brave Major Overton, with his flag nailed up so it could not come down, was fighting a fight that would do honor to any sea captain. Whether the attack on Fort Phillips meant to flank him or

to check his pursuit of the fleeing British, it was a condition which Jackson could not shut his eyes to.

To the note sent the editor the following reply was made :

"On Tuesday we published a small handbill, containing such information as we had conceived correct, respecting the signing of preliminaries of peace between the American and British Commissioners at Ghent. We have since been informed from the headquarters that the information therein contained is incorrect, and we have been ordered to publish the following, to do away the evil that might arise from our imprudence. Every man may read for himself and think for himself (thank God, our thoughts are as yet unshackled), but as we have been officially informed that New Orleans is a camp, our readers may not expect us to take the liberty of expressing our opinion as we might in a free city. We cannot submit to have a censor of the press in our office, and as we are ordered not to publish any remarks without authority, we shall submit to be silent until we can speak with safety—except making our paper a sheet of shreds and patches—a mere advertiser for our mercantile friends."

The perilous situation, while the attempt was being made to pass Fort Phillips and ascend the river—indeed, only a great victory, but the war not ended—was lost sight of by the members of the Legislature and all the disloyal element which had been restrained by a strictly military occupation of the city, and now that the city was saved from rapine and pillage, this element demanded that all restrictions should be promptly removed.

General Jackson, like the soldier he was, looking to the real situation, and confirmed in the merit of restraint on the mongrel population which now threatened disaster and defeat of the results gained, saw at once the necessity of maintaining intact not only his army, but his power over the rebellious element, at this most critical moment. Refusing to rescind the order declaring martial law, the vicious ele-

ment became boisterous and threatening. The hostility was carried to the extent of a large part of the French population, doubtless under a suggestion of members of the Legislature, taking shelter and claiming exemption under the French Consul, M. Toussard, and the French to a great extent, even those who had been naturalized, soon had their pockets lined with free papers signed by this Consul.

It was this extraordinary condition of things that brought General Jackson up to the imperative duty, not of declaring martial law, but enforcing it, for when disloyalty in the Legislature appeared, he had declared martial law to prevent an attempt to surrender the city. This brought the conflict that has taken a wider range than any other judicial and constitutional question that has been raised since the Government was formed, taxing the ability, the genius, of the great lawyers of the time, and of both Houses of Congress, and of politicians of all parties, until the question was finally settled on the principle announced by General Jackson when brought before the court at the time by a writ of contempt.

The discussion in one shape and another lasted twenty-eight years, taxing the genius of Webster, Calhoun, Clay and Benton, together with the leading politicians and lawyers of the entire country.

But to proceed with the history. On March 5th the following article appeared in the French language in a New Orleans paper. This was after General Jackson had ordered the French Consul and all Frenchmen, not citizens of the United States, to leave the city, and not come within 120 miles until martial law was declared off:

"Mr. Editor: To remain silent on the last general orders, directing all the Frenchmen who now reside in New Orleans to leave it within three days, and to keep at a distance of 120 miles, would be an act of cowardice which ought not to be expected from a citizen of a free country; and when every

one laments such an abuse of authority, the press ought to denounce it to the people.

"In order to encourage a communication between both countries, the seventh and eighth articles of the treaty of cession secure to the French who come to Louisiana certain commercial advantages, which they are to enjoy during a term of twelve years, which are not yet expired. At the expiration of that term they shall be treated in the same manner as the most favored nation. A peace, which nothing is likely to disturb, uniting both nations, the French have, until this moment, been treated in the United States with that regard which a great people deserve and require, even in its reverses, and with that good will which so eminently distinguish the American Government in its relations with foreign nations. In such circumstances, what can be the motives which have induced the Commander-in-Chief of the Seventh Military District to issue general orders of so vexatious a nature? When the foreigners of every nation, when the Spaniards and even the English, are suffered to remain unmolested among us, shall the French alone be condemned to ostracism because they rendered such great services? Had they remained passive spectators of the late events — could their sentiments toward us be doubted? — then we might merely be surprised at the course now pursued with regard to them. But how are we to restrain our indignation when we remember that these very Frenchmen who are now to be exiled have so powerfully contributed to the preservation of Louisiana, without speaking of the corps who so eminently distinguished themselves, in which we see a number of Frenchmen either as officers or privates? How can we forget that they were French artillerymen who directed and served some of those cannons which so greatly annoyed the British forces? Can any one flatter himself that such important services are so soon forgotten? No; they are engraved in everlasting characters on the hearts of all the inhabitants of Louisiana, and they will play a brilliant part in the history of our country. And when those brave men ask no other reward but to be permitted peaceably to enjoy among us the rights secured to them by treaties and the laws of America, far from sharing in the sentiments which have dictated the general order, we avail

ourselves of this opportunity to give them a public testimony of our gratitude.

"Far from us the idea that there can be a single Frenchman so pusillanimous as to forsake his country, merely to please the military commander of the district, and in order to avoid the proscription to which he has chosen to condemn them. We may, therefore, expect to see them repair to the consul of their nation, there to renew the act which binds them to their country. But, supposing that, yielding to a sentiment of fear, they consent to cease to be French citizens, would they, by such an adjuration, become American citizens? No; certainly they would not. The man who might be powerful enough to denationalize them would not be powerful enough to give them a country. It is better, therefore, for a man to remain a faithful Frenchman than to suffer himself to be scared even by martial law — a law useless when the presence of the foe and honor call us to arms, but which becomes degrading when their shameful flight permits us to enjoy a glorious rest, which terror ought not to disturb.

"Is it possible that the Constitution and the laws of our country have left it in the power of the several commanders of military districts to dissolve all at once the ties which unite America to the nations of Europe? Is it possible that peace or war depend upon their caprice and the friendship or enmity they might entertain for any nation? We do not hesitate to declare that nothing of the kind exists. The President alone has, by law, the right to adopt against alien enemies such measures as the state of war may render necessary; and, for that purpose, he must issue a proclamation. But this is a power which he cannot delegate. It is by virtue of that law, and of a proclamation, that the subjects of Great Britain were removed from our ports and seashores. But we do not know any law authorizing General Jackson to apply to alien friends a measure which the President of the United States himself has only the right to adopt against alien enemies.

"Our laws protect strangers who come to settle or reside among us. To the sovereign alone belongs the right of depriving them of that protection; and all those who know how to appreciate the title of an American citizen, and who

are acquainted with their prerogatives, will easily understand that by the sovereign I do by no means intend to designate a major general or any other military commander, to whom I willingly grant the power of issuing general orders like the one of having them executed.

"If the last general order has no object but to inspire in us a salutary fear, it is only destined to be read. If it is not to be followed by any act of violence, if it is only to be executed by those who may choose to leave the city in order to enjoy the pure air of the country, we shall forget that extraordinary order. But should anything else happen, we are of opinion that the tribunals will, sooner or later, do justice to the victims of that illegal order.

"Every alien friend who shall continue to respect the laws which rule our country will continue to be entitled to their protection. Could that general order be applied to us, we should calmly wait until we were forced by violence to obey it, well convinced of the firmness of the magistrates who are the organs of the law in this part of the Union, and the guardians of public order.

"Let us conclude by saying that it is high time the laws should resume their empire; that the citizens of this State should return to the full enjoyment of their rights; that, in acknowledging that we are indebted to General Jackson for the preservation of our city and the defeat of the British, we do not feel much inclined, through gratitude, to sacrifice any of our privileges, and, less than any other, that of expressing our opinion of the acts of his administration; that it is time the citizens accused of any crime should be rendered to their natural judges and cease to be brought before special or military tribunals, a kind of institution held in abhorrence, even in absolute governments; that, after having done enough for glory, the moment of moderation has arrived; and, finally, that the acts of authority which the invasion of our country and our safety may have rendered necessary are, since the evacuation of it by the enemy, no longer compatible with our dignity and our oath of making the Constitution respected."

This article appeared in the *Louisiana Courier*. General Jackson sent an order to the editor, commanding him to

appear immediately at headquarters. The name of the author was demanded and given. It was Mr. Louillier, a member of the Legislature. Jackson immediately sent a squad of soldiers to arrest him, which was done on one of the streets of the city. When the officer of the squad tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was a prisoner, he called on the bystanders to bear witness of his arrest. At the moment of the arrest there was a lawyer named P. L. Morel standing by, who rushed up to him and said: 'I am a lawyer; at your service,' and he was retained. I am glad this lawyer's name has been preserved. I always supposed he was the father of the Shister family. This arrest was made at 12 o'clock on March 5th. Then things went rapidly. Here are the proceedings:

"Louis Louaillier, an inhabitant of this district, member of the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, humbly sheweth that he has been this day illegally arrested by F. Amelung, an officer in the Forty-fourth Regiment, who informed your petitioner that he did arrest your petitioner agreeable to orders given to him (the said F. Amelung) by his Excellency, Major General Jackson, and that your said petitioner is now illegally detained by said orders.

"Wherefore your petitioner prays that a writ of *habeas corpus* be issued to bring him before your honor, that he may be dealt with according to the Constitution and the laws of the United States.

P. L. MOREL,

"Attorney for the Petitioner."

"Let the prayer of the petition be granted, and the petitioner be brought before me at 11 o'clock tomorrow, March 6th.

DOM. A. HALL."

"March 5th."

"To His Excellency, Major General Jackson:

"SIR: I have the honor to inform your Excellency that as counsel I have made application to his honor, Dom. A. Hall, Judge of the District Court of the United States, for

a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of Mr. Louillier, who conceived that he was illegally arrested by order of your Excellency; and that the said writ has been awarded, and is returnable tomorrow, 6th instant, at 11 o'clock A. M.

"I have the honor to be your Excellency's most humble and obedient servant,

"P. L. MOREL, *Counsellor at Law.*"

"HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT,

"NEW ORLEANS, March 5, 1815.

"Having received proof that Dominick A. Hall has been aiding and abetting and exciting mutiny within my camp, you will forthwith order a detachment to arrest and confine him, and report to me as soon as arrested. You will be vigilant; the agents of our enemy are more numerous than was expected. You will be guarded against escapes.

"A. JACKSON,

"*Major General Commanding.*"

"Dr. William E. Butler is ordered to accompany the detachment and point out the man.

"A. JACKSON,

"*Major General Commanding.*"

At 5 o'clock on the 5th, it being Sunday, Louis Louillier and Dominick A. Hall were both in the same jail.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HALL ARRESTED JACKSON — JACKSON IN COURT — JACKSON'S FINE PAID, AND REMITTED AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

A LEADING object of this work is to remove erroneous beliefs, founded in the writings of deeply prejudiced writers, and if possible to put before the public the true character of General Jackson — the man as he was — a man of a warm, genial nature, a kind, loving heart, but who, in the discharge of public duties, knew nothing but his country and his obligations to it.

If there was in his whole life a well-defined trait of character (and all his traits of character were well defined) on which there might be unfriendly plausible criticism, it was his stern, unbending discharge of duty as he saw it, and especially in dealing with men who were persistently rebellious to rightful authority. With a heart overflowing with kindness and sympathy for every human being, over the protests and appeals of influence and friendship, he executed the judgments of court-martial in three cases where the penalties were death, but all under circumstances of great aggravation, and where the offenses showed persistent and defiant willfulness in disobedience to law or in the commission of crime. I would not say Jackson had no mercy for lawbreakers. He had, but it was when the disobedience so affected the public good, was so demoralizing as to become terribly contagious if not rebuked in a manner to make an example, where the sacrifice of human life itself was the only assurance against a calamitous effect on the public, that he seemed severe.

There was nothing heartless in his approval of the action of his courts-martial in the cases referred to by prejudiced critics, but, on the contrary, the greatest pain, and as I verily believe in each case, after invoking the guidance of greater wisdom; for of all our public men, Jackson was less troubled with doubts and freer from agnosticism than any. His whole life shows a conviction and a reliance on a power and a wisdom greater than his own. To the day of his death, he believed it was a guidance greater than his that enabled him to save his country from a great calamity in overcoming the British at New Orleans.

Taking up the thread of history where it was left in the last chapter: There was nothing bolder in the life of this bold man than in putting a United States Judge in jail, and no act of his public life can be more successfully defended. If Jackson was right in declaring martial law, which had been fully approved by Judge Hall himself, then it was not the business of the judge to say when the danger was removed, but of the commanding general. Jackson took Judge Hall and Louaillier out of jail and sent them out of the city. When the treaty was approved and made known to General Jackson, he at once vacated his order of martial law, and all who had been sent away were promptly notified that they could return.

As soon as Judge Hall returned he went on the bench and issued an order for the arrest of General Jackson for contempt. The charge was, however, much broader when entered. It was that said Major General Andrew Jackson show cause why an attachment should not be awarded against him for contempt of this court, in having wrested from the clerk aforesaid an original order of the honorable judge of this court for the issuance of a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of a certain Louis Louaillier, then imprisoned by the said Major General Andrew Jackson, and for detaining the same; also for disregarding the said

writ of *habeas corpus*, when issued and served; in having imprisoned the honorable judge of this court, and for other contempts, as stated by the witnesses.

In pursuance of the order General Jackson appeared in court in citizen's dress, and offered to make defense, but the judge declined to hear arguments on the merits of the case. When Jackson commenced his argument with a carefully prepared paper in his hand, the court stopped him and fined him \$1,000. The order is in these words :

"On this day appeared in person Major General Andrew Jackson, and, being duly informed by the court that an attachment had issued against him for the purpose of bringing him into court, and the district attorney having filed interrogatories, the court informed General Jackson that they would be tendered to him for the purpose of answering thereto. The said General Jackson refused to receive them or to make any answer to the said interrogatives, whereupon the court proceeded to pronounce judgment, which was that Major General Andrew Jackson do pay a fine of \$1,000 to the United States."

When Jackson was brought into court there was great excitement, and Jackson alone by getting up and reminding the crowd that this was a court and appealing for order, enabled the court to proceed. The crowd seemed hard to manage, and the judge proposed to adjourn to some other place, but Jackson said no, and assured the judge that he would be responsible for order. Mr. Parton gives the following account of this proceeding, basing it mainly on the story of Nolte, the fellow who invented the story about the cotton bales, and was otherwise conspicuous as a manufacturer of history. Nolte says :

"It is not to be inferred from the conduct of the people in the court room that the course of General Jackson, in maintaining martial law so long after the conclusion of

peace was morally certain, was generally approved by the people of New Orleans. It was not. It was approved by many, forgiven by most, resented by a few. An effort was made to raise the amount of the General's fine by a public subscription, to which no one was allowed to contribute more than a dollar. But Nolte tells us (how truly I know not) that, after raising with difficulty one hundred and sixty dollars, the scheme was quietly given up. He adds that the court room on the day of the General's appearance was occupied chiefly by the Barratarians and the special partisans of the General."

Now, Nolte knew better than this, and Parton knew Nolte was a discredited witness.

The facts are, as Eaton describes the scene when the trial was over, that he was seized and forcibly hurried from the hall to the streets, amidst the reiterated cries of huzza for Jackson from the immense concourse that surrounded him. They presently met a carriage in which a lady was riding, when, politely taking her from it, the General was made, spite of entreaty, to occupy her place; the horses being removed, the carriage was drawn and halted at the coffee-house, into which he was carried, and thither the crowd followed, huzzaing for Jackson and menacing the judge. Having prevailed on them to hear him, he addressed them with great feeling and earnestness; implored them to run into no excesses; that if they had the least gratitude for his services, or regard for him personally, they could evince it in no way so satisfactorily as by assenting, as he most freely did, to the decision which had just been pronounced against him. Upon reaching his quarters he sent back an aide-de-camp to the court room with a check on one of the city banks for a thousand dollars; and thus the offended majesty of the law was supposed to be avenged.

Now there is nothing better established than that Nolte was telling tales, which should never have been repeated by Parton, in saying there was an attempt made to raise the

\$1,000 which failed when \$160 was subscribed. Mr. Benton, in his "Thirty Years in the Senate," gives all the facts. The ladies of New Orleans promptly raised the \$1,000, but Jackson declined to receive it and sent his own check.

Parton must have been eager to retail gossip of gossipers to publish this petty libel from Nolte, when there is nothing in American history hardly so well established as the facts, even down to the minutia of this whole affair. The Congress of the United States always stood ready, and it was often suggested to General Jackson that the Government would pay back this money, which he always as promptly refused, unless it was under a resolution completely justifying him in declaring martial law and deciding for himself when he could safely raise it. In fact, Jackson while in office forbade his friends bringing it up, but twenty-seven years after he had paid the fine, and after Jackson had retired from office, Senator Linn, of Missouri, offered a resolution to refund the money. Upon notice in the newspapers that Senator Linn had given notice of his purpose, the General, from his home, wrote Senator Linn the following letter:

"Having observed in the newspapers that you had given notice of your intention to introduce a bill to refund to me the fine (principal and interest) imposed by Judge Hall, for the declaration of martial law at New Orleans, it was my determination to address you on the subject, but the feeble state of my health has heretofore prevented it. I felt that it was my duty to thank you for this disinterested and voluntary act of justice to my character, and to assure you that it places me under obligations which I shall always acknowledge with gratitude.

"It is not the amount of the fine that is important to me, but it is the fact that it was imposed for reasons which were not well founded, and for the exercise of an authority which was necessary to the successful defense of New Orleans, and

without which it must now be obvious to all the world the British would have been in possession, at the close of the war, of the great emporium of the West. In this point of view it seems to me that the country is interested in the passage of the bill; for exigencies like those which existed at New Orleans may again arise, and a commanding general ought not to be deterred from taking the necessary responsibility by the reflection that it is in the power of a vindictive judge to impair his private fortune and place a stain upon his character which cannot be removed. I would be the last man on earth to do any act which would invalidate the principle that the military power should always be subjected to the civil power, but I contend that at New Orleans no measure was taken by me which was at war with this principle, of which, if properly understood, was not necessary to preserve it.

"When I declared martial law, Judge Hall was in the city, and he visited me often, when the propriety of its declaration was discussed, and was recommended by the leading and patriotic citizens. Judging from his actions, he appeared to approve it. The morning the order was issued he was in my office, and when it was read he was heard to exclaim, 'Now the country may be saved; without it, it was lost.' How he came afterwards to unite with the treacherous and disaffected, and, by the exercise of his power, endeavored to paralyze my exertions, it is not necessary here to explain. It was enough for me to know that if I was excusable in the declaration of martial law in order to defend the city when the enemy were besieging it, it was right to continue it until all danger was over. For full information on this part of the subject, I refer you to my defense under Judge Hall's rule for me to appear and show cause why an attachment should not issue for a contempt of court. This defense is in the appendix to Eaton's 'Life of Jackson.'

"There is no truth in the rumor which you notice that the fine he imposed was paid by others. Every cent of it was paid by myself. When the sentence was pronounced, Abner L. Duncan (who had been one of my aide-de-camps, and was one of my counsel), hearing me request Major Reed to repair to my quarters and bring the sum, not intending to leave the room until the fine was paid, asked the

clerk if he would take his check. The clerk replied in the affirmative, and Mr. Duncan gave the check. I then directed my aides to proceed forthwith, get the money, and meet Mr. Duncan's check at the bank and take it up, which was done. These are the facts, and Major Davezac, now in the Assembly of New York, can verify them.

"It is true, as I was informed, that the ladies did raise the amount to pay the fine and costs; but when I heard of it, I advised them to apply it to the relief of the widows and orphans that had been made so by those who had fallen in the defense of the country. It was so applied, as I had every reason to believe; but Major Davezac can tell you more particularly what was done with it."

The whole facts of this deeply interesting play in our national history can only be known by seeing General Jackson's defense, which he proposed to make when put on trial, but which he was not allowed to read. It was filed in court. It is one of the most interesting chapters in our history. While Parton filled up a book of more than 2,000 pages, much of it trash, he declined to publish any part of this defense. It takes this paper, drawn up at the time, to show why martial law was declared and maintained.

The defense made by General Jackson when arraigned (left out by Parton) is not an insignificant scrap in his life; it is a chapter without which any history is imperfect. Nothing in Jackson's life is more Jacksonian than the defense—it is the reasons for martial law given by him who knew them better than any man living. In all the debates that came in both Houses of Congress, no man ever put the argument for his defense better than he did himself when all the city was excited but himself.

After giving what he found by many letters and other valuable information collected about the disloyalty of the Legislature and the danger from secret enemies and spies, he proceeds:

"With the impressions this correspondence was calculated to produce, the respondent arrived in this city, where, in different conversations, the same ideas were enforced, and he was advised, not only by the Governor of the State, but very many influential persons, to proclaim martial law, as the only means of producing union, overcoming disaffection, detecting treason, and calling forth the energies of the country. This measure was discussed and recommended to the respondent, as he well recollects, in the presence of the judge of this honorable court, who not only made no objection, but seemed, by his gestures and silence, to approve of its being adopted. These opinions, respectable in themselves, derived greater weight from that which the Governor expressed of the Legislature then in session. He represented their loyalty very doubtful; ascribed design to their prolonged session, and appeared extremely desirous that they should adjourn.

"The respondent had also been informed, that in the House of Representatives the idea that a very considerable part of the State belonged to the Spanish Government and ought not to be represented had been openly advocated and favorably heard. The co-operation of the Spaniards with the English was at that time a prevalent idea. This information, therefore, appeared highly important. He determined to examine, with the utmost care, all the facts that had been communicated to him, and not to act upon the advice he had received until the clearest demonstration should have determined its propriety. He was then almost an entire stranger in the place he was sent to defend, and unacquainted with the language of a majority of the inhabitants. While these circumstances were unfavorable to his obtaining information, on the one hand, they precluded, on the other, a suspicion that his measures were dictated by personal friendship, private animosity, or party views. Uninfluenced by such motives, he began his observations. He communicated with men of every description in seeking information. He believed that even then he discovered those high qualities which have since distinguished those brave defenders of their country, that the variety of language, the difference of habit, and even the national prejudices which seemed to divide the inhabitants might be made,

if properly directed, the source of the most honorable emulation. Delicate attentions were necessary to foster this disposition, and the highest energy to restrain the effects that such an assemblage was calculated to produce. He determined to avail himself of both, and with this view called to his aid the impulse of national feeling, the higher motives of patriotic sentiment and the noble enthusiasm of valor. They operated in a manner which history will record; all who could be influenced by those feelings rallied without delay round the standard of their country. Their efforts, however, would have been unavailing if the disaffected had been permitted to counteract them by their treason, the timid to paralyze them by their example, and both to stand aloof in the hour of danger and enjoy the fruit of victory without participating in the danger of defeat.

"A disciplined and powerful army was on our coast, commanded by officers of tried valor and consummate skill; their fleet had already destroyed the feeble defense on which alone we could rely, to prevent their landing on our shores. Their point of attack was uncertain — a hundred inlets were to be guarded by a force not sufficient in number for one; we had no lines of defense; treason lurked among us, and only waited the moment of expected defeat to show itself openly. Our men were few, and of those few not all were armed; our prospect of aid and supply was distant and uncertain; our utter ruin, if we failed, at hand and inevitable; everything depended on the prompt and energetic use of the means we possessed on calling the whole force of the community into action; it was a contest for the very existence of the State, and every nerve was to be strained in its defense. The physical force of every individual, his moral faculties, his property, and the energy of his example were to be called into action, and instant action. No delay, no hesitation, no inquiry about rights, or all was lost; and everything dear to man, his property, life, the honor of his family, his country, its Constitution and laws, were swept away by the avowed principles, the open practice of the enemy with whom we have had to contend. Fortifications were to be erected, supplies secured, arms sought for, requisitions made, the emissaries of the enemy watched, lurking

treason overawed, insubordination punished, and the contagion of cowardly example to be stopped.

"In this crisis, and under a firm persuasion that none of those objects could be effected by the exercise of the ordinary powers confided to him, under a solemn conviction that the country committed to his care could be saved by that measure only from utter ruin, under a religious belief that he was performing the most important and sacred duty, the respondent proclaimed martial law. He intended by that measure to supersede such civil powers as in their operation interfered with those he was obliged to exercise. He thought, in such a moment, constitutional forms must be suspended for the permanent preservation of constitutional rights, and that there could be no question whether it were best to depart for a moment from the enjoyment of our dearest privileges, or have them wrested from us forever. He knew that if the civil magistrate were permitted to exercise his usual functions, none of the measures necessary to avert the awful fate that threatened us could be expected. Personal liberty cannot exist at a time when every man is required to become a soldier. Private property cannot be secured, when its use is indispensable to the public safety. Unlimited liberty of speech is incompatible with the discipline of a camp, and that of the press more dangerous still when made the vehicle of conveying intelligence to the enemy, or exciting mutiny among the troops. To have suffered the uncontrolled enjoyment of any of those rights, during the time of the late invasion, would have been to abandon the defense of the country; the civil magistrate is the guardian of those rights, and the proclamation of martial law was, therefore, intended to supersede the exercise of his authority so far as it interfered with the necessary restriction of those rights; but no further."

This paper is made prominent by Colonel Benton in his great work as a part of the history of the times, though it was not within the scope of his "Thirty Years in the United States Senate."

Through a long public life, with combined forces, embodying the greatest talent in an age of giants, con-

stantly renewing and pressing the fight against him; some for declaring martial law and imprisoning a United States Judge; some sincerely believing a military hero should not hold high civil office; some believing, under the inspiration of false teachers, that he was a man whose self-will subordinated his patriotism; some ambitious and jealous of his hold on the people, and many honestly differing with him on Democratic theory of government; so that through a lifetime this great aim was kept before the world, whether it was right or wrong, the best defense ever made for it was made by Jackson himself, when just back from driving the invaders from our soil, but still on guard in his country's service.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DEMURRER IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE OVER JUDGE HALL'S FINE — JUDGE TAPPAN, OF OHIO, DEFENDS JACKSON — LONG CONTINUED PERSECUTION OF JACKSON FOR ARRESTING HALL — AGAIN PARTON SEEKS TO DISHONOR GENERAL AND MRS. JACKSON — THE BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE GREAT TRIO — THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE GIVE JACKSON A RECEPTION WHEN HE RETURNS TO NASHVILLE.

THE question of General Jackson's right to make a military camp of New Orleans by putting it under martial law, and the capital made of it by his enemies, fully justifies a continuation of the subject, at least to the extent of giving the reader the benefit of the great speech made by Judge Tappan, of Ohio, in the United States Senate before the final vote was taken. For twenty-seven years the enemies of General Jackson had held up to the American people as a great crime, and as the highest evidence of a lawless and reckless purpose, the act which of all others in our history was the greatest blessing to our common country — an act which saved a city from desolation, and the nation from closing up a protracted war in disgrace and bringing upon the whole people the deepest humiliation.

Supplementing and sustaining General Jackson's argument, prepared for the contempt case before Judge Hall, Judge Tappan, of Ohio, made a speech in the Senate that had much to do in removing all doubt from the public mind on Jackson's right to declare martial law and having the \$1,000 refunded to him.

The persistent and long continued assailment of General

Jackson's character on the stump and in Congress for declaring martial law, making the impression on the public mind that it was a great national sin, treason to the Constitution, whose corner-stone is civil government, is the excuse for the somewhat elaborate discussion and presentation of the facts. In this work, so far, I have passed over much of the personal history of General Jackson, deeply interesting as it is, that I may give the more space to the truth of history, mainly the facts on which his defense rests in the issues which his enemies made. These issues were numerous — in fact, coming when he came on the stage, and ending with his life. No public man, reaching the highest stations in civil and military life, and standing to the front as he did, has been through a lifetime compelled to fight his way as did this man of destiny. No great conception of his — and his whole life was spent in thinking and acting in advance of others — ever passed *pro forma*. The public men, the big men of the country, the men who created and led parties and aspired to control them, the ambitious statesmen of the age in which Jackson was before the public, were all his rivals in a sense.

From the time he came into Tennessee, at twenty-one years old, until his body was consigned to its final resting place in the soil that he immortalized, when he said of a great British army just landed, "They shan't sleep on our soil," he was the central figure, whether in the community in which he lived, or at the head of the army which made famous the volunteer service, or as the leader of the people and at the head of the greatest nation in the world; no matter where nor who were his rivals, nor who assailed him, he was always as certainly at the front and in the lead as that Jupiter ranks his satellites.

Of course this man had rivals — of course he had enemies — I say of course, for until there is a more complete regeneration in our race than has yet taken place, such a

man will have enemies and would-be rivals. Jackson's advance conceptions, and the boldness with which he enforced them, and the success he attained, put the whole American people in a stir. The big men fought him; fought his issues — it was the natural thing for them to do. They made issues with him which, by the ingenuity of great minds, have come down to us, and with the help of an unkind and unfriendly biographer, still in some degree becloud the name of the great Tennessean. Though the whole world besides may, in stupidity or lack of spirit, permit the clouds to hang over the great Tennessean, Tennessee cannot. One by one of the issues made with Jackson, and which are calculated to bring doubts where there ought to be certainty, should be met and the facts given, and one by one the clouds will be swept away. Who, when all the facts are put together, as I have done in the martial law assignment, will doubt for one moment the right, the wisdom, and the patriotism in declaring martial law at New Orleans?

It is to meet and remove from the public mind, as far as possible, the false issues made by some of the great men of the times in political heat — issues, charges that outran the defense, and that have been persistently kept alive, that in part moved me to this work; but more especially to repel the charges of criminal ignorance and vile motives made by a designing and deeply prejudiced biographer.

It has occurred to me that a people whose State claims him, whose ancestors were led by him to a righteous victory in arms that has nothing like it in history, a man whose genius ranks along with that of Cromwell and Charles XII of Sweden, and whose patriotism and statesmanship go along with those of the great Washington, but a people who have not enough of his noble nature and high sense of gratitude, as well as pride of ancestry, to defend him when he sleeps from a libelous *post mortem* biographer, who assumes

the place of a friend to give out to the reading world a tissue of spiteful, libelous, and in some sectional criticisms, beclouding the name and the life of the immortal hero, patriot, and statesman, and minimizing the deeds of the men who followed him — such a people cannot by enlightened lookers-on be regarded as the legitimate progeny of a glorious ancestry.

The war was over and the victor the greatest hero of modern times, he at once set himself down in the city he had saved, and for twenty-four days devoted himself to settling accounts—claims that had been made in prosecuting the war. This done, and Mrs. Jackson having reached New Orleans, the General set about returning to Tennessee, which he did, with his wife and the little seven-year-old adopted son. Yes, back to his beloved Tennessee, the fourth return after he had been at the head of the army to hear the plaudits of the thousands that came to honor him. On his reaching Nashville, such an ovation as he received has not been given any other man in our history.

He came not as did the Roman conquerors with the riches of a conquered people and with the conquered as slaves, but he came with the flag of his country that he had rescued from the hands of a powerful enemy who had captured our flag at the very door of the Capitol. The people's great orator, Felix Grundy, was chosen, as he had been on the other occasions of the General's return. The speech was said to be one of Mr. Grundy's finest efforts, a review of facts showing the great Tennessean at the head of a Tennessee army teaching England a lesson to be remembered. General Jackson's reply was given in the papers, and was nine lines. It was as follows:

“Sir, I am at a loss to express my feelings. The approbation of my fellow citizens is to me the richest reward. Through you, sir, I beg leave to assure them that I am this

day amply compensated for every toil and labor. In a war forced upon us by the multiplied wrongs of a nation who envied our increasing prosperity, important and difficult duties were assigned me. I have labored to discharge them faithfully, having a single eye to the honor of my country. The bare consciousness of having performed my duty would have been a source of great happiness, but the assurance that what I have done meets your approbation enhances that happiness greatly."

This speech is wonderful in its modesty.

Before leaving New Orleans the people of that once doomed but rescued city gave General Jackson a ball, and no people knew better how to show their appreciation of the man who was everything to them. Mr. Parton, in describing this ball, only did what characterizes the entire work, having told about Jackson's great victory, an afterpart had to come, and like all the other afterparts to Jackson's great deeds, it was the author's libelous coloring, for, with Parton, Jackson was never allowed to accomplish a great deed of courage, heroism, or statesmanship without giving it an odor that was disagreeable, often much more; often the purpose could not be accomplished without a libelous statement, as in this case. As usual, when Parton wanted to give his libels a touch of humor, he called in his useful backing, Nolte, the notorious inventor of the cotton bale falsehood. So, on this occasion, he called in Nolte to aid him in giving General and Mrs. Jackson a character that would be pleasing to the people in some sections of the country, whose prejudices against the great Southerner had not abated at the time (1859) that Parton wrote his "Life of Jackson."

Parton first gives an account of an interview between Jackson and Nolte, in which Nolte was setting up a claim for cotton goods, claimed to be taken by Jackson to clothe the soldiers, and in which he says Jackson used some d—ds

in his treatment of Nolte's claim, and was otherwise curt in his language to the man who was of so much use to Parton in belittling a man who had triumphed over a British army that had taken Washington and brought desolation wherever it went in the Northern States.

In the thousand misrepresentations of Jackson's real character by Parton, nothing is meaner than the miserable petty scandals which he and Nolte invented about the General and Mrs. Jackson as a parting blessing when they were about to leave for home. He says Mrs. Jackson was homely in costume and speech, corpulent and very dark; says she was a strange figure among the elegant Creole ladies of the city; she had never visited any city but Nashville; that she confessed she knew nothing about fine clothes and fine company; that the ladies of New Orleans undertook the task of buying clothes and dressing her; that the artists of the city drew caricatures of her, in which the short, stout Mrs. General Jackson was expected to appear at the ball; that she was pictured standing upon a table while the ladies were lacing her stays, struggling to make a waist where a waist had been, but was not. This libel, for such it is, could have been invented only by a man whose malice went out against women.

Mrs. Jackson was the daughter of the most wealthy and enterprising frontiersman of the Cumberland settlements; she was, perhaps, the best educated young woman in the country at the time of her marriage, and her letters, still extant, several of which I have published, show her to have considerable culture for people in a new country — not an educated woman in the sense the term is now used. And as to the General, if there was anything on earth he knew better than how to whip the British, it was how to be a gentleman.

With a great deal of hesitancy I am republishing this scandal, this malicious piece of defamation about Mrs.

Jackson's ignorance at New Orleans, but only that I may denounce it as maliciously libelous.

Think of newspaper caricatures of Mrs. Jackson, debasing her body and degrading the General as her husband, sent out by newspaper men while "Old Hickory" was in the city. How long would they have lived after the first paper appeared? More than that, think of Parton fifteen years after the old man was in his grave, as a sort of self-constituted executor of Nolte, the liar, publishing this libelous morsel about Mrs. Jackson. There is said to be no passing between heaven and hell, or I might imagine the spirit of the great Tennessean leaving the shining court to yet scourge the defamers of Mrs. Jackson.

Parton in his defamation went much further and drew a picture of the General and Mrs. Jackson at the ball, where, he says, after supper the elite people of New Orleans were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux*, in which the great conqueror and his spouse led the dance. The General, a long, haggard man, with the limbs of a skeleton, and Madame La General, a short, fat dumpling, the two like half-drunken Indians, bobbing up and down opposite each other, to the wild melody of "Possum Up de Gum Tree," both jumping as high as possible. And all of which, he says, was to the enlightened people of New Orleans a more edifying spectacle than any European ballet could possible have furnished.

This personal exhibition of General Jackson as a clown, making of himself and Mrs. Jackson a disgusting spectacle in a company of the most refined and elegant people to be found, is entirely destitute of truth. It was deliberately concocted by Nolte and maliciously published by Parton, to furnish food for all that part of New England that sang the chorus to the British press when it denounced the American people as bullies in bringing on the war of 1812 and cowards when it came to fighting, and it was only silenced by

the crushing defeat at New Orleans. And while the New England clamor for peace on any terms, and the outcry of the Hartford Convention in its treason to its country were suppressed by Jackson's great triumph, it did not destroy the appetite, whose gnawing was malevolence with a spiteful silence after Jackson brought back the flag they had surrendered. And it was to satisfy this suppressed hateful prejudice that led Parton into the utility of defamation.

One part of this statement needs qualification. It was not all of New England that was against the war of 1812. Much of New England, not the press, was standing by the flag, as did their fathers in the Revolution. But at that time New England's business was not manufacturing, but she was in the carrying trade, and their ships had been landlocked, driven from the sea by England's infamous doctrine of the right of search. The war, righteous as it was, fighting for the freedom of the seas, interfered with their business, and they denounced it like Demetrius, who denounced the Christian religion because it broke up his business of making gods for the heathen.

In addition to the grand reception given General Jackson when he came home, as hereinbefore shown, the students of the Nashville University, of whose board of trustees he had long been a member, visited him, and his speech to them is worthy of a place here. It was as follows:

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN: With lively feelings of pride and joy I receive your address. To find that even the youth of my country, although engaged in literary pursuits and exempt from military duty, are willing when the voice of patriotism calls, to abandon for a time the seat of the muses for privations of a camp, excites in my heart the warmest interest. The country which has the good fortune to be defended by soldiers animated by such feelings as those young gentlemen who were once members of the same literary institution you now are, and whom I had the honor to command, will never be in danger from internal or external

foes. Their good conduct, on many trying occasions, will never be forgotten by their General. It is a source of particular satisfaction to me that you duly appreciate the merits of those worthy and highly distinguished Generals, Carroll and Coffee. Their example is worthy imitation; and from the noble sentiments which you on this occasion express, I entertain no doubt, if circumstances require, you will emulate their deeds of valor. It is to such officers and their brave associates in arms that Tennessee, in military achievements, can vie with the most renowned of her sister States. That your academic labors may be crowned with the fullest success, by fulfilling the highest expectations of your relatives and friends, is the ardent and sincere wish of my heart. Receive, my young friends, my prayers for your future health and prosperity."

This speech is a model—an example of good taste rarely equaled.

So when a large number of his friends called in a body at the Hermitage he addressed them as follows:

"The warm testimonials of your friendship and regard I receive, gentlemen, with the liveliest sensibility. The assurance of the approbation of my countrymen, and particularly of my acquaintances and neighbors, is the most grateful offering that can be made me. It is a rich compensation for many sacrifices and many labors. I rejoice with you, gentlemen, on the able manner in which the sons of America, during a most eventful and perilous conflict, have approved themselves worthy of the precious inheritance bequeathed to them by their fathers. They have given a new proof of how impossible it is to conquer freemen fighting in defense of all that is dear to them. Henceforward we shall be respected by nations who, mistaking our character, had treated us with the utmost contumely and outrage. Years will continue to develop our inherent qualities, until, from being the youngest and weakest, we shall become the most powerful nation in the world. Such is the high destiny which I persuade myself Heaven has reserved for the sons of freedom.

"I rejoice also with you, gentlemen, at the return of peace under circumstances so fortunate for our fame and our interest. In this happy state of things the inexhaustible resources of our country will be unfolded, and the greatness for which she is designed be hastened to maturity. Amongst the private blessings thence to be expected I anticipate, with the highest satisfaction, the cultivation of that friendly intercourse with my neighbors and friends which has heretofore constituted so great a portion of my happiness."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ENGLISH WRITERS ADMIT THAT THE ENTIRE LOSS IN KILLED AND WOUNDED AND BY DESERTION IN THE ARMY THAT CAME TO THE SOUTH WAS 4,000 — THOSE NOT DEAD OR LOST WHEN THEY GOT BACK ARE SENT TO WELLINGTON IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO — JACKSON AT HOME, THEN ORDERED TO WASHINGTON AND WAS AGAIN PUT TO WORK — CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERAL JACKSON AND GENERAL SCOTT.

WHEN General Jackson got the news of the ratification of the treaty at Ghent, he at once sent an officer to General Lambert, who, with his army, was still in the ships at the mouth of the Mississippi. A letter written by this officer about the time and published, which contains some interesting features, is as follows :

“We went down the river in a sixteen-oared barge, and had several respectable young gentlemen of the city with us, and a band of music furnished by them. We arrived at Dauphin Island in three days, and anchored abreast of the British camp about four o'clock in the afternoon and fired a salute, while the band played our favorite tunes of ‘Hail Columbia’ and ‘Yankee Doodle.’ The shore was lined with hundreds of Englishmen, cheering over and over, as they knew by the flag at our masthead that we brought them the welcome news of peace. We remained on the island three days and were treated with every mark of attention and respect by all of them, and then proceeded on to Mobile to inform our army there of the news of peace. On our return we stopped again at Dauphin Island, and took several English officers on board and brought them up to town. All these officers had the greatest desire to see this city and our lines on the battleground, where we beat them so handsomely. We run them very hard about it,

which they took in good humor, and they candidly acknowledged 'that they had fought many hard battles in France, Spain, etc., but never met with such play as they received from us Yankees.' After their retreat from New Orleans, they landed on Dauphin Island, which was then a desolate place, but now it looks like a complete town. They have about 8,000 men there, who are almost in a state of starvation. We are now supplying them with provisions of every kind."

The British writers admit that in this campaign, after the army was landed at the mouth of the Mississippi and between that and the time the fleet sailed for England, the loss in killed and wounded and by desertion was fully 4,000 men; General Lambert left with between 8,000 and 9,000 men, and this army reached home in time to be sent to Wellington, and they were in the great battle of Waterloo six months later.

General Jackson at home was not allowed much rest. Not content with the various receptions given the hero when he returned, the citizens of Nashville gave him a banquet, which was attended by many of the leading citizens and soldiers of the State. The Governor of the State, the same Governor Blount who had been the firm, loyal friend of the General from the time of the latter refusing to obey his order had come back from the Creek War, presided, and when the dinner was over Governor Blount presented the General one of the trophies so common about this time. Governor Blount, in a letter subsequently written, says:

"Yesterday, at a dinner given by the citizens of this place and vicinity to Major General Andrew Jackson, I had the honor and pleasure to deliver in your name to that distinguished patriot, citizen and hero, the truly elegant sword voted to be presented to him through your excellency. It

was presented in the dining-room in the presence of hundreds of his fellow-citizens, and was received by the General in a manner highly honorable to him and gratifying to those who were present."

Mr. Parton, in one of his spasms of justice to the hero, pays this beautiful and truthful tribute to the great Tennessean when he brings him back home after an almost continuous absence of nearly two years:

"And so we dismiss the hero home to his beloved Hermitage, there to recruit his impaired energies by a brief period of repose. He had been absent from the Hermitage for the space of twenty-one months, with the exception of three weeks between the end of the Creek War and the beginning of the campaign of New Orleans. He needed rest almost as much as he deserved it. He had served his country well. In the way of fighting, nothing better has been done in modern times than the defense of the Gulf Coast by Andrew Jackson and the men he commanded. His conduct of the two campaigns was admirable and noble. It will bear the closest examination, and the better it is understood the more it will be applauded. The success of General Jackson's military career was due to three separate exertions of his will.

"First, his resolve not to give up the Creek War when Governor Blount advised it, when General Coffee was sick, when the troops were flying homeward, when the General was almost alone in the wilderness. Second, in his determination to clear the English out of Pensacola. Third, and greatest of all, his resolution to attack the British wherever and whenever they landed, no matter what the disparity of his forces. It was that resolve that saved New Orleans. And it is to be observed of these measures that they were all irregular, contrary to precedent, 'imprudent' measures, which no council of war ordered; measures which, failing, all the world would have hooted at—which, succeeding, the world can never praise enough."*

* This is a tribute to General Jackson, no matter if Mr. Parton did write it, as sublime as it is truthful.

These three exertions of his will furnish the evidence of generalship that make him the ranking American general; they show what his whole life proved, that in a great emergency he took no counsel and made no failures.

General Jackson spent the summer at home, but was in feeble health. Rest seemed to give the disease a chance to work on his feeble frame. But disease or no disease, broken bones or sound limbs, his life was one of drudgery. No public man kept as well up with his correspondence; it was the rarest exception to fail to answer a letter. In every way he was a man of details, through a long public life, all the time more or less a public servant, with a large discretion, he kept his accounts up and made his own settlements, always as particular in closing up a campaign or service of any kind as if it was the one business of his life. He had been in Tennessee but a short time until his worth in public affairs was discovered. He was taken up as attorney general, as judge, as constitution-maker, as member of the lower House of Congress, as United States Senator. The people seemed to know by intuition his worth, and were inclined to push him—to use him in their public affairs as if he had been assigned for duty. Above all, for many years he was major general of the State militia, and this, the study of military tactics and the organization of a citizen soldiery, was his delight above everything else. Then when he entered the wider services his successes, one after another, in disobeying orders, every act of disobedience being a lesson to the Government, as was always admitted sooner or later, he was taken up as the man of all work.

It is undoubtedly true that the Government gladly laid its hands on him, as the State had done, as if he had been commissioned to attend to its affairs; but this was after he had shown his power in war. So, weak and feeble as he was, after twenty-one months of a campaign starving, fighting, disobeying orders,—a campaign of daring deeds, of



THE OLD CABIN.
HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON PRIOR TO THE ERECTION
OF PRESENT HERMITAGE BUILDING.

suffering, of resourceful energy, of self-reliance, and of victories, whose counterpart has not yet been found, resting four months, he was ordered to Washington for consultation.

Leaving the Hermitage barely able to ride horseback, but riding slowly through Tennessee and Virginia, the people everywhere flocked to see him. At Lynchburg, from the country far and near, the people came. The ex-President of the United States, Mr. Jefferson, though then a very old man, made a long day's journey to meet him. The complimentary toast offered at the banquet by Mr. Jefferson was:

"Honor and gratitude to those who have filled the measure of their country's honor."

Nine more days horseback carried him to Washington, and such a reception was never given any public man at the Capitol. The hero himself was now in Washington. The wonders of his campaign came up afresh—came on the people as if they had not before heard them; the man himself was there—they could hardly believe it. Yes, the man was there who had whipped the nation's enemy—an enemy that, like a great bully not satisfied, had come back to fight it over; an enemy that, like vandals, had burned the Capitol and destroyed the public records; an enemy of trained soldiers that had burned the cities of the North and captured and driven before them the untrained militia from the Potomac to the lakes; an enemy that, fighting under the flag of a nation claiming to be the most civilized in the world, had massacred squads of soldiers when captured, and in the cities when taken, had committed crimes not common among savages. The man was among them that cleared up three years of devastation, of bloodshed, of victory upon victory by the enemy, in one great victory, which had thrilled the nation from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from the lakes to the gulf.

Private dinners, public receptions, and one great public

dinner was given. A writer of the times says, "The stateliness of his bearing and the suavity of his manner, pleased the gentlemen and won the ladies."

But business was in order; the festivities ceased; the President and his Cabinet had a use for the great soldier, the man who could raise and command an army, fight and whip everything in the shape of an enemy that he came to, and at the same time keep his accounts with the Government up, was a treasure. He was the man the Government wanted. By consultation with General Jackson, and on his suggestion, the army was reduced to 10,000 men, with two Major Generals, one stationed at the North and one at the South; General Jackson was given the South and General Jacob Brown the North. The disasters in the North in the war that had just closed was the main reason why the Secretary of War invited General Jackson to Washington for consultation.

The treaties with the Indians in closing up were threatening trouble about the new lines; so as quick as possible Jackson was at New Orleans to go on a commission for settling disputed questions about boundaries, and John Sevier was sent by the President to make surveys.

General Jackson had so impressed the Government with his ability as a man of business and a diplomat, as well as a military commander, that the Government gave him a large discretion as Major General in dealing with the business matters in which the Government was interested.

At New Orleans he held a grand review of the militia on the battle ground, which was witnessed by many thousands. While in New Orleans the gratitude of the people was shown in receptions, dinners and otherwise—in fact, in every way that it could be shown.

When he left New Orleans he visited and held councils with the chiefs of the Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws. The purpose was to have friendly "talks," con-

ferring with them in reference to their interests and relations with the Government, and giving them assurances of the kindly intentions of the Government towards them.

The Chickasaws were claiming a large territory north of the Tennessee River, mainly what is now West Tennessee, about one-third of the State of Tennessee. By a treaty which was satisfactory to the Government he induced them to give up their claim; their right to this territory rose no higher than mere claim, and the settlement simply removed a cloud. The rich country now called West Tennessee was at that time falling under the eye of the emigrant, and afterwards was rapidly settled up. The Chickasaws were also setting up a claim to a part of this land, but for which Jackson had very little respect; however, for the sake of peace and in consideration of the good will to our government which this tribe had shown and to be continued, Jackson agreed to pay them for their claim \$10,000 a year for ten years.

The Cherokees had insisted when Jackson closed up with the Creeks at the end of the Creek War and made the Jackson treaty, that he was taking part of their lands in the Mississippi Territory. Jackson did not believe their claim was well founded to any part of the Creek country, but they now renewed the claim, and Jackson paid them \$10,000 a year for eight years. In all this Jackson displayed his wisdom as well as his generosity and diplomatic sagacity.

This done, General Jackson again returned to Nashville, to be received by his neighbors and friends and citizens generally, all giving him another public reception—not for the trophies of war this time, but what was even dearer—the assurance of peace, what seemed to be and what was permanent peace; not only permanent peace (with all the Southern tribes of Indians, except the runaways who had gone into the swamps of Florida and three years afterwards gave the country some trouble, which trouble, however, the

General settled up without much delay), but a settlement with all the Southern tribes in reference to claims which they were setting up to large sections of land in the State of Tennessee and in the Mississippi Territory. These transactions—settling Indian claims to lands—though mere clouds on the lands which he had got by treaty at the close of the Creek War, were wise, but form only a part of Jackson's Indian policy hereafter to be shown.

These sections of country, particularly the Tennessee section, were in great demand by immigrants—people who had been keeping off because unwilling to go upon lands to which the Indians were setting up any sort of claim.

By General Jackson's wise and pacific policy—by his military successes, first, and then his statesmanship—the long continued savage wars were effectually ended.

His vigorous and unprecedented prosecution of the war against the Creeks, the great ally of the British—the entire policy being his plan without a suggestion from the Federal Government and over the orders of the Governor of the State, who ranked him as a military officer—and then by his diplomacy and knowledge of the Indian character, making every movement as gentle, pacific and merciful as his war measures had been vigorous and relentless, he put an end to Indian hostilities. Ever after this all the Indian tribes in the South were friendly and easily controlled by kindness and justice. The Supreme Court of the United States at once fell into the policy adopted by General Jackson and treated them as wards of the nation, making rules in reference to their lands—lands actually occupied by them—and in taxation, which lawyers everywhere recognize as straining the law in favor of a helpless and dependent people. Up to the time of the settlement of this country and the formation of our Government, savages had been called “infidels” and outlawed by extermination.

The people of Tennessee rightfully regarded General

Jackson's service in securing the confidence of his Government to such an extent that he was given so large a discretion, and his diplomatic wisdom in settling all the questions about land claims as among the wisest of the many wise things he did.

On his return to Nashville, in 1816, after having closed up this delicate business with the Southern Indian tribes, and when the Government had approved all he had done, and preparatory to his reception, the leading paper in Nashville said :

"This great and glorious termination of a business that hung over this section of the Union like a portentous cloud, deserves to be commemorated; and we hope that suitable arrangements will be made by the citizens of Tennessee to receive the General on his return with that *eclat* he so richly merits, and that no time will be lost in returning thanks to the officers of the General Government for their prompt attention to the expressed wishes of the citizens of Tennessee."

At this time, and long after, it was generally said that General Jackson never left home without returning, having done some great service for the nation or the State worthy of additional public honors; indeed, General Jackson had now reached the point where great actors on the theater of public life become dangerous—dangerous when their ambition outruns their patriotism. If Tennessee had been a political entity without any Federal relations, Jackson without an army could have been made dictator.

At this time Parton says of him :

"It is not possible to overstate his popularity in his own State. He was its pride, toast, and glory. Tennesseans felt a personal interest in his honor and success. His old enemies either sought reconciliation with him or kept their

enmity to themselves. His rank in the army, too, gave him unequaled social eminence, and to add to the other felicities of his lot his fortune now rapidly increased, as the entire income of his estate could be added to his capital, the pay of a major general being sufficient for the support of his family. He was forty-nine years old in 1816. He had riches, rank, power, renown, and all in full measure. Our old friend, 'Andy,' of a previous page has prospered in the world. What will he do in his altered circumstances?"

The pregnant inquiry, "What will he do in his altered circumstances," after the compliment to his great popularity, was only a suggestive notice that there will be an after part.

Such a prodigious outburst of great deeds and good things for Jackson, as is here given by Parton, seems from start to finish to be upon the principle that a fall, to be serious and hurtful, must be from a great elevation. This eulogy on General Jackson's popularity, riches, rank, power, and renown, a superabundance of good things, to those who are familiar with the book, is a sure guarantee that a postscript is held in reserve to be used as a counter irritant, and to show what a resourceful doctor the author is. The reserve force in this instance was an attack on Jackson for a correspondence between him and Gen. Winfield Scott, and in which the author intensifies and makes clear his malice by interlarding some condiments along with a most offensive dish. The dish and the condiments are found in the following characteristic paragraphs:

"His patriotism was real, but his personality was powerful, and the two were so intermingled with and lost in one another that he honestly regarded the man who opposed him as an enemy to virtue and to his country. Conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, having at heart the honor and interest of the United States, and unable to see two sides to any question, he could attribute a difference of opinion

only to moral obliquity, mental incapacity, ambition, or spite.

"The reader must allow for this, must try and forgive it; must take into consideration the peculiar race whence this man sprung; his singular career hitherto, and the frightful adulation of which he was the ceaseless victim. There are millions of men now living who are as little able to tolerate an opinion different from their own, as little able to bear censure, as General Jackson ever was. But many of us conceal this weakness of ours both from ourselves and from others. We do not fly into a passion when censured, and indite vituperative letters, because there are certain artificial restraints to which we are subject, but which were not known to this frontier General. Nor have many of us to endure the calamity of being the pride and favorite of a nation, surrounded by flatterers, cheered by crowds, presented with swords by legislatures, with medals by Congress, with silverware by ladies; sought by politicians, counseled with by Presidents and deferred to by Cabinets. Yet how many of us find it easy to respect the understanding that differs from us, or the motives that condemn us?"

This is an insidious libel—a libel in the strict legal sense, for which Parton would have been liable in damages to General Jackson's relatives. To say of a man who had been President of the United States, elected and re-elected, and whose name and influence made two other men President, and whose public life in its devotion to the principles on which the Government is founded had made him the very corner-stone of a great national party, "that he honestly regarded any man who opposed him as an enemy to virtue and to his country," is a libel, and to say he was honest in it was only a mean way of denying it.

Scattered all through the book are these libels as a means of degrading him by the vile and libelous charge of extreme ignorance—"so ignorant," as he says in another place, "that of all human beings he was the least fit to be President of the United States."

Then what is to be thought of him who writes the biography of a man more beloved for his deeds of heroism and exalted integrity and manly virtues than perhaps any other American, who can say "he was unable to see two sides of any question, he could attribute a difference of opinion only to moral obliquity, mental incapacity, ambition, or spite."

Nothing could more conclusively show the malicious purpose of beclouding the name of him whose biography the author was writing than the facts as a pretext for this one of the many literary diabolisms that run through the book.

The facts are these: One Major Long, an engineer, was dispatched by General Jackson, then a major general, to make a topographical survey of a part of the Mississippi River, a service admitted to be within the jurisdiction of the major general of the Southern division.

While General Jackson was awaiting a report, he saw in the newspapers that Major Long, under an order of the Secretary of War, was surveying the New York Harbor, and his report made to the Secretary of War was published in the newspapers without being transmitted through the General who had ordered the survey.

Jackson thereupon wrote the President, remonstrating against this irregularity.

Waiting forty-nine days and getting no answer—much more than the time needed for getting a reply—Jackson being then at Nashville, he, through his Adjutant General, issued the following order:

"DIVISION ORDER, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH,
"NASHVILLE, April 22, 1817.

"The Commanding General considers it due to the principles of subordination which ought and must exist in an army, to prohibit the obedience of any order emanating from the Department of War to officers of this division who have been reported and assigned to duty, unless coming

through him as the proper organ of communication. The object of this order is to prevent the recurrence of a circumstance which removed an important officer from the division without the knowledge of the Commanding General, and, indeed, when he supposed that officer engaged in his official duties, and anticipated hourly the receipt of his official reports on a subject of grave importance to his command; also to prevent the topographical reports from being made public through the medium of the newspapers, as was done in the case alluded to, thereby enabling the army to obtain the benefit of our topographical researches as soon as the General Commanding, who is responsible for the division.

"Superior officers having commands assigned them are held responsible to the Government for the character and conduct of that command, and it might as well be justified in an officer senior in command to give orders to a guard on duty, without passing that order through the officer of that guard, as that the Department of War should countermand the arrangements of commanding generals without giving their orders through the proper channel.

"To acquiesce in such a course would be a tame surrender of military rights and etiquette, and at once subvert the established principles of subordination and good order. Obedience to the lawful commands of superior officers is constitutionally and morally required; but there is a chain of communication that binds the military compact which, if broken, opens the door to disobedience and disrespect and gives loose to the turbulent spirits who are ever ready to excite a mutiny. All physicians able to perform duty who are absent on furlough will forthwith repair to their respective posts. Commanding officers of regiments and corps are ordered to report specially all officers absent from duty on the 30th of June next, and their cause of absence.

"The army is too small to tolerate idlers, and they will be dismissed from the service.

"By order of

"MAJOR GENERAL JACKSON,

"ROBERT BUTLER, *Adjutant General.*"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONTINUATION OF THE AFFAIR WITH GENERAL SCOTT —
JACKSON NOTIFIES SCOTT THAT HE IS READY TO RECEIVE
ANY COMMUNICATION SENT.

A CLEAR statement of the facts, in addition to what was said in the last chapter explanatory of Parton's vituperation of Jackson in defense of General Scott, in the controversy growing out of General Jackson's order already published in Chapter XXXI, seems to be necessary here; for, indeed, Jackson in all his after life was wantonly assailed by his enemies about it, especially by army officers, who never found out that his military genius and unexampled victories over the country's enemies at all justified the making a major general out of a backwoodsman. A fair and full statement of the basis on which Parton rests his attack on Jackson and his defense of General Scott will do two things: It will serve to show the animus with which he wrote the "Life of General Jackson," and will put in an enduring form a complete answer to long continued assailments of the great soldier's character, made with no concern about true history, so it answers a purpose.

As shown in the last preceding chapter, an order from the President of the United States removed an engineer under General Jackson from the work to which he was assigned, without the order passing through the hands of his superior officer. Against this irregularity General Jackson remonstrated in a letter directly to the President. Waiting much longer than it required to get a reply, and hearing nothing, the General issued a general order, published in the last preceding chapter, which attracted great

attention, as it in terms forbade subordinates under him obeying orders which did not pass through his hands. This order was neither approved nor disapproved, but remained without notice until in August the President made an order on General Ripley, an officer under General Jackson. General Jackson promptly ordered General Ripley to disobey the order from the President, which he did, and at once assumed the responsibility of this disobedience, and wrote the President on the 12th of August, commending the disobedience of General Ripley and justifying his own conduct. He said to the President:

"In the view I took on this subject on the 4th of March, I had flattered myself you would coincide, and had hoped to receive your answer before a recurrence of a similar infringement of military rule rendered it necessary for me to call your attention thereto. None are infallible in their opinions, but it is nevertheless necessary that all should act agreeably to their convictions of right. My convictions in favor of the course I have pursued are strong, and, should it become necessary, I will willingly meet a fair investigation before a military tribunal. The good of the service and the dignity of the commission I hold, alone actuate me. My wishes for retirement have already been known to you, but, under existing circumstances, my duty to the officers of my division forbids it until this subject is fairly understood."

Shortly after the retirement of the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun taking his place, the sharp issue was brought to a head by the new Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, making the following order:

"On ordinary occasions orders from that department would issue only to the commanding generals of the divisions, and in cases where the service required a different course the general-in-chief would be notified of the order with as little delay as possible."

In addition, Mr. Calhoun wrote General Jackson a private letter, fully commending his course. This letter was the foundation of a close, warm friendship between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun until the rupture, in 1831, which led to breaking up the cabinet. The immediate cause of the rupture with General Scott came about as follows:

On the 3d of September, 1817, General Jackson received an anonymous letter, dated August 14, 1817, as follows:

"Your late order has been the subject of much private, and some public remark. The war office gentry and their adherents, pensioners and expectants, have all been busy, but no one (of sufficient mark for your notice) more than Major General Scott, who, I am creditably informed, goes so far as to call the order in question an act of mutiny. In this district he is the organ of government insinuations and the supposed author of the paper enclosed, which, however (the better to cover him), was not published until he had left this city for the lakes. Be on your guard. As they have placed spies upon Brown here, so it is probable that you are not without them. The Eastern Federalists have now all become good Republicans, and pledged to the support of the President, as he to them. Government can now do well without the aid of Tennessee, etc. 'A word to the wise is enough.' "

There was enclosed in this letter an offensive article from the *New York Columbian*, asserting that the celebrated order of the 22d of April was an insult to the Government.

At this time General Jackson had no personal acquaintance with, and had never seen General Scott, but at once wrote him the following note:

"HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH,
NASHVILLE, September 8, 1817.

"Sir: With that candor due the character you have sustained as a soldier and a man of honor, and with the frankness of the latter, I address you:

"Enclosed is a copy of an anonymous letter, postmarked 'New York, 14th August, 1817,' together with a publication taken from the *Columbian*, which accompanied the letter. I have not permitted myself for a moment to believe that the conduct ascribed to you is correct. Candor, however, induces me to lay them before you, that you may have it in your power to say how far they be correctly stated. If my order has been the subject of your animadversion, it is believed you will at once admit it and the extent to which you may have gone.

"I am, sir, respectfully, your most obedient servant,
"ANDREW JACKSON.

"*Gen. W. Scott, U. S. Army.*"

General Scott answered this letter, and said he had expressed the opinion, and still held the opinion, that the order in question was of a mutinous tendency. "Conversing," said General Scott, "with some two or three private gentlemen, about as many times, on the subject of the division order, dated at Nashville, April 22, 1817, it is true that I gave it as my opinion that the paper was, as it respected the future, mutinous in its character and tendency, and, as it respected the past, a reprimand of the Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States; for although the latter be not expressly named, it is a principle well understood that the War Department, without at least his supposed sanction, could never give a valid command to an ensign."

He further said, continuing his letter, the whole being bombastic and full of advice to General Jackson, his superior officer: "I have nothing to fear or hope from either party. It is not likely that the Executive will be offended at the opinion that it has committed an irregularity in the transmissions of one of its orders; and as to yourself, although I cheerfully admit that you are my superior, I deny that you are my commanding officer, within the meaning of the sixth article of the Rules and Articles of War.

Even if I had belonged to your division, I should not hesitate to repeat to you all that I have said, at any time, on your subject, if a proper occasion offered. And what is more, I should expect your approbation, as, in my humble judgment, refutation is impossible."

To this letter General Jackson made a lengthy reply. It was this letter, as well as the general order, that drew forth the severe castigation of Parton, the biographer, who says:

"To this moderate, proper, and gentlemanly letter of General Scott, General Jackson sent a reply of so incredible a character that when it was paraded in the campaign of 1824 many pronounced it a forgery, a weak invention of the enemy to influence votes. But no, it was really written and dispatched by General Jackson, and what is more, he thought so well of the performance as to furnish a copy for publication, and that, too, at a time when no one called for it and few knew of its existence."

Parton continues: "There is no justifying General Jackson's conduct to General Scott in this correspondence; it was ridiculous. It exhibits the worst weakness of his character in a striking light."

Before reading this letter of General Jackson's, let it be remembered, not as Parton puts it, that he could not, on account of mental obliquity, see two sides of a question; he could only attribute a difference of opinion to mental incapacity, ambition or spite, but on the contrary, let it be remembered that General Jackson in the anonymous letter, and in the admission of General Scott, had the proof that he — General Scott — speaking of a superior officer, as he admits General Jackson to be, he being a brevet major general, not only used offensive and approbrious language about him, but was, in open, blatant conversation, accusing his superior officer of mutiny, and at the head of an army clique had set spies on General Brown, the other major general, and had the information that General Scott, at the

head of this clique, was guilty of insubordination of the most grievous character, stirring up the "war office gentry and their adherents, pensioners and expectants," to a busy attack on him.

Let it be further understood that General Jackson well knew that in the estimation of this crowd of war-office gentry his appointment of Major General was a never-ending offense, and that his great service in saving the country from deep humiliation was an aggravation of the offense of being Major General, rather than a virtue.

Under the existing facts the letter was thoroughly Jacksonian, and I here give parts of it as follows :

"HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH,

"NASHVILLE, December 3, 1817.

"*Sir*: I have been absent from this place for a considerable time, rendering the last friendly office I could to a particular friend, whose eyes I closed on the 20th ultimo. Owing to this your letter of the 14th of October was not received until the 1st instant.

"Upon receipt of the anonymous letter mailed from New York I hastened to lay it before you. That course was suggested to me by the respect I had for you as a man and a soldier, and that you might have it in your power to answer how far you had been guilty of so base and inexcusable conduct. Independent of the services you have rendered your country, the circumstances of you wearing the badge and insignia of a soldier led me to the conclusion that I was addressing a gentleman. With these feelings you were written to; and had an idea been for a moment entertained that you could have descended from the high and dignified character of a Major General of the United States, and used language so approbrious and insolent as you have done, rest assured I should have viewed you as rather too contemptible to have held any converse with you on the subject. If you have lived in the world thus long in entire ignorance of the obligations and duties which honor impose, you are indeed past the time of learning, and surely

he must be ignorant who seems so little under their influence.

"Pray, sir, does your recollection serve in what school of philosophy you were taught, that, to a letter inquiring into the nature of a supposed injury, and clothed in language decorous and unquestionable, an answer should be given couched in insolence and bullying expression? I had hoped that what was charged upon you by my anonymous correspondent was unfounded. I had hoped so from a belief that General Scott was a soldier and a gentleman. But when I see those statements doubly confirmed by his own words, it becomes a matter of inquiry, how far a man of honorable feelings can reconcile them to himself, or longer set up a claim to that character.

"In terms, polite as I was capable of writing, I asked you if my informant had stated truly? If you were the author of the publication and remarks charged against you, and to what extent? A reference to your letter, without any comment of mine, will inform how far you have pursued a similar course; how little of the gentleman and how much of the hectoring bully you have manifested. If nothing else would, the epaulets which grace your shoulders should have dictated to you a different course, and have admonished you that, however small may have been your respect for another, respect for yourself should have taught you the necessity of replying, at least mildly, to the inquiries I suggested; and more especially should you have done this, when your own convictions must have fixed you as guilty of the abominable crime of detraction, of slander, and behind his back, a brother officer. But not content with answering to what was proposed, your overweening vanity has led you to make an offering of your advice. Believe me, sir, it is not in my power to render you my thanks. I think too highly of myself to suppose that I stand at all in need of your admonitions, and too lightly of you to appreciate them as useful.

"I shall not stoop, sir, to a justification of my order before you, or to notice the weakness and absurdities of your tinsel rhetoric. It may be quite conclusive with yourself, and I have no disposition to attempt convincing you that your ingenuity is not as profound as you have imag-

ined it. To my Government, whenever it may please, I hold myself liable to answer, and to produce the reasons which prompted me to the course I took; and to the intermeddling pimps and spies of the War Department, who are in the garb of gentlemen, I hold myself responsible for any grievance they may labor under on my account, with which you have my permission to number yourself. For what I have said I offer no apology. You have deserved it all and more, were it necessary to say more. I will barely remark, in conclusion, that if you feel yourself aggrieved at what is here said, any communication from you will reach me safely at this place.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

"Brevet Major General W. Scott, U. S. A., New York."

This chapter in American history is made the occasion by Parton of repeating over and over the justice and fairness of General Scott's conduct, and General Jackson is held up to the readers of the only biography ever written with defamation as a leading purpose. In the face of these facts, Parton says General Scott's reply to General Jackson's first letter asking for information as to the anonymous letter was "everything it should have been. It was candid, courteous, explicit." And he introduces his chapter of censure by heading it:

"HOSTILE CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT."

And opens it by an incidental reference to a correspondence with President Monroe by saying: "General Jackson had scarcely dispatched the last of his lofty dispassionate epistles to Mr. Monroe before he was involved in a correspondence that was neither lofty nor dispassionate. It was as though he had said to himself, 'These fine letters that I have been writing may lead these Washington gentlemen into the opinion that I am a mild philosopher in epaulets. I must now do something to correct that absurd impression,

or, it was as though looking into the future, he had been seized with sudden compassion for the readers of his biography, and said :

“After the Monroe correspondence they shall have something more spirited and Jacksonian.”

I have taken some pains to put in shape and make easy of comprehension the entire affair with General Scott, and also to extract from Parton some portions of his diatribe against General Jackson, and for two purposes—to show the evil-mindedness of Parton in writing a life of Jackson, one object of which was to befoul and defame the character of a man long since dead ; and the other, to give by one single illustration, elements in the great man’s make-up which truly show his real character.

In all the researches I have made, nothing strikes me with more force in the one great purpose I have of giving to the world the true character of a man whose glorious triumphs in both civil and military life will, I trust, outlive the defamation of his evil-minded biographer. No language suited to go in a book, can be used here to properly characterize one, deeply prejudiced against a man who has performed public service, who constitutes himself a biographer of such public servant, after his death, for the double purpose of making money, and at the same time of inflicting a lasting injury on his reputation. It is probable that no other American writer of sufficient ability to attract attention could have been found with such debased literary propensities.

The defiant recklessness of Parton to defame Jackson is absolutely without the semblance of an excuse. The vile attack on Jackson about the general order made by him that his subordinates should obey no order that did not pass through his department, was so eminently and notoriously sound that, the veriest tyro in the army, having his attention called to it, would approve it, and it was the making of this order that became a license for General Scott to put himself

at the head of the "war office gentry and their adherents, pensioners and expectants"—to pour out a flood of abuse on the man from the backwoods who had dared accept a commission of major general, ranking the men who had long worn uniform and had certificates that they had read books on military service.

And Parton wrote this libel with a full knowledge that Mr. Calhoun, as Secretary of War, of course with the approval of the President, had sustained General Jackson by making a general order in the War Department fully approving the principle of Jackson's general order, and with a full knowledge that Mr. Calhoun was so impressed with General Jackson's noble courage in making the order that he was not content with an official act approving it, but emphasized his appreciation of it by writing a private letter—a letter of commendation for his courage in the discharge of duty.

He also knew that, while the President had shown his confidence in General Jackson by inviting his counsel in the most delicate matters the Government had to deal with, this confidence and esteem were greatly enhanced by Jackson's fearless discharge of duty in this affair, and that ever after General Jackson was the one man he could rely on in any department of the Government, civil or military, that when, soon after, he wanted the Seminole murderers in the swamps of Florida suppressed, he sent General Jackson to do it. And when he wanted a Governor for Florida after the purchase, there was none so fitted for it as Jackson; and when the Administration was divided on Jackson's policy in the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, the President was his fast friend.

But the letter of the 3d of September, 1817, in reply to General Scott's letter of October 4th, opens the door for Mr. Parton's liveliest exploits in defaming the man whose biography he was writing, with malice aforethought.

The life of Jackson would not be complete without this letter. It is thoroughly Jacksonian, as much so as disobeying the order of the Secretary of War and bringing his army back to Tennessee from Natchez; as much so as disobeying the order of the Governor to return to Tennessee from the Creek Nation to defend the frontiers; as much so as taking all the responsibility on himself, when the Government refused to give him orders to go into friendly territory and depose the Spanish Governor and destroy the forts occupied by the British; as much so as fighting the battles of New Orleans; as much so as imprisoning Hall. These were all Jacksonian, but not more so than this letter.

No other general could probably have written the letter. In fact, no other man approaches him in the daring with which he did things, and no other man approaches him in his successes. It is this that is turning the public mind to a "Jacksonian period," as distinguished from the public service of all other men. The intimation of Parton that this letter was written because "he regarded every man who opposed him as an enemy to virtue and his country," is vile and malicious defamation.

Jackson knew men — he could weigh and measure men as no other man could. The proof he had that General Scott was at the head of the war-office gentry—who were busy in assailing him — and charging that his conduct was mutinous, and this on the streets and in public, while they were both officers in the United States Army, and Jackson his superior; and when, if he succeeded in his purpose, he, Scott, would probably be on the court-martial to try him, some officers might have passed over, but not Jackson. With him the order was absolutely right, and General Scott knew it when he was preaching mutiny to the populace, and he knew it was to inflame the public and to move up the war-office gentry and to get clear of a backwoods major general.

He knew all this when he wrote the letter, and, as he says, General Scott deserved it all and more.

There is something peculiarly grievous to the friends and admirers of a man who did as much for his country as Jackson did, in finding that a biographer all through the book had scattered the seeds of a poison that has more or less inoculated the reading people in all countries — inoculated superficial readers, men in high places, until such a man as Bishop Potter, in a sermon, berated the Democratic party for its descent from “Jeffersonian simplicity to Jacksonian vulgarity.” And actually supposed he was saying a thing that had some truth in it. This was a distinguished bishop, who was simply trying his hand on a euphonious expression which he thought Parton’s book authorized.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JACKSON'S CRITICS IN IGNORANCE OF HIS REAL CHARACTER — BISHOP POTTER'S FAMED "JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY TO JACKSONIAN VULGARITY"— OTHER DISTINGUISHED WRITERS — JACKSON WROTE HIS OWN STATE PAPERS PROVED.

MORE than at any time since I commenced the investigation of the life and character of Andrew Jackson, do I realize the need of a true and truthful book which may, to some extent, counteract the influence of Parton's "Life." This book has not only given men like Bishop Potter, whose domain is among the spirits and with whom the euphony of speech, with the grace of manner, is the highest excellence, an opportunity for a contemptuous utterance about the man who saved the country from deepest humiliation; but the book is the text which biographers, like Schurz in his "Life of Clay," and Lodge in his "Life of Webster," use in defaming the great Southern soldier and statesman.

If Bishop Potter had desired to delineate character, true character, of men who had reached high places, instead of a display of rhetoric, he should have looked beyond Parton, whose utterances are discredited by the prejudice shown all through the book. If he had, he would have found a man whose lifetime friends say he never told a vulgar anecdote; whose words, though sometimes severe, were always chaste; a man with a warm and generous heart, who loved little children and hated hypocrites; a man of devout and humble spirit, who in his inner nature was a much more sincere

worshiper at the feet of the Master than careless critics admit, and who through his whole life, in his admirable letters to dear friends, almost invariably closed them with a prayer and a reliance on our "merciful Heavenly Father." He would have found a man who not only with his strong right arm in the presence of his enemies ran the flag of his country higher than any other man before or since, but as defender of the helpless and with but one earthly idol — woman — was supreme among men; and then the gifted Bishop might have gone farther and found that the man who knew him best — Judge McNairy — who brought him to Tennessee, who roomed with him at Salisbury, North Carolina, and roomed with him at Nashville, and who traveled with him from court to court, one judge and the other attorney general, said of him, that with women he was the most exemplary man he had ever known. One thing is true, that if he had stopped to think for one moment he would have known that such a husband as Jackson was, with such a wife as he had, could never be a vulgar man.

The rhetorical slang of Bishop Potter, as shown in the next preceding chapter, "From Jeffersonian simplicity to Jacksonian vulgarity," was doubtless nothing more than a pulpit blast at Democracy as he sees it — a gilded expression at the sacrifice of truth.

The other two writers, Mr. Schurz and Mr. Lodge, cannot be let off so lightly. For these two biographers, familiar as they were with well-established facts, the testimony of witnesses who have lived in their time, and the public records with which they are both familiar, to accept Parton's splenetic diatribes about Jackson's ignorance and unfitness for places of public trust, and become the retailers of his defamation, can only be accounted for on one of two theories — a ready acceptance without investigation of a suspicious author's sayings, or a willingness to perpetuate the sectional unkindness so long felt in New England, especially

among the war-office gentry, against Jackson for being a Major General in the United States Army.

In following Parton, and assuming that General Jackson was ignorant, perverse and impracticable, certain implications must be carried along, utterly inconsistent with another trait conceded by both friend and foe — that he was self-willed in a high degree, and his enemies say absolutely uncontrollable.

In the first place, to degrade this great soldier and refuse him the conspicuous place in history to which his services entitle him, is unjust, because it must be assumed that in a life of long continued public service as a soldier, ever busy in making orders to be read to his army and in reports to his Government, and in contentions with men at the head, giving out over his signature official and semi-official documents, he did more writing than any general the country has had. Indeed, it is probable no general in any country in the same time was so frequently before the public in an official way as he. By his voluminous writings let him be tried like other men.

As a civilian, holding places of public trust, in making a State government, and in administering the government whose honor he had upheld as no other man had, he was for eight years a voluminous writer. His state papers are exhaustive and embrace a discussion of all the great questions that agitated the public mind through a period when great questions were being handled by intellectual giants, and the notable fact is that whatever his enemies say about him through all that period known as the "Jacksonian period," no one of them ever claimed that he was a weak man. On the contrary, he was the head and front, the body and the brains, and the acknowledged leader in and originator of issues which brought to the front against him these forces combined, whose talent as orators, constitutional lawyers and statesmen, enabled them to mark the pages of

history as never before or since, and through it all this combined talent was fighting one man—Andrew Jackson. The judgment has long since been entered in his favor in the great issues of that “Jacksonian period” in the public mind.

The issues made by Parton, and accepted by writers who have the confidence and respect of the public like Schurz and Lodge, is that this man was ignorant—extremely ignorant—and did not write or dictate the official papers to which his name is signed, and which have attracted world-wide attention. Now, I submit if this is fair—dealing with the reputation of one who did so much for his country and displayed such power when living.

The proof that his state papers were written by others is found in the suggestive negative, several times repeated by Parton, that VanBuren and Livingston never admitted that they wrote his state papers. The innuendo of this libel is that in declining to acknowledge it, they admitted it. A more insidious and malicious stab at character has not been made. That Jackson wrote or dictated all his great papers, with a sentence now and then polished by a friend whose touch was more graceful, is proved by Colonel Benton, who had better advantages to know, both in the army and in the Cabinet, than any other contemporary.

Colonel Benton was an officer under him in the army, served with him in the United States Senate, and was in the Senate, and Jackson’s closest and most confidential friend during the entire eight years when he was President.

There are three papers that are not left in doubt as to the authorship, and they are among the ablest papers to which General Jackson’s signature is attached. One is a celebrated paper which Jackson prepared to read to his Cabinet on removing the deposits from the United States Bank. This paper was the subject of a distinguished controversy in the United States Senate, by which Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Webster sought to impeach General Jackson; it was

the memorandum prepared by General Jackson for his Cabinet, giving his view of the law and his reasons for removing the deposits from the Bank of the United States. Mr. Clay offered a resolution in the Senate to have General Jackson furnish a copy of this paper. Jackson's reply overwhelmed the Senate, in which he showed that the Senate had nothing to do with the paper — that it was his memorandum, prepared by him, given to the Cabinet, why and upon what ground he proposed to remove the deposits, and Mr. Clay came nearer making himself ridiculous by offering this resolution than perhaps by anything he did in his whole life. I now refer to this paper alone for the purpose of meeting the charge that General Jackson did not write his state papers, and that he was incompetent to write. This paper will be published in full when I reach that point in the history of that bank question, and it is generally conceded to be equal, if not superior, to the great state papers to which General Jackson's name is attached.

I say it is generally conceded; the truth is, General Jackson treated it in the controversy that came in Congress about it as a mere memorandum written by him for his Cabinet, and this is what put Mr. Clay in the predicament he was, for this was manifestly true as Jackson put it — it was a memorandum which he wrote to be used in what he had to say to his Cabinet about the question he had to deal with, and the whole history of it, and Jackson's treatment of it, and his triumphant victory over Mr. Clay, and because it was his own memorandum, which impress it as his paper, and not the paper of a member of his Cabinet, nor his Secretary.

There is another paper which comes aptly, and conclusively settles that General Jackson was capable of writing whatever he wanted to write, and in a style not inferior to the best. I refer now to his South Carolina Proclamation. This celebrated paper was written by himself, as is shown

by both Mr. Benton and William B. Lewis. They both testified that they were present, and saw him when he was writing this paper and throwing off the leaves so rapidly that they were scattered over the table that they might dry before put up. This celebrated paper, according to the testimony of Mr. William B. Lewis, as well as Mr. Benton, was submitted to the Secretary of State, Mr. Livingston, who took it and made corrections in it, and when it was brought back to General Jackson, the General positively refused to submit to any corrections being made in the paper. It was his paper, he said, and it must go as he had written it. These two papers are among the very best of all his papers, and they furnish sufficient evidence of his power and capacity to write — or, rather, evidence is furnished that they were both written by Jackson himself. These two papers, with the paper that he wrote to the Governor of the State of Tennessee when he was out in the wilderness, and which has already been published in this book, taken together, if they are his papers, settle forever his ability to write his state papers; and that the attempt to destroy him by his enemies and to show him incapable of writing anything is groundless.

It may not be improper to emphasize what has heretofore been said, that in the opinion of the author the letter to the Governor written in the wilderness had more to do with making history and removing a cloud that was on the people of this country than any one paper that is to be found in our history; in other words, this paper made a new map — a map altogether different from what would have been made in our political history if it had not been written.

In addition, such a voluminous writer was he that in all parts of the country, preserved and kept as relics by the descendants of public men and close personal friends, may be found in his letters — all in the same bold, strong, Jackson hand, a handwriting no more to be mistaken than his picture.

These letters cover and include a discussion of all the public questions of the day, and, as well, business matters, the ties and obligations of friendship, the education of training children, the sorrows and afflictions that come to the home, letters written to public men, to private citizens, to women and children. General Jackson was not a scholarly man. When or how he acquired a reasonably good education no one seems to know.

The facts about his boyhood life which are known are, that he was born after his father died; his mother died in a hospital nursing sick soldiers when he was a mere boy; an older brother was killed in battle, and he and a brother older than he were put in jail by the British. Both took the small-pox. The brother died, while he lingered for many weeks, so that what education he got when young was picked up. I am sure if such men as Schurz and Lodge, freed from prejudice, had looked beyond Parton and found that with his rise from obscurity to the exalted place he reached he had cultivated his mind and gathered information until wisdom in its broadest sense controlled every act of his life, the untruthful criticism would have found no place in their writings. Indeed, it seems to me that, discarding all sectional prejudice and all jealousy between the victory of science and the victory of battle, they, even they, both having reached great distinction by advantages in early life which but few men have had, might have palliated the mistakes of a man whose birth was a tragedy, and that such a tragedy in childhood might have touched a tender chord in the heart of a German philosopher or a New England statesman.

But going further, and seeing that this fatherless boy, when his country was in direst straits, its armies beaten on every field by the trained soldiers of the most warlike people in the world, and with the whole press of England denouncing us as cowards ready to declare war, but too cowardly to fight, drew his sword, called his neighbors together, they

from the backwoods, bringing their squirrel guns, and gave the word of command, "Follow me," and sent the leaders of the invading hosts back home in coffins, sending what was left of the army back with orders never to cross the Atlantic Ocean again with guns in their hands, which order they have respected, it seems to me that men like Schurz and Lodge might have had a kind word to say about the Irish boy, even if he did misspell words. They might have had a pleasant word about a man who did so much without education. They might at least have said, What would he have done if he had had friends to educate him? They might have expressed gratitude for the punishment he inflicted on an enemy who had shown such heartless cruelty in their victories over the armies of the North. They might have thanked him for bringing back the flag the British took away from the Capitol.

There is another view that Bishop Potter, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Lodge might have taken. There is no dispute about the accomplishments of General Jackson in social life. It was not only the French lady of high rank who approached the backwoods President at the White House with trepidation, and left it in ecstasies at meeting the most courtly man she had ever seen. It was not only the accomplished Mrs. Livingston who said to lady friends when her husband sent her word that General Jackson, who had just arrived in the city, would take dinner, "What in the world shall we do with that backwoods general?" and when he left said to them he was certainly the most graceful and agreeable man she had ever seen. But of all the public men Tennessee ever gave to the public service, Andrew Jackson was at all times and everywhere recognized as the most graceful man in society. Can such a man be dethroned, after having fought his way to the top, by careless or unfriendly writers? Can such a man be very ignorant?

There is another view that might have been taken. Not-

withstanding Parton's libelous book, Jackson is one of three men whose fame grows apace with time. Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln are probably the only names that will go down through the ages growing as they go. More localities have been named for Jackson than any man born in America, except Washington.

The map of the United States shows the popularity of our public men among the masses, more satisfactorily, perhaps, than by any other means.

The name of Washington appears on localities 198 times. The name of Jackson appears 191 times, besides about forty places in the United States named "Hickory." Franklin has 136, Jefferson 110, Monroe 91, Madison 76, Adams 64, Clay 42, Lafayette 34, Calhoun 16, and Webster 14. This is the great popular favorite that Mr. Parton and men who carelessly follow him are writing down by saying he cannot spell.

When this work is completed, I shall feel it to be necessary, in vindication of General Jackson's reputation, to have lithographed and put into the book several of his letters, so that people who read may determine for themselves whether Jackson was the ignorant man that Parton makes him.

I have before me now an interesting original letter of about five hundred words, written to a special friend, and I make this quotation from it:

"If I knew where to address William Crawford, I would write him on the subject of Griffin's debt, and that of his own. Half the debt being relinquished, William ought to pay the balance. I am happy to find you have determined to call the attention of the teacher of Andrew to the subject of his writing. Our modern mode of teaching is all wrong. Formerly the child was taught to spell and read well; then was taught arithmetic and to write well. These points gained, the grammar and geography might be commenced

with advantage, and not before. Writing is mechanical, and, unless attended to when young, never can be obtained afterward; therefore, as it is, few of our modern scholars write good hands.

"In addition, whilst the child is learning the art of writing well and arithmetic, his mind is expanding and preparing for the sciences and languages. I beg you, therefore, to say to the teacher to make him spend every day at least one hour in writing. I shall write Andrew soon."

This entire letter of five hundred words has two misspelled words in it; the punctuation is remarkably good for the time, and for a man like Jackson, that had scarcely any advantage of education. I have in my possession nearly one hundred of his original letters, and, take him all in all, he is in every respect the most satisfactory and interesting letter-writer of all our public men, so far as I have had any observation.

As has often been said in these papers, he was a voluminous writer. He evidently wrote rapidly. The letters are plain and distinct, and for the purpose of meeting just what was said about his ignorance, I have examined his original letters from the time he came to Tennessee, or at least one year afterward, 1789, down to the year of his death, and there is one most interesting feature connected with his chirography.

His want of education is manifest in his early letters. The strong mind, the capacity to think, is found in his letters of an earlier date, but he manifestly lacked words, and was in other respects greatly deficient in writing. His letters from that time to the time of his death show a continual growth, and he reached a point where his thoughts ran ahead of his pen, though he was a rapid writer, and there was no lack of words to express his language.

More clubs, political and social, commemorate Jackson's

services by taking his name than commemorate all the others combined. Not a year passes that Jackson clubs are not formed, and it looks as if every city in the Union will have a Jackson club. More than Jefferson or any other man, he is the founder of the living principles of one of the great parties. Whether right or wrong, while all other men slept, he saw the cloud rising, not bigger than a man's hand — the danger of money combines. The fight of his life, one that separated him from friends more than all others, was made to dissipate and scatter the forces of Federal combines, realizing in its incipency what the entire country now accepts as sound, for in condemning trusts as dangerous both the great parties recognize his wisdom.

The publication of General Jackson's correspondence — public and private letters — if it were possible, I am sure, would produce in the public mind a sensation as strange and pleasing as the sunlight that drives away the mist of the morning. It has taken several centuries to put England's greatest soldier, Cromwell, before the world as he was. This need not be with America's greatest soldier. The wrongs done him by deeply prejudiced biographers, and those who carelessly accept error for truth, are palpable, and the proof is at hand and in many forms.

What the country would like to know about the man who, with raw troops, gained a great victory over an army made up of Wellington's best soldiers, and then in civil life led the way and put on the pages of American history the "Jacksonian period," standing out in full view, as immovable as a rock-ribbed island in the sea, is, what was he as a man, a citizen, a neighbor, a husband? What of him in his private relations? What of his obligations to his fellow men? What of his education, his social life, his religion? On these subjects nothing would throw so much light as his correspondence. If his letters could be gathered up by the thousand, they would be a revelation.

Here is a characteristic letter, an original letter, now before me, written to a young girl, the daughter of his dear friend, General Coffee, written when he was President and at the time when public affairs were pressing him greatly.

“RIP RAPS, August 15, 1833.

“*My Dear Mary:* Having returned to this spot for the benefit of my health by sea bathing, and to get free from that continued bustle with which I am always surrounded in Washington and elsewhere, unless when I shut myself up on these rocks. I did not receive your kind and affectionate letter until day before yesterday, rehearsing to me the melancholy bereavement which you have sustained in the loss of your dear father.

“I had received this melancholy and distressing intelligence by sundry letters from his friends who surrounded him in his last moments.

“It is true, my dear Mary, that you have lost an affectionate and tender father, and I a sincere friend. When I shook him by the hand in Washington, I did not then think it was the last adieu to a dear friend, nor would I have taken the trip to the North had I known his disease was approaching such a crisis; no, Mary; had I been advised of his peril, I should have hasted to see him once more before he left this troublesome world and yielded to him all the comfort in my power. But why these reflections? He is gone from us and we cannot recall him. We must follow him, for he cannot return to us, and it becomes our duty to prepare for this event. His example will be an invaluable legacy to his family, and his dying admonition a treasure, if adopted, beyond all price. True religion is calculated to make us happy not only in this, but in the next and better world, and therefore it was his regret that he had not joined the church. It is a profitable admonition to his family, that they may all become members of the church at an early day, for it is in religion alone that we can find consolation for such bereavements as the loss of our dear friend; it is religion alone that ever gives peace to us here and happiness beyond the grave; it is religion alone that can support us in our declining years, when our relish is lost for all sublunary enjoyments,

and all things are seen in their true light as mere vanity and vexation of spirit. Your father's admonition on his dying bed to you ought to be cherished by you all and practiced upon.

"My dear Mary, his request for my prayers for his dear wife and children will be bestowed with pleasure. They will be constantly offered up at the throne of grace for you all; and our dear Saviour has spoken it, 'That he will be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.' Rely on his promises; they are faithful and true, and he will bless you in all your outgoings and incomings and in your baskets and in your store. Rely upon and trust in His goodness and mercy and prepare your minds, in the language of your dear father, always to be ready to say with heartfelt resignation, 'May the Lord's will be done.'

"If I am spared to next spring, and my health will permit, I will visit your dear mother and mingle my tears with hers over his silent grave; till then, my dear Mary, if I can be of any service to her and the family in any way, I hope you will make it known to me. To your dear mother and all the family, tender my blessing for their health and happiness now and hereafter.

"Emily and the children, with Andrew and Sarah, are with me, all in good health, and all join me in best wishes to your mother and the family, and also in a tender of our sincere condolence on this very distressing and mournful occasion.

"Major Donelson is in Tennessee; we left him in Washington, and he was to set out in two days after we left, and we are advised he did so.

"It will give me much happiness to hear from your mother and the family often; do, my dear Mary, write me occasionally. Your father, whilst living, knew the deep interest I felt in everything that related to his and their welfare. He wrote me often, and except from him and yourself, I have not received a line from any of our connection, except announcing the death of your dear father, for twelve months. Do write me occasionally, and believe me to be, with the highest esteem, your affectionate uncle,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"Miss Mary Coffee."

In an old diary I find a statement made by James M. Hamilton, one of Nashville's best citizens, who died some years ago, in reference to a visit he made to the Hermitage after General Jackson came home at the end of his second presidential term. Mr. Hamilton was then a boy in a store in Nashville, and was sent out to collect a bill of \$3,000, which the General's adopted son had made while he was President. Mr. Hamilton shows his trepidation and dread of meeting the man that had been pictured to him, and to collect a debt which he supposed would develop a storm that the great fighter always carried about with him. Here is what Mr. Hamilton says took place when he showed him the bill, but which was after a reception that none but a great man could give a timid boy:

" 'Let me see it, my son'; and he reached forth his long, slender hand. As his eyes rested on it after it, I eagerly watched the expression of his countenance. No frown of displeasure was there, but simply attention. Folding the paper, he slowly said: 'This is a large bill. My son Andrew is a good man, but a very extravagant one. I see many things here he could have done without. But, my son, I will pay this bill on one condition. It is, that your employers will correct mistakes, should there be any.'

"I assured him that they would certainly do so, and he requested me to write a check on the Planters' Bank, adding: 'My son, I came home from Washington with but 75 cents of my salary left, and had it not been for the kindness of my friend, Francis Blair, in lending me money, I would not be able to meet these obligations.'

"I had never written a check and had no form with me, but I did the best I could, and he signed it. He then requested me to write a receipt. Again I was puzzled, but I did the best I could, and he accepted it.

"I arose to go. He invited me most cordially to remain to dinner. I was too much delighted, too happy, too much

relieved, to think of such a thing. I longed to get back to the store and show them all my check and tell them of my success. I felt a wild, boyish admiration for the great man before me, and I wondered how any one could be so wicked as to say aught disagreeable of him.

“‘If you will not stay, then you must see something of the Hermitage,’ he said, leading the way. I walked beside him about the grounds, the feeling of admiration and enthusiasm all the while in my heart for the great, tender-souled man whose guest I was. As we neared the tomb he raised his hand and pointing, said: ‘My son, there lies the best woman that ever lived.’ A cloud of sadness spread over his face, and the expression was in keeping with the crepe on his hat — that crepe was worn the rest of his life.

“‘George,’ he called, ‘show Mr. Hamilton around and I will await him here.’ I was shown the old gray war horse, well cared for in his stable — the steed hero of the battle of New Orleans — and also the carriage which was made from the timbers of the ship *Constitution*, and in which General Jackson rode at the side of Mr. VanBuren from the White House to the east wing of the Capitol on the occasion of the inauguration of the latter.

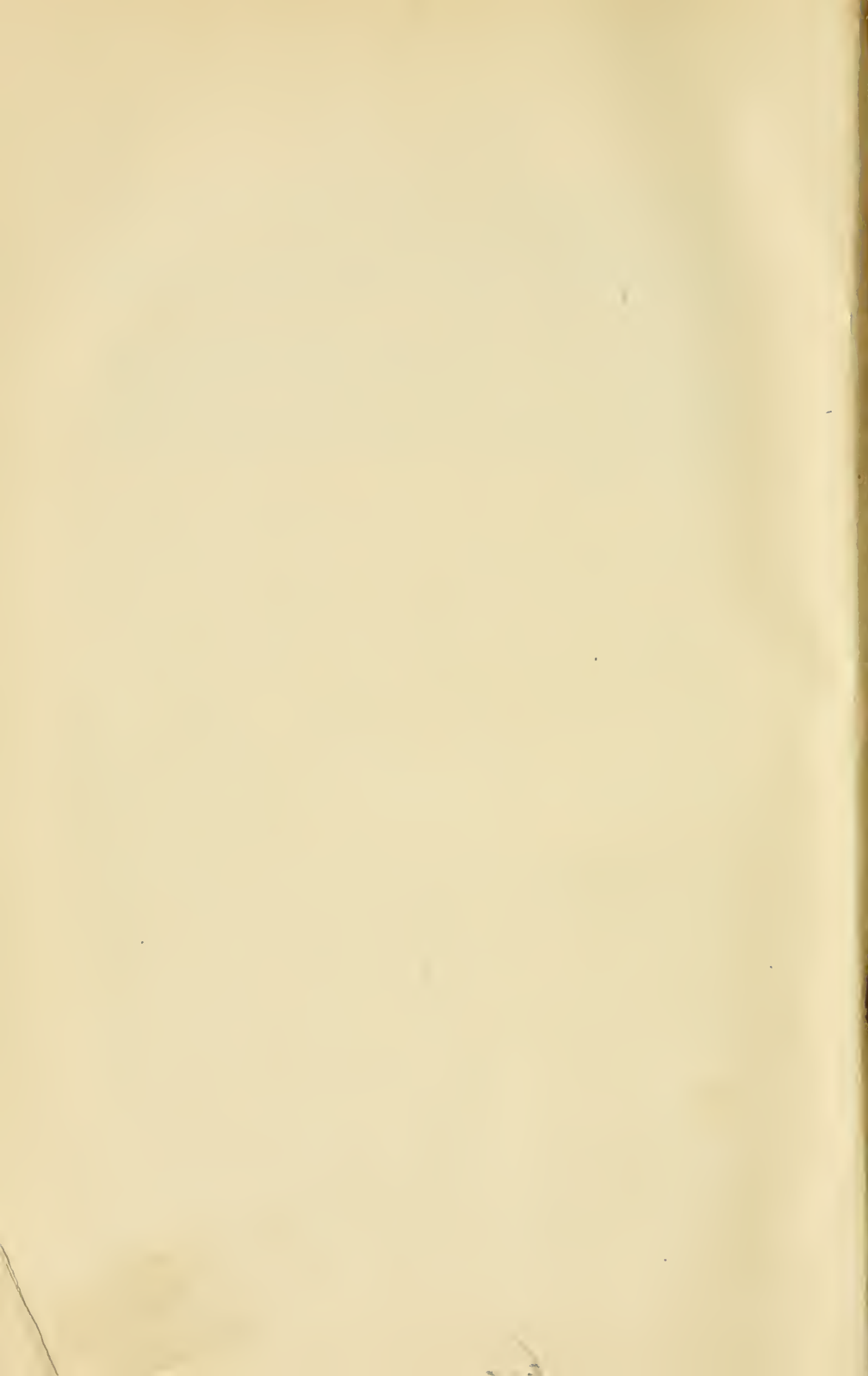
“Returning, I found the ex-President awaiting me at the door. As I took leave he warmly pressed my hand and invited me to visit him, saying my short stay under his roof had given him a great deal of pleasure — that when he came to the city he would be very much gratified if I would seek him out and speak to him. He loved his young friends, and did not want to be forgotten by them.

“Jubilant, I mounted my horse and was in town in a third of the time it took me to go to the Hermitage. I stopped not to hitch the horse, but dismounting, ran into the store, and throwing my hat high in the air, catching it as it came down, I enthusiastically cried: ‘Hurrah for General Jackson! I am a Jackson man now and forever.’

“‘Why, what in the world is the matter?’ asked Mr. West. ‘I thought you were a Clay Whig.’

“‘I am a Jackson man now and forever. Hurrah for General Jackson!’ I reiterated emphatically, and triumphantly handed him the check.

“And so I was. I never failed to find General Jackson when he came to town, always meeting with the same cordial welcome. The magnetism of the man was wonderful, and his warm sympathy and noble nature made him friends and held them.”



LP 9 JUL 72



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 899 411 5

